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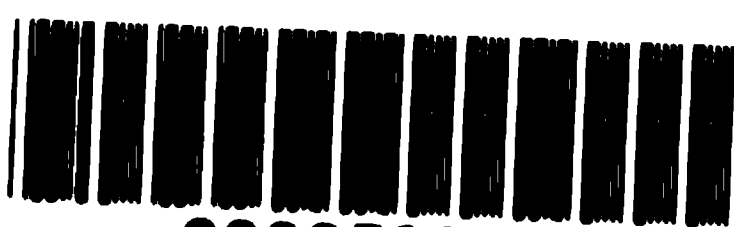
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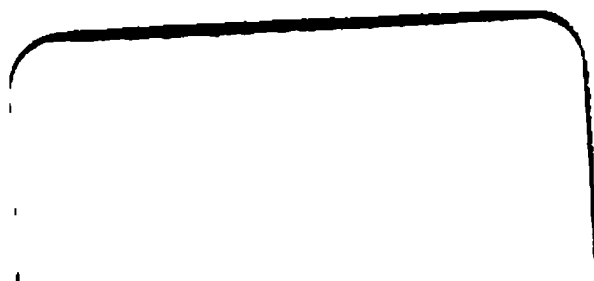




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**MASSANIELLO;**

**AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.**

**VOL. I.**





# MASSANIELLO;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "BRAMLETTE HOUSE," ETC.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

## PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.

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IN editing the romance now presented to the reader, I have felt it my duty considerably to abridge the minute descriptions of local scenery, to which the author, evidently writing from personal observation, appears to have been tempted, by his admiration of the picturesque beauties that lend such enchantment to the Bay of Naples. I have also been induced to curtail some of the preliminary historical details, in order to bring forward the hero with no further delay than might be necessary to a comprehension of the political

circumstances which, elevating him to the sudden possession of a power not less despotic than that which he overthrew, made him eventually the victim of the formidable insurrection he had excited and headed. From the moment that he is fairly embarked in this perilous undertaking, devoting to it all the energies of his earnest and vigorous mind, until his faculties sink under the weight of his great mission, the interest becomes absorbing, and is well sustained throughout the whole of his meteoric career.

If history has been truly defined as philosophy teaching by examples, the singular revolution effected by the humble fisherman of Amalfi may afford a useful moral to the rulers of all countries. The records of the past supply so many warnings of similar results, flowing from the same causes of popular discontent, that Mirabeau required no particular gift of

prophecy when he foretold that the French *Gabelle* would infallibly engender a fearful revolution.

A subject so dramatic as that which occupies the following pages was not likely to be neglected by writers for the stage. In 1649, an author, who is said to have been an eyewitness of the terrible transactions he describes, published a tragedy entitled "The Rebellion of Naples;" and at a later period Tom Durfey, to please the Stuarts, got up a drama on the same subject, intended as a slur on the commotions in England. Still more recently, and especially since the appearance of Lady Morgan's admirable "Life of Salvator Rosa," which contains a most graphic account of the revolt, the story of Massaniello has been made familiar to the English public by dramatic and operatic versions, that have attained considerable popularity.

The character of Salvator Rosa, as drawn

in this Novel, may appear startling and unnatural : but there is historical authority for all the strange freaks and ferocious deeds attributed to him. It may be urged in their explanation, for they admit of no defence, that the general character of contemporary artists was factious and turbulent, not to say ferocious. In a note to the eighth chapter of the first volume, brief allusion has been made to the fate of the *assassin* Caravaggio. By the national partiality of the Spanish Viceroy, his countryman Ribera, better known by the name of Spagnuololetto, was enabled to establish those *Fazioni de' Pittori*—those conspiracies of the painters—of which it was the object “to exclude from Naples all talent except that which emanated from his own school ; and backed by the influence of the government, and the ferocious courage of his bravoës and their followers, he gave full play to those dark passions which, while

they pointed his poniard, directed his pencil to the representation of human suffering. . . . The intrigues, the persecutions, and the violence of the court painter, were found more influential than the wishes of the whole nation, and the illustrious Annibal Caracci, and his pupils Guido and Domenichino, successively paid the forfeit of their lives or of their peace, for having intruded upon these desperate conspirators.\* No wonder that such men should figure in some of the darkest and most sanguinary scenes depicted in the following pages.

That recognised Banditti should be represented as exercising their function, openly and in large bands, in the very heart of Naples, may well excite the surprise of those readers who are not aware that history warrants the statement. At the

\* Lady Morgan's *Life of Salvator Rosa*, vol. i., pp. 142, 144.



time in question, Brigands were no vulgar outlaws, but bore a nearer resemblance to the bold *Condottieri* of an earlier period; and though, when unhired, they were treated as robbers beyond the pale of the law, they were sometimes employed to garrison the fortresses of Neapolitan Barons, to defend convents or churches, and were even occasionally employed by the government.

With this brief explanation of passages that might otherwise seem improbable, or out of nature, I feel that I may safely introduce and recommend the historical novel of Massaniello to the favourable consideration of the reader.

THE EDITOR.

*Brighton, 1842.*

# MASSANIELLO.

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## CHAPTER I.

AFTER the inheritance of the crown of Naples had passed into the hands of the Spanish monarchs, that kingdom had been governed by a series of Spanish nobles with the title of Viceroys, deputed to that high office for the purpose of supplying by persuasion when available, by actual violence when needful—by every imaginable extortion, the armies with which that imperious

and grasping dynasty aspired to predominance in Europe. Knowing that this furnishing of money for the purposes of their monarch was a portion of the duties they undertook—that their office was of short duration, and that court favour or banishment into private life awaited its termination, it is sufficiently obvious that they would not be checked by any overscrupulous regard for the erring prejudices which the governed might entertain of their personal rights, or by the vociferous demonstrations of unpopularity which might attend their removal at the termination of their viceregal career.

In the succession of nobles who exercised the high trust of viceroys in Naples, there were several, however, who remonstrated in energetic language against the imposition of additional exactions, remarking that Naples was like the generous horse, its heraldic symbol, which would bear a reasonable

weight with temper, but which, if overloaded, would stumble and fall, sully-  
ing itself and the burden on its back. There  
were others who even appeared to lean to  
the popular side—amongst whom stood pre-  
eminently forward, early in the seventeenth  
century, the Duca di Ossuna.

During his government the voice of the  
nobles was raised against innovations in the  
cabinet, and rumours went abroad about his  
intention of new modeling the public taxes,  
according to some ancient charter which  
tradition reported to have been accorded to  
the people by the emperor, Charles the  
Fifth, and which was supposed to be some-  
where still in existence. But what gave  
greatest offence to the haughty families who  
formed his court, and should have formed  
his council, was the introduction into his  
cabinet of an individual, plebeian by blood,  
who exerted all his influence, all his abili-  
ties, in the cause of the people.

This person, whose character has been studiously and skilfully pictured by the historians of the time, after a life of strange vicissitudes, every act of which had been directed against the nobles, had succeeded in elevating himself to the unenviable eminence of popular champion; and of late days, under the patronage of the Duke di Ossuna, had secured his election as the representative of the people in the assembly which ostensibly guided the domestic government.

Though he had worked his way to this distinction by infinite wiles, defending his life through nearly seventy years by a shrewdness rarely given to men, he no sooner attained this post of his ambition than he openly, and with eager virulence, burst upon the whole body of the aristocracy, carrying a keen scrutiny into the private delinquencies of individuals, while he attacked, with fervid eloquence, or with bitter sarcasm, the

heartless counsel they offered in their senate for the furtherance of the old scheme of extortion.

These were offences not likely to be pardoned by men unaccustomed to opposition; and when the Duke di Ossuna was recalled, Giulio Genuino, the people's champion, was exposed unprotected to the fury of the nobles and the power of the government. The expedient to which he had recourse, to avert his ruin, may give a sufficient idea of his energies, and of the power which he had secured to himself, during his brief glimpse of authority and favour. Symptoms of restlessness became suddenly apparent amongst the people. They attended the departure of the duke with every demonstration of attachment to his person, of lamentation for his removal; and when the arrival of his successor was rumoured, they broke into an avowed declaration of resisting his entry into Naples.

In these intrigues Genuino had the address not openly to appear, but when the tumult subsided, and the detected instigators of the insubordination were called to their reckoning, sufficient evidence was extorted from them to convict Genuino of high-treason.

The fear of renewing open tumult by the execution of one so popular, had induced the new viceroy, Cardinal Borgia, to delay for some months his punishment; but when measures had been taken which removed these apprehensions, it was judged that it would be a more salutary warning to put him to death in face of the whole city, before the popular excitement had so far subsided as to make them indifferent to his fate.

Long before daylight on the morning appointed for the solemn exhibition of a public execution, the whole city presented a spectacle well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the discontented populace. Every

street and square was occupied by military ; several thousand men in addition to the ordinary troops that formed the garrison had been introduced amongst them, and spears, cannon, horses, and arms bristled every where. Spanish infantry, then the most famous in Europe, and the Viceroy's German body-guards occupied the entire pathway from the Castel Nuovo, the prison of the criminal, to the market-place of the Madonna del Carmine, the spot destined for his execution.

The nobles, eager to display at once their attachment to the government, and their detestation of the man, had brought to the scene as to a pageant, as many of their feudal followers as they could afford to arm and equip for the occasion. These men occupied the immediate neighbourhood of the fortress-palaces of their lords, prepared to take such part in the events of the day as their masters might choose to appoint. The



effect of this mingling of the armed soldiery of the state, and the gorgeous retinues of the nobles, was imposing and picturesque, and the populace of Naples, with whom sleep has no fixed seasons, watched these preparations through every stage, and needed daylight only to see at one glance the combination and union that existed amongst their rulers. The night had been passed in these various operations ; columns of armed men, squadrons of horse, passed through the streets taking up their positions in the places appointed for them, and no attempt had been made to interrupt the preliminaries on which the orders of the viceroy depended.

The Square of the Carmine was naturally the point of greatest attraction, and thither the populace flocked in such masses that the German horse were compelled to sweep through them to clear the area for the troops that were to occupy it. Driven from the square, it would appear that the whole

multitude adjourned to the house tops that surrounded it.

Difficult would it be to convey any accurate idea of the singular and frightful manner in which masses of human beings clustered about the buildings of the Carmine on this occasion, when every roof was so peopled as to threaten its inevitable downfall, when every projecting ledge, every window, and balcony, and even the stone armorial bearings built into the fronts of some of the better kind of houses, were made to afford standing, sitting, stooping, or clinging room to the half naked Neapolitans.

The ordinary interest attending a public execution would sufficiently account for the curiosity which agitated a people so susceptible of quick impulses as the population of Naples, and the great popularity of the sufferer would amply explain the unusual

parade of power with which the government accompanied it.

Eager as were the great majority of the native nobles to support all the tyrannies and exactions of the Spanish governors, others there were—men of more humane hearts and enlightened views, whose eyes were opened to the ruinous effect of their measures, and who clearly foresaw that the course which was at once impoverishing the people and degrading the aristocracy, must speedily terminate in some national convulsion.

Amongst these there stood eminently forward, Cesare Caraffa, Duke di Maddaloni, whose character marked him out for the peculiar jealousy of the government. He went little to the capital, preferring the independence of his own fortress; and was said to be given to study, to the encouragement of commerce and the fine arts. This

nobleman, who well deserved his popularity, had a brother the Prince of Bisignano, a man of nearly every imaginable vice, and with but one virtue, his attachment to the duke. Great as his wealth had been, he had squandered the larger portion of it, but he was courted by the government, and dreaded like death by every individual of his order. In addition to the less evident sources of his power, he possessed unlimited control over the vast patronage of his brother, who appeared blindly to place in his hands the entire command of the family influence.

With the recall of the Duke di Ossuna naturally fell the influence of the Duke di Maddaloni, who escorted his friend to the water's edge, and then returned to make preparations for quitting the city and seeking the retirement which he had unwillingly relinquished. But days passed away, and as the duke still lingered within the capital,

his detractors, who possessed the ear of the new viceroy, informed him that his real motive was very different and suspicious: that it was a desire to attempt the liberation of Genuino, who had been brought in to his present state, it was said, by following the instructions of his patron.

A day was at last fixed which was to place that demagogue beyond all help in this world, and its dawn was heralded in by the preparations we have described. The suspicions entertained by the spies of government against the Duke di Maddaloni, assumed a semblance of confirmation by the total absence of any demonstration on his part of participating in the feelings of the aristocratic party: whilst all other palaces poured out their gorgeously arranged and sternly armed retainers, the portals of the duke's dwelling were jealously closed and guarded. His brother, however, Tiberio Caraffa, the Prince of Bisignano,

had stepped forward with an ostentation of deep interest in the business, and had sought and obtained the office of commanding the whole body of troops to be employed on the occasion. The military had long taken up their positions, every precaution which it pleased the government to take was complete, yet the sun was high in the heavens before any stir amongst the throngs seemed to announce the commencement of the great purpose of the day. Tiberio Caraffa was waiting at the head of a large detachment of cavalry in the Square of the Carmine, when a messenger summoned him to the presence of the viceroy. The delay, and this novel incident produced a thousand rumours, the most prevalent of which was that the condemned was about to be respited.

Another hour passed away, the block still awaited its victim, when an eager and swelling rumour passed from lip to lip that Genuino

was not forthcoming, that his prison had been found empty, that he had escaped! Loud shouts, not unmingled with menaces, soon welcomed the tidings, an uneasy and ominous movement swayed the whole multitude, and the military looked well to their arms, and prepared for the consequences. When public enthusiasm was at its height, a cry of deafening and portentous augury arose over the market place, and was speedily sent thundering onward in continual echoes over the waters of the bay, "Long life to the Duke di Maddaloni." The whole multitude got into movement, and presently in the distance were perceived the nodding plumes, the glittering armour, the feudal banner of the house of Caraffa. The Duke di Maddaloni had, to the surprise of all men, and in utter defiance of consequences, chosen that moment for quitting Naples, and his retinue moved slowly through the opening masses of the people

apparently seeking to disengage themselves from the throngs, when a voice cried out,

“Through the Square of the Carmine, noble duke!”

The suggestion was readily understood by the crowd, and whatever his inclinations might have been, he soon found every other pathway barred against him.

It was remarked that there was a smile upon his features as he profited by this friendly and truly national interference; he however, continued his route, and passed forth of the city on his way towards Capua.

Mortifying as the acknowledgment was, there was no concealing from the people of Naples the fact of the escape of Genuino; no traces could any where be found of his flight. Incapable from his advanced years of any very great personal exertions, far less of violence, and too poor to purchase treachery at any great price, the old man had notwithstanding outwitted and eluded the hatred of



the nobles, and even so timed his flight as to bring ridicule and contempt upon the whole body of the government. Too well pleased with the result to afford any pretext for violent measures against them, the populace broke up, not quietly but peaceably, and scattered themselves in all directions to celebrate with festivity and clamour an event more enjoyable than would have been a full and free pardon to their champion. The military retired slowly and suddenly to their quarters, and the worst possible augury harbingered the dawn of the new viceroy's sway.

## CHAPTER II.

ANXIOUS to present to the reader a picture of the state of popular feeling in Naples and of the nature of the grievous misrule which produced it, we have related to its close one amongst several of the strange vicissitudes in the eventful career of Genuino, without pausing to allude to the agents who were made instrumental in his unexpected escape.

A summer moon just entering its second quarter had barely ascended above the

wavy outline of the Soma, and appeared languidly pausing upon its verge, as if already inclining to its setting, when a small boat darting from one of the many indentations of the line of coast, and under shadow of the very palaces of the city, shot swiftly outwards across the long line of rippling light that stretched over the bay. It was rowed by two young boys, the elder of whom might be seventeen years of age, and his companion about three years younger.

There was an evident purpose of conducting their midnight adventure, whatever it might be, with secrecy, for they crouched over their oars as long as they were within the immediate neighbourhood of the shore, and the oars themselves entered the water so noiselessly as scarcely to disturb the calm surface of the waves over which they glided. Notwithstanding the youth of both, they handled the light boat skil-

fully, and it fled away outward into the remoter waters of the bay with the fleetness of an arrow.

The broad light stream of moonlight lay across the pathway they had chosen, and as it was their purpose to be well without reach of the shore before venturing to cross it, they directed their course in a straight line outwards, skirting that bar of radiance till the few lights discernible on the shore had grown dim in the distance, when they turned the boat's head in the direction of the coast. It was about an hour past midnight, and after raising their eyes towards the dark barrier of mountain over whose summit the moon was still visible, as if to calculate the moments that must precede the setting of that luminary, they whispered together in deliberation, and then paused in their speed.

Gradually the radiance upon the water became feebler, the chain of light that had

reached from the mountain to the shore and from the shore upwards over palace and vineyard to the topmost heights of St. Ermo appeared broken and coiling upward again to its source, and then the boat once more sprang forwards. Every spot upon that undulating coast was familiar to them, and they kept at a safe distance from the land until they had passed in succession the fortresses of the Castel Nuovo, the Castel del Uovo, the palace and gardens of the viceroy, and the long straggling suburb of the Mergellina. When the church of the Pie di Grotto became visible, they gradually approached nearer to the land, but as if aware of their peril, they redoubled their exertions to increase the swiftness of their course.

It was no unusual thing for boats like their own to be abroad upon the waters at that hour, and had they been passed at sea they might have excited no suspicion ; but

they knew the keen and jealous watch kept upon the shore by the coast guard, and they were fully conscious that they had no appearances to countenance the possible conjecture of their being employed in fishing. They carried no light, and if their boat had been examined closely it would have been found that they had neither net nor any implement of such pursuit; but instead of them were two of the Spanish arquebuses then in use, and in their girdles were long knives or daggers of a description more formidable than those ordinarily worn by the inhabitants of the coast. In all other respects these two youths might have been judged to belong to the poorest classes of fishermen who then, as now, were the chief inhabitants of that portion of the city.

They conversed in whispers, and yet in a tone of levity and mirth natural to their age, though employed in an undertaking of mystery and apparent peril. As their boat

approached the shore they seemed anxiously busied in exploring the different indentations of the coast, which presented themselves to their view, and, from the tardier nature of their movements they appeared by no means certain of the locality they were exploring.

Their boat continued to creep along from inlet to inlet during their doubtful survey. They had passed the graceful but unobtrusive ruin of the palace of Queen Joanna, above which linger so many of the superstitions and fabled horrors of the Neapolitan fishermen, and they were gliding from one to another of the abandoned and scattered tenements that share the fate of that once royal residence, till they came under the crumbling arches of a building known then as now, by the designation of the Presepio. It was at the period of which we write an extended and massy ruin—the solid rock upon which it stood had been undermined

by the waves, and formed into deep caverns, which served as a place of refuge to fishermen.

The building above would be judged to be no safe habitation, for its ancient walls shook with every breeze, and fragments hourly crumbled from its broken arches and shattered walls. As they came under the shadow of this ruin the younger lad pointed out to his companion the clustering leaves of an Indian fig, which clung to the fissures of the ruin and glanced in the starlight, and then, under the influence of a simultaneous and vigorous exertion, the boat shot fleetly in towards the shore. The keel grated on the sand, and the elder boy started up and leaped into the shallow water. He then threw about him a sailor's cloak, took up one of the weapons we have alluded to, and after carefully examining its lock, placed it under his garments.

“I may as well take it, Maso,” he said,



“though it is a noisy thing after all, and I never bargained for its use.”

“You had better leave it, Domenico,” replied his companion, “the old blockhead’s ducats are not worth the life of a fellow-creature, and if you fire it off you will have a fair chance of dangling at his heels in the Carmine at sunrise.”

“I will take it notwithstanding,” said the elder, “and if I do fire it, it will give you good warning to push off without loss of time.”

“Nay, Domenico, you know me better,” replied the younger, “go in peace, you will find me here, and the good boat also when your business is over.”

“Farewell then,” said his companion, and he scrambled up the bank and was presently out of sight. From within the cavern formed by the crumbling of the ruined structure, and the untiring excavations of the waves, a series of heaped up

masses of stone and brick gave access to the upper parts of the ruin, and it was easy for the active limbs of Domenico to bear him speedily from fragment to fragment till he emerged from the abandoned passages, and stood upon a terrace immediately over the spot where his companion was lurking.

He then perceived symptoms of habitation although of no very attractive character, the small area over the caverned foundation was laid out with some effort at cultivation, and although the scant sprinkling of a few herbs, and the careless trampling of many footmarks betokened other pursuits in the frequenters of that spot, they showed that the tenement had living creatures within it. Moreover, the feeble gleams of a lamp passed outwards from one of the windows before him, and he hurried his steps towards it. Raising himself till he was enabled to look into the chamber, he perceived that its inmates were wakeful, even at that advanced hour of the night.

Spread out upon the earthen floor was a miserable bed, which appeared to have a most restless occupant. It was a young boy of about twelve years of age, of a sullen and discontented brow, engaged in fretful contest with an aged female, wrinkled, tattered, and bent double, who was seated by his side. She was partly undressed, and her gray scant hair was tied up in a knot above the crown of her head, but enough of it escaped to form a grizzly fringe about her hollow temples, her stained and withered brow. Her lean finger was raised in querulous admonition to the youth, who was seated upright in his bed, her jaws chattered in a mumbling song of mingled menace and remonstrance; but it was too evident, from the sullen and inattentive countenance of the boy, how small was the effect of all her eloquence.

Domenico, wearied of his scrutiny, called out "Marco, Marco, open quickly!" The aged female started from her seat,—the voice

had dispelled the feeble charm of her past oratory, and Marco leaped up from his pallet, and sprang away to admit his visiter. No sooner had Domenico set his foot within the chamber, than the aged woman hastened to meet him, and lifted the lamp to his features. Her scrutiny was brief, and its result little flattering to its object.

“An eye of no meaning,” she muttered, “features of the common herd, a fly for the web of spiders whose appetite is not choice in its food.”

Domenico's eyes had quailed beneath the keen glance of the aged woman, and his demeanour was far more submissive than that of Marco.

“And what want you at this hour?” exclaimed the uncordial being whose retreat was thus invaded.

“I want Marco to accompany me a few hundred paces towards the city,” replied Domenico.

“What villany have you now in hand?” asked his interrogator, “good counsel were thrown away upon you, I have told you before now that you are a witless instrument of the will of dangerous men; but Marco shall not sell his young blood for any bargain in which you are mixed up. You are born for bad luck, and have an eye made to be fascinated; it quails before the glance of an old and helpless woman, it has a wavering and pale glimmer, and I never knew such but marked out its owner for a silly life and a shameful death; begone!” she continued, “Marco shall not tread one step of your slippery pathway.”

Domenico slunk away abashed, and without further reply.

“Mark him, child,” exclaimed the aged female, as the door closed behind him, “mark him well; he is an apt tool, but a leader fit for none but idiots. He is fated; enter not the same boat with him, tread

not the same pathway, share not his meal, lest you eat poison; let not the same roof cover you; if ever there was truth in the words of mortal, my words are true—that that boy is fated!”

“He is gone,” replied Marco, “and be his fate what it may, it matters not to us. But he has left watch within the boat that bore him hither, and I will step down, for Maso will tell me of the adventure.”

“You will keep company with fools, Marco,” replied his aged relative, “till your own intellect is stricken. Get thee back to bed, for dangerous men are abroad this night, and the dark glance that maddens is most powerful by starlight.”

Not a little to the surprise of the speaker, her words had found for once an attentive listener; Marco remained for some minutes musing, and then roused himself, extinguished the light within the chamber, and

seated himself near the door in an attitude of intent listening.

In the mean time the younger boy who had accompanied Domenico in this secret and unsafe adventure, had moved his boat under shadow of the ruins, with its head seawards, ready for instant flight ; he threw his rough brown cloak over his shoulders, and seated himself quietly down, oar in hand, to keep a sharp watch for his companion's return.

This youth was, as we have said, about fifteen years of age ; he was shorter in stature than his age would seem to promise ; and in frame he was slight and agile. He resigned himself during his loneliness to no musing, far less to sleep, but kept his glance veering round such parts of the coast as were within his view, and every now and then bent his head to listen more intently as the breeze bore past him some murmur from the city.

Nearly an hour thus passed away, and his eye began to study the heavens for some notion of time's flight, when at last the sound of steps reached him. A smile came over his features as he recognised the footstep of his companion, light and quick; and the heavier and tardier footfalls of one advanced in life. A minute or two more brought two persons into view, the foremost of whom was his friend Domenico; his companion, was an elderly man touching upon seventy years of age, dressed in a costume of no very inviting character, as it was little dissimilar to that worn by the criminals who worked in the galleys.

"I have brought the old gentleman safe, Maso," said the youth as he descended the bank; "and cheated his eminence and our lady of the Carmine of a brave spectacle to-morrow; this way, noble sir," he continued, "your foot there, that is well; and



now, Maso, push off for our lady's love, for this spot will not be a safe hiding-place when the day dawns."

## CHAPTER III.

WITHOUT further conversation, the fugitive took his seat within the boat, and another minute saw the light skiff speeding swiftly out to sea. The whole shore was still as silent as they had first found it, and for a considerable time the oars struck the waters in unison, and they bounded over the waves with the speed of thought : when they were fairly out of sight of the dark line which marked the land, the fugitive spoke for the first time.

“You are brave boys,” he said, “and

have earned your reward right nobly, where lies the ship?"

"At anchor about two miles hence," replied the younger; "in half an hour we shall be under her side."

"God speed us," replied the fugitive, "it will be a merciful escape if it is achieved."

"Doubt it not, Eccellenza," replied the younger, "Santa Rosalia is a good ship and can show quick heels to a Barbary corsair. Yonder she lies," he continued, as the light boat shot onward, and he pointed his head in the direction without ceasing his exertions with the oar.

"My eyes are too old and dim to perceive anything," replied the fugitive; "are there no other ships in these waters, my good youth? It would be no pleasant mistake to find myself in this fanciful costume on board one of our noble's pleasure-boats, or perchance of one of his majesty's cruisers."

“The Santa Rosalia is neither one nor other, good sir,” replied the youth, “but an honest coral trader from the Torre del Greco ; and that dark spot you see a few hundred yards ahead is the ship that awaits you. But how now, Domenico,” he exclaimed, addressing his companion, “the boat spins round, and we lose our course, are your arms wearied?”

He turned as he spoke, and perceived the elder youth rousing himself from a reverie, and putting every energy to his stroke. He received no reply, but the boat in a few minutes glided under the side of the Santa Rosalia. The outline of a man keeping watch upon the deck of the vessel became distinct as they approached, and a concerted signal from Domenico roused him, and was replied to.

“Who comes?” was inquired.

“Noah!” replied Maso.

“Ossuna!” added his more sedate companion.

The boat was allowed to attach itself to the side of the Santa Rosalia, and Maso and the fugitive mounted her side. The parting of the unknown with the youths who had served him so faithfully was of brief duration.

“You will be silent on this night’s adventure, my young friends,” he said, “for your own sakes, and if we should meet again let your wit govern your memory, remember and forget, as the case may need. Your money is well earned, and he who employed you will, I doubt not, pay you with liberality; for my escape is matter of scarcely less moment to him than to me; you know where to apply for it.”

“It is no venture of mine,” replied the younger lad carelessly, “Domenico will know, I doubt not; I came to serve him,

or it is not quite so clear that I might not have preferred the show in the Carmine to a long row at night, after a day's hard work."

The fugitive looked with no pleased aspect into the countenance of the youth, who returned his gaze with an expression of mirth, and an arch smile curling over his lips.

"Where is your companion, young sir?" he asked.

"Over the ship's side," replied the lad, "ready to take back your Excellency's commands to the city."

"Tell him," replied the old man, "that he has this night served me a good turn, and that old as I am, I may live to repay it, but what may concern him more, he has still better served those he knows, and let him make a shrewd bargain; but hark!" he continued impressively, "bid him take care for the waters of this sea cover many

secrets, and it would take little trouble to toss him into them."

"It would be a pleasing termination to his adventure," replied Maso, "and I will bid him bear it in mind; so if your Signoria has no further message I will wish you a merry voyage and begone."

The old man looked down into the boat, into which the youth scrambled with the agility of a cat, and as they pushed off, he held up his finger in warning. Maso, as the younger of these youths was called, found his companion in no mood to relish his mirthful version of the fugitive's message. He was seated on the plank with his oar trailing upon the water, his head drooping to his bosom, and plunged in deep thought. After endeavouring to rouse him, at least to the exertion of getting their boat into movement, and finding that he maintained a dead silence, and that the very force of his sinews seemed paralyzed, the

mirth passed from his features, and he addressed him in tones of serious and compassionate interest.

“What ails you, Domenico?” he said “have the night dews chilled you? or do you repent saving that very grave old gentleman from the gallows, which, I doubt not, he right well deserved?”

The youth started, and exclaimed, whilst every limb shook with agitation, “I do! I do, Maso, most bitterly regret it. He is an old man but he will live for ever, and will assuredly come back to trouble us.”

“And why should he not live for ever, Domenico?” asked his friend, jeeringly, “if he can buy his life with gold each time that danger threatens him?”

“May the gold perish!” exclaimed the elder boy, sullenly, “and they who employed me in this night’s work!”

“With all my heart,” answered his friend,



“for they seem to have robbed your very soul from your body between them. I hate all mysteries, and methinks you will get little good from your labours.”

“Good!” replied Domenico, “did you not look up into his face?”

“I did,” answered Maso, “and to say truth, a wicked crafty-looking old face it is. I never in my life felt so little content in doing a service to a fellow-creature.”

“Evil will come of it Maso,” said his friend ; “I would as soon pocket flaming embers as the gold they promised me. Hark!” he said, and the oar remained suspended in his hand during a pause of some seconds.

Maso gazed with astonishment into his agitated features, his head was raised upwards, and the red woollen cap that he wore offered no screen to hide any part of his countenance, his long hair appeared clinging to

his neck, and his glance flashed wildly with terror. His voice sunk to a whisper, and even then passed reluctantly over his lips.

“That old man has the malocchio! and the poison of his accursed glance has already entered my veins.”

“Holy Virgin defend us!” replied Maso, somewhat touched by the solemnity of his companion, and he placed his hand in his bosom to seek his scapulary, the mariner’s charm, placed round his neck in infancy, worn through life, and left with him in his coffin. It consists of a small square of linen attached to a long loop of ribbon, and with the picture of the Madonna worked or stamped upon it. “Holy Virgin!” exclaimed the youth raising the picture to his lips, “avert its influence; may the Santa Rosalia be speedily lightened of her freight!”

“I would give a month’s labour, Maso, to be safe on shore,” said his companion.

“Then pull for it, Domenico,” was the reply, “I would not miss being in the square of the Carmine at sun dawn, to find a treasure.”

A pause ensued for some time in their conversation, and they pulled strongly inward towards the mole. Gradually the musing of the elder youth came again over him. Terror had seized so effectually on his imagination that at moments he scarcely knew where he was, or what he was about. The continued remonstrances of his companion rather mingled with his dreamings than roused him from them; all power seemed to slumber in his limbs, and at last the oar that his fingers loosely held, slipped from them and plunged into the water. The splash effectually roused him, and he reached over the edge of the boat to seize it, when a stroke from the oar of Maso making the boat spring beneath him, he lost his balance, and fell heavily into the water.

The very spirit of mischief seemed to enter into the bosom of his companion, he laughed loudly and with such good will that it was some minutes before he could bring the boat up. On one familiar with the water as with the air he breathed, or with the earth he trod upon, such an incident could make no impression but that of mirth; danger certainly would have been the last of casualties he could have connected with an unexpected tumble into the waves; but this very confidence was nearly costing the life of his friend, for he kept the boat exactly in the position in which he had arrested its course, and sat with an amused countenance watching the awkward struggles that his companion made to reach it. It speedily became, however, a matter sufficiently serious to dispel all inclination to merriment, for after an unavailing effort to keep his head above the waves, and uttering a wild piercing shriek, he saw one hand of

the sinking youth buffeting the element that was engulfing him, and the other grasping at the unsubstantial air, after which Domenico dropped like a stone through the column of the whirlpool which his struggles had formed.

Maso hesitated no longer : the next moment the boat lay empty upon the waves, a dead silence was over all things, and a slight whirl in the waters alone showed the pathway which the fleet plunge of Maso had cleft through them. The eye that had been trained from childhood to search through the sands at the bottom of these waters for the smallest coin tossed into them in sport, was not likely to hunt in vain for the body of his friend ; the waters opened above his head, and he succeeded in lifting his helpless burden into the boat.

It was long before Maso could detect any symptoms of life in his companion, over whom he knelt. He looked into his counte-

nance, and found every feature so distorted with terror that his own heart fluttered once or twice as if some supernatural agency were really about him. When the eyes of his friend at last opened, the first words he uttered were,

“ Did I not say it, Maso? the evil eye of that old man has blighted me! I felt my heart shrink when he looked on me. But the evil is done for this once, and I am safe! you know that one meeting can do its accursed ministry but once; I owe you my life and shall love you the better, dear Maso, row me to the land; I renounce the sea from this time forth, and when I next trust myself on its waters I will be contented to dwell beneath them for ever.”

“ Then will our destinies lie far asunder, Domenico,” replied his friend, and he spoke no more till they reached the shore. Here they separated, and Maso hastened to seek other companions more congenial to his mirthful

disposition than the capricious and gloomy spirit with whom he had assorted throughout the night, and for whose sole purposes he had robbed himself of his rest, and the whole city of a public execution. Though Naples was not the birth-place nor the home of this youth, he was as well-known in the fishermen's haunts of the Santa Lucia, the Mergellina, and the mole, as the graceful tower that crowns its point, and all had a welcome for Maso the orphan-boy, whose merriment defied fortune and her frowns.

He now moved from group to group of curious and clamorous citizens, enjoying not a little their various conjectures as to the delay in the day's pageant. The sun went down upon the agitated multitudes; the escape of Genuino though considered as a popular triumph, was forgotten on the morrow; and his share in the circumstances that had led to it passed wholly forth from

the memory of Maso, who was preparing to return to his native village. A favourable breeze was freshening, and the associates who had accompanied him to Naples were impatient to be gone. With some difficulty he persuaded them to wait several hours in expectation of Domenico's appearance, but finding that he still lingered, they spread their sail, and took their departure without him.

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## CHAPTER IV.

No one who has ever coasted along the glorious shores of the gulf of Salerno can have forgotten the exquisite scenery of the little village of Atrani, sister in its greatness and its decline to the more renowned city of Amalfi.

The homes of the fishermen of Atrani are built in lines, tier above tier, along the undulating slope of a mountain, enjoying an unimpeded view of the blue waves that bathe their shores. In one of these humble cottages, whose ruins to this day are pointed

out to the curiosity of the stranger, dwelt the family of a poor fisherman. Dilapidation had already driven the inhabitants from the few tenements in its immediate neighbourhood, and had long been reiterating its warnings to those beneath its roof to carry their poverty elsewhere : but with a pertinacity which defied all warning the tenants continued to cling to the place of their birth.

In this wretched building was born Maso, the hero of our night adventure, and the youngest of several children. He lost both his parents in his infancy, and at the time we have introduced him to our readers continued to dwell, as heretofore, beneath the ruin. As far as the worldly prospects of this poor family were concerned, fortune appeared to show some compassion for their orphan abandonment, for by the time Maso had reached his tenth year two of his sisters were decently married, and his brother who,

like himself, went out upon the deep waters for his maintenance, had been enabled to hoard money enough to purchase, not merely the nets and other fishing implements of their craft, but the boat which bore them in search of food.

This possession was of no small consequence in a community of poor fishermen, and it raised its owners into consideration as men of substance.

It is the custom amongst the mariners of these coasts to make up their fishing parties as inclination leads them, sharing spoil in equal proportions, after setting aside a portion for the proprietor of the boat. Thus the owner of a favourite vessel was always sure of a select crew, and acquired an extensive influence over his associates. The uses made of this influence in after life by Maso will soon be sufficiently apparent. It may be well to add that it was not confined to the fishing villages along the gulf

of Salerno, for these crews bound themselves to no longer period of union than a single excursion, and were as often composed of men from the capital as from the neighbouring coasts.

Trained amongst the simple fishermen of the bays of Naples and Salerno the greater portion of his days and nights were spent by Maso upon the waters. The frequent solitude of his pursuits, and the continued contemplation of the beautiful and the grand in the unrivalled scenery amongst which he lived, exerted an influence on his character which, marked him out amongst his young companions as a being unlike if not superior to themselves. As he grew up this difference became more remarkable, and acted more decidedly in his favour.

He would contentedly pursue for days and weeks his humble and solitary calling ; he would urge his boat out further seaward than any necessity or pleasure of his com-

panions would induce them to follow him ; he would prolong his excursions in the stormiest weather until the inhabitants of the fishing huts of Amalfi and Atrani were alarmed for his safety ; and would then return with his last crust eaten, his spirits buoyant, and glad, and ready to resume, with feelings of friendliness to all men, his intercourse with his companions.

These returns amongst the youths of his own age were invariably welcomed with cordiality, for his gentleness, his wild spirits, his address in all the sports that interested them made him a favourite with all. There was never a festival in any of the cities that rise along those glorious shores from Misenum to Pæstum which the youth of Amalfi were not seen speeding their joyous fleet to attend ; and upon these occasions Maso, with an energy of character, upon most occasions dormant, assumed the lead of his own little community, and was known by the title of their captain.

A day's idling about the mole and market place of Naples; of feasting in the Santa Lucia and amongst the ambulant orange and ice pagodas of the Toledo; an excursion to the grotto of Posilippo; of merry making in the caverns and inlets of the coast along that classic region, concluded these fitful holidays. These interludes in a life of unusual retirement extended his acquaintance and popularity amongst the more worldly-wise of his own calling within that city.

In feelings of rarely interrupted harmony towards each other, of constant bickerings with the uncongenial and sullen Domenico, the inhabitants of the humble fishing-huts below Amalfi lived on for several years, till Maso and his associates advanced towards manhood, losing nothing of the dispositions and partialities that had distinguished their earlier career.

## CHAPTER V.

IN an old and somewhat important building, partaking as much of the character of a petty fortress as of a homestead, situated on one of the many picturesque eminences that looked down upon the arcaded streets of the old town of La Cava, dwelt at the period of which we write, as gentle, as timid, and as beautiful a girl as ever the fanciful fortunes of this mutable world dragged into notoriety. The present high road to this antique town runs through a valley, on each side of which the ground rises, not abruptly and barrenly, giving to

the scenery the grand and imposing features which meet the eye in the neighbourhood of so many villages in the ravines of the Appennines, but slopingly and with infinite undulations, cultivated with the vine and the olive at their bases, and belted on their summits with forests of chesnuts.

A thousand pleasant remembrances float for ever above this gentle scene, and the name of "the happy valley" would not be inappropriate for a spot whither so many of our countrymen have repaired in latter days, to sip the silvery dew, or to dream the entrancing dreams which fairies prepare for the brief season of a honey moon.

Such features as we have attributed to this scenery we would be understood as applying to the narrow strip of land in which the village is built, for the mountains after ceding on each side a gentle slope to man for his cultivation, break away



in abrupt and inaccessible precipices, offering scarcely footing for the goat, none for mortals.

The building to which we have referred, was situated on the left of the present public road, and almost at the commencement of the village on the route from Naples. Its shining white walls, its single castellated tower, the heavy masonry of its outer approaches, the arched and paved court within would have pointed it out as the abode of one favoured above most of the inhabitants of that valley with the comforts of this life. The arms of the noble family of the Madaloni carved in relief on a colossal slab above its principal entry, and repeated over every arch, and at the turrets that flanked its many angles, pointed out its feudal lord, and shewed sufficiently that its tenant was a person of great trust and some rural consequence; while an air of general neatness

and order about its enclosure attested that easy circumstances permitted to its inmates some relief from the cares of existence.

To this building was attached a vast tract of land, sloping from the road to the summit of the eminence on which it stood; a few humble cottages were scattered about the chesnut woods at its summit, but the lower and more level area was one vast scene of the highest cultivation, the principal features of which were long lines of the white mulberry, reared for the nutriment of the silkworms whose produce found a golden market in the neighbouring towns. The corn raised its abundant and russet masses half-way up the stems of these dwarf trees, and the vine towered above their very summits, twining its tendrils into the shadiest recesses of their foliage, and drooping down till their purple bunches rested upon the heavy ears of the bending corn.

The occupant of this favoured spot was

an old man who had been long in the family of the Duke of Maddaloni, and after the better part of a life of faithful service, had been permitted to retire thither. Much of the warrior still lingered about the pursuits and manners of its present tenant, and though he neglected nothing appertaining to the external order of his farm, his delight was in the incessant cleaning and repairing of the turrets and defences of the building itself. The consequence was, that an old and mossy building had in the course of a few years assumed the aspect of a recent structure. Its inhabitant, though himself whiteheaded, and yearly dwindling to decay, had neither sympathy nor respect for the venerable character of his abode. The weeds and wild flowers that had had their homes for generations on the pinnacles of its turrets were rent away; the very crevices where their roots had nestled were filled with burning mortar; the old vanes swung

round merrily as the winds met them; the soil that had encroached too nearly to its walls was carried away, and the vegetation that brought its friendly verdure into contact with the building was cast back into the fields from which it had strayed.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we approach the history of the beautiful, the gentle Ursula! She was the only child of the whimsical old man whose tower dominated over the ancient village of La Cava. Reared in solitude she was a spoiled child of nature. Mind and person were wastefully endowed with all lavish gifts; there was beauty in the proportion and movement of every limb; her countenance was meek, but every feature was radiant with loveliness; the modesty of her brow, the joyous sparkle of her glance were the homes of holiness, which hallowed the glorious tabernacle in which dwelt as pure a spirit as can inhabit the prison of a mortal frame.

The beauty of the features, the symmetry of the form which met the eyes of those amongst whom her early years were spent, were the very least and poorest of her many excellences. Of the rich resources of her gentle spirit she was not herself aware until trials, seldom dealt out in so much severity to the lot of mortals, tested and developed them. In the fortress we have described, the first fifteen years of her life passed away fleetly and calmly as a dream of childhood; during the whole of that period it was seldom that the foot of a stranger invaded her solitude; and, busied in her domestic duties, it was seldom that her own step wandered many hundred yards beyond her birthplace. At the end of her fifteenth year a change came over the aspect of her solitude.

She had one day accompanied her father to the terrace on the top of the lofty tower from which it was his delight to watch the

sun's decline, and the movement of each living thing that broke the line of the horizon, when she perceived moving across the ridge of hills towards the sea, a goodly company of falconers and attendants in the rich liveries of the family of their feudal lords, the Maddaloni. It was an attractive novelty, and she watched with a sparkling glance their course from hill to hill, and perceived that the party was approaching her own home. It would be vain to attempt describing the delight that agitated the senses of the old retainer as he saw that goodly train approach his dwelling.

“Look yonder, Ursula,” he exclaimed, pointing out from the group the figure of a young horseman, whose movements apparently influenced those of the whole party, “do you see that gallant gentleman who but now paused to point out our dwelling? Many a time have these old limbs scrambled

from crag to crag in attendance on the wild rambles of his boyhood. It is the Prince Giulio Caraffa, of the best blood and the wealthiest family within this rich kingdom. He was a wild and wilful boy, holding his own life and the lives of others in equal scorn, yet withal generous and kind. He remembers the services of an old attendant. See! the train sweeps under our very walls; let us hasten child to give them welcome!"

Ursula hurried as she was bid, and with the aid of some few of the farm servants, succeeded in throwing open the portals of the fortress as its lord and his party had reached them. The expectation of the maiden's father was destined to encounter a sad disappointment, for the young noble, after gazing for an instant into the features of the fair Ursula, returned her salute, and passed onwards. With him swept on all of his numerous train who wore his liveries; but there were many followers, chiefly

youths of no very attractive appearance, whom curiosity had gathered up like the dirt that will cling to the snow-ball, and who seemed determined to profit by the hospitality that had missed its mark.

Ursula sprang back to avoid the ragged band which, without any fear or scruple, had invaded the precincts of the old warrior's stronghold. Her father himself arrived in time to meet this unexpected company, and when a glance had explained its meaning, his temper, at no time of the most placid character, and scarcely improved by the incident we have related, burst out into a clamorous storm of threats and fury. But he was one amongst a multitude, and though that multitude was a merry one, his anger availed him little. It chanced that amongst this noisy rabblement there was a youth whose appearance attracted the old man's notice. He was tall and muscular, of a swarthy brow, sullen and fiery glance,



his face was pale and hunger-pinched, and upon his lip was a thin foam which betokened abstinence and weariness. He had a gun resting negligently in the hollow of his arm, and as he stood somewhat apart from the troop, the practised eye of the old soldier singled him out as likely to aid him in ridding his premises of his unwelcome visitors.

“What seek you friend,” he asked, “or to what purpose have you led these unman-nered youths within the gates of a peaceful dwelling?”

“I led them not,” replied the stranger, “they are no followers of mine. Give me but a cup of water and I will rid you of my presence.”

The veteran approached him, and lowering his voice, replied, “We would not refuse you such hospitality as you seem to need, young sir, for I have been beholden to my neighbour for a crust of bread myself before

now ; turn me out this crowd of young vagabonds, and such welcome as my house affords shall be thine."

A flash of quick intelligence shot into the glance of the stranger, as he received this offer ; the apathy of his previous manner vanished as suddenly, and he brought his gun quickly to his shoulder ; the sequel may be easily conjectured, the portals of the building closed behind the last of the crowd who ventured to look back upon this unexpected enemy, and the youth was admitted into the home of him who had bought his service. This youth was Domenico. That he should have been permitted, nay pressed to pass day after day under that roof, that he should have been forced into the society of the gentle Ursula, speaks little for the discretion of her father. That the evil heart of this intruder should have been touched by the loveliness of that meek maiden, will not surprise the reader ;

and that Ursula, whilst forced by her father to spend hours in his entertainment, should have inwardly shrunk with terror from the very sound of his voice, and the distrustful expression of his dark glance, follows as a circumstance which would seem inevitable.

Ursula was arriving at a time of life when the introduction of a young stranger into her daily intercourse must as a matter of necessity exert its influence over the whole current of her thoughts and feelings; and the extreme gentleness of her character would seem to expose her to the ready reception of such impressions as her age and sex and previous retirement would render obvious, but the inherent holiness of her spirit, removed the very shade of danger from this forced intercourse. There was between the stranger and her father rather a similarity of tastes than of dispositions, and these, for the first few days

of Domenico's stay beneath their roof, led them out with their guns upon the hills, and, fortunately for the calm of the young Ursula, detained them till sun down.

Domenico took his departure at the end of a week without outraging the peace of his entertainer's daughter by any familiarity, or by any proposition tending to alarm her. Whither he went was unknown. Convinced that he was an object of hatred to his fellow creatures, treasuring up secretly in his bosom a superstitious notion which no force of reason could remove, no lapse of years could weaken, that the entire course of his existence had been blighted by the evil eye of the mysterious old man whose life he had rescued from the block in his boyhood, he was in a fair way of growing from a hater to a persecutor of his kind.

The first step taken in the dark career which seemed traced out inevitably before him was the turning his weapon from the

pursuit of the fleet birds which winged their flight in regions far above his reach, and yet kept within his view as if in mockery, to the fierce animals whose pursuits and retreats were like his own ; solitude and spoil, and passions sharpened by hunger were common to them as to him. This change in his habits familiarized him with deeper solitudes, with blood, and the struggles of life against life. He was now less frequently upon the hill tops ; it was seldom that the form of a fellow creature crossed his path, but from day to day he wandered amongst the marshes of Pæstum, often times sunk to his waist in swamps, covered with the blood of such wild animals as he slew, and with the foul mire through which he wandered.

His frame, hardy as it had been, was beginning to shrink away ; his cheek became livid from the pestiferous air he breathed, and his eye glared with a

baleful intensity of gaze that would have marked him out as one to be shunned. Hunger at times forced him into the vicinity of the haunts of men to barter his game for ammunition and food, and to this circumstance was attributable the change which decided his lot.

It chanced that venturing one day with such intention into a poor hamlet, he was met by angry brows and loud menaces. He was called bandit, and accused of some act of plunder, some outrage upon an unprotected female who was bringing the produce of her industry from a neighbouring market. No exhibition of his unfeigned surprise would serve him, no asseveration of his innocence would gain credence. The robber had been described as a tall young man, armed with a gun, covered with blood and filth, and his face blue from the ague tint of the marshes. This description suited but too well the general appear-

ance of Domenico. He was seized, roughly handled by the enraged peasantry, subjected to every species of contumely, and finally thrown into a small cottage, under guard of several of the most angry of the villagers, preparatory to sending him to safer custody at Salerno.

The night following his capture the peaceful village was alarmed by violent cries, when it was found that the prison was broken, the prisoner fled, and one of the men who had undertaken to guard him, lay stabbed to the heart, and dead across its threshold.

## CHAPTER VI.

AMONGST the various romantic fancies of the boyhood of Maso, the destined hero of these pages, there could scarcely fail to be one of love. It was during one of the pious and merry-making pilgrimages which he and his companions were accustomed to make, at fixed seasons, to the shrine of the Madonna dell' Olmo, at La Cava, that his heart was first smitten. Several years had passed away since then, and he had never failed in his yearly visit to the same shrine, but from that time forward had not again met with the fair child of his youthful



admiration. His destiny waited only the fitting moment of its maturity; that moment was now at hand, and certainly never had the fortunes of mortal a brighter dawn than shone upon those of this simple-minded, romantic, and warm-hearted youth.

It was the season of the vintage, the full summer foliage was still upon the trees, the heavens were without a cloud, and the air balmy with odours exhaled from all fruits heavy and drooping from very ripeness. The voice of man responded to the bounty with which nature repaid the labour of cultivation, and the song that passed over the orange groves and vineyards was more joyous than that which usually floated over the blue waves of the sea, which had little sympathy with the season that makes earth so glad. The nets, and other implements of the fisherman's craft, were laid aside, and the youth of that calling gave themselves up to the festivities which

occupied every village, and hamlet, and hut of those fertile shores.

Amongst a people peculiarly sensitive of all glad and grateful emotions, religion has wisely instituted festivities for the completion of the more important pursuits of each separate season; and in the different villages there was never wanting some benevolent patron whose anniversary occurred, with admirable opportuneness, when the last basket of grapes was gleaned up from the vineyard. The vintage season was earlier on the sunny slopes about Sorento than on the lower lands in the more inland country, and after visiting successively the villages in their more immediate neighbourhood, the youth of Amalfi, Atrani, Scala, and Ravelli bent their steps in joyous company to the more considerable town of La Cava.

From the more crowded churches Maso turned, rather from the habit of his old search than from any very distinct motive, to the sub-

urban spot on which stands the temple of our lady of The Elm. It was a soft and sunny day early in the autumn, and Maso paused and seated himself on the low parapet which encloses the little green in front of the church; below him was a deep and shaded valley, cultivated throughout, his companions were already in the vineyards, and a smile passed over his features as he saw the active forms, the well-known dresses of his brother mariners, mingling with those of the gentle maidens of those slopes, and marked the welcome that awaited their proffered aid. On all sides of him the same labour and the same scene met his eye; and he was turning his glance in a new direction, when the approach of a party towards the church attracted his attention. This party consisted of but two individuals, a very old and infirm man, and a young maiden in the first bloom of youth. It was Ursula and her father. Wearied with an exertion, for

which his pale cheek and unsteady limbs too plainly showed him to be unequal, the old man sought a seat by the side of Maso; the soft glance of the maiden met the large clear eyes of the young fisherman, and he then felt that the rays of his friendly star were upon him, that the future sharer of his home and heart was before him!

With the glad hours of his wooing we will not delay the reader, for we have more stirring incidents for his sympathies: suffice it that within three days of that meeting, Maso had overcome the wariness of her father, and was a welcome visiter to his tower. Though the youth appeared with a handsome exterior, in his sailor's cloak shining with gay embroidery, the poverty of his ordinary life was concealed from no one. If his countenance showed more happiness, more content with his lot than his humble calling would seem to authorize, his frankness removed all fear of imposture, all

hazard of illusion. Before the vintage was wholly gathered in he was on the hill's side, by the watercourse, in the vineyard, amongst the chesnut woods with Ursula. How eloquently the feelings of his love attuned themselves for the ear of that gentle maiden, how timidly, yet with what bounding of her young heart she listened to those accents, the reader may well imagine. Maso lingered about the paradise of La Cava till every vine had given up its fruits, and the jovial festival that followed was complete, till the serious preparations for a new year of toil began, and then was forced upon their attention the necessity of at least a temporary parting.

A sudden cloud came over the blue and smiling heavens, a shadow darkened the glades and dwellings that they had so eloquently praised for their autumn loveliness. Maso whispered, that beyond the barriers of the blue hills around them there was a spot

more beautiful than she had trod in childhood, that he had a home on the waterside above Amalfi, and that his returning thither should be but to give tidings of her coming. He kissed the lips of his gentle captive, and the cloud and shadow passed from the face of earth and heaven!

Maso doubted whether to make his returning journey by Vietri, and so take boat to Atrani, or to push vigorously over the mountain barrier that lay between La Cava and the sea. As it was a mild balmy evening, and the autumn moon, though waning, would light him, he decided upon taking the more direct road, and accordingly hastened to ascend the mountains. The rugged nature of the country through which he took his road homeward has been already mentioned, but his heart was full; and its overflowings banished all care for the hardships and occasional perils of his path. Though he took the shortest line

over hill and through ravine, morning was lighting the heavens before he stood upon the last eminence that looked down upon his lowly home.

His heart was softened by his late parting, but it was not saddened. The future seemed to open before him as did the blue sea at his feet, boundless, and beautiful, and without a single shadow. His home too, that almost imperceptible speck touching the waters like the minutest of the many rocky projections that formed its undulating shore, though it was poor and cheerless, and almost a ruin, came upon his view with a touching welcome, and he hastened his steps to whisper to its walls the rich treasure that he was about to convey within them.

Busied with these reflections, it was some time before his notice was attracted by the figure of a man a few hundred yards before him, the extreme tardiness of whose motions soon enabled Maso to gain upon him, when

he perceived that he was drooping from weariness, and training his steps along with difficulty. He was armed with a long gun, which he appeared to have difficulty in carrying, but which his grasp retained as if life depended on its possession; and his quick ear had no sooner got intelligence of the approach of a stranger than he stopped, turned round, and brought his weapon instantly to his shoulder. Even when his glance rested on the unarmed person of the young fisherman, he retained his attitude, and seemingly his hostile intention.

Maso called out to him, and then the exhausted traveller sunk down upon the earth. No picture that the pen could draw would exceed the spectacle of utter wretchedness that presented itself to Maso as he stood over his former friend Domenico. His dress was filthy with mire and blood; his countenance betrayed the excessive debility to which he was reduced: his skin was



clear, but blue and cadaverous, his lips perfectly white, his eyes were sunken, but the orbs strained and glowing as if with a consuming fire. Vain were his attempts to speak, for his tongue was swollen, parched, and in a foam.

Maso addressed him in words of gentleness, but he received a look in which was as much of reproach as of fierceness. The wretched being was capable of but little more exertion, and it was slowly and wearily that, with the support of Maso, he was enabled to make his way down towards the shore. It would have been idle to suppose that any home would open to receive the wretched and unwelcome wanderer within it, least of all that any would be found willing to tend and nurse him through his illness.

Maso took him at once to his own abode, and during the racking ague that first assailed him, and the succeeding accesses

of the most virulent kind of malaria fever, in which a naturally strong constitution struggled against the malady, watched by his bedside as he would have done by a brother's.

It was about two hours after sunset on the second day after Maso's return from La Cava, the moon had not yet risen, and dusk, relieved only by the feeble light of stars which were slowly studding the heavens, veiled the rocky coast and the bosom of the waters that rippled to its base, when a small boat, propelled by a single rower, after creeping stealthily along the coast, shot at last into the Grotto of St. Andrea, one of the many caverns which the waves have hollowed in the rocks in the immediate neighbourhood of Amalfi. The sound of the disturbed waters ceased, the boat was secured, and in a few moments its former occupant was climbing with a fearless and fleet step the rugged sides of the rock

above ; pausing when he had finished his arduous ascent, to listen and look anxiously about him, and then hurrying away towards a feeble light which gleamed from a building situated on the high lands to his right.

He found himself treading a narrow pathway, between a high bank on one side, and a garden wall on the other. He was no longer ascending, but circling the swelling bosom of a hill which curves outward between the villages of Amalfi and Atrani. Slackening his pace as he approached the cottage, he again paused to listen, and then distinctly caught the sound of footsteps ; presently a female dress became visible within a few yards of him, and a voice lowered to a whisper exclaimed,

“ Marco ! am I late ? my brother has brought home a sick man to cumber us, and has detained me.”

“ Hasten, Livia,” replied the youth who was addressed as Marco, and whom the

reader may remember as a boy of no great promise in the presepio on the Bay of Naples. "Hasten and let us gain the higher ground, for we block up this narrow lane, and it would be little pleasant to meet your brother."

Livia took his hand, and they retraced part of the road by which he had come; the bank gradually sloped away, and they were enabled to climb up its side and then retired further from the cottage.

"The moon will be soon rising," said the female, "and then, dear Marco, you are my prisoner for hours. Oh! you come seldomer to me than formerly, and you choose times that afford ready excuses for brief visits. How is it, rebel, that you are here now? the moon in a few minutes more will make your path homeward as bright as at midday."

"It will, Livia," replied Marco, "and there will be barely darkness enough before dawn to enable me to reach the castle. If

the Prince Giulio get notice of my wandering, my head may decorate the battlements at sunrise, and yet you give me but little credit for my visits. But let us not lose our time in scolding, when does your brother go to Naples?"

"When he wearies of his moonlight trips to La Cava," replied Livia; "my brother troubles himself little about the city and its discontents. He is in love, Marco, and thinks a scramble over the mountains well rewarded by the kiss that meets him on his arrival; and so used you, false one, but your incomprehensible schemes have driven poor Livia out of your mind. Take care, Marco, or you may find them less safe pastime than trifling with a woman's love."

Marco paused for some seconds before he replied. He then bent down and kissed her forehead.

"Livia," he said, "my schemes are not so incomprehensible. Were you like the

simple child of La Cava, whose meek eyes and white cheeks have scattered your brother's wits, I might sip the sweets of these meetings without a thought for the morrow ; but I know you better ; you have aspirings which connect themselves with love, and such love, sweet one, can have no lasting sympathies for a life of servitude and toil."

"Marco," replied Livia, "you have long since persuaded me that wealth and high station, ay, and the very perils that lead to them, have their charms. How far such belief will be conducive to my happiness or yours I know not ; but I would willingly barter all your fine prospects to see you love me as Maso loves. Be but true to me, and you will find that I can brave death as boldly as I am doing my brother's displeasure."

"Your brother's dream promises to be a long one," replied Marco, "and we must rouse him, for the lives and fortunes of

thousands must not be periled for lack of energy. Who is the sick man he has brought with him from La Cava?"

"The hero of the Pœstum Marshes, the dreamer about Malocchio, Domenico Perone; he picked him up like a wounded bird, amongst the heath on the hill side, and he now lies raving about charms and fascinations like a dying lover."

Marco startled when he heard the name of her visiter. "Dear Livia," he said, "the life of that man must be cared for, he has his uses, and may well repay the irksomeness of a few vigils. Believe me the crisis is not remote. Get your brother married in God's name if he desires it, but let us not slumber away our energies in languor. It is full time that he and you were already in Naples."

"I have said that I will not meddle in my brother's choice," replied Livia, "I love Maso dearly, and I see not that he will do

wisely in exchanging the calm of his present pursuits for the toils of Naples. It is useless to try and veil it from me; you would involve him in your schemes; you would make a tool of him, and of us all. In this I will have no hand, but I may give you counsel that you may find useful; if my brother does join your plots, you will find him no easy subject to delude. His impetuosity will overrule your cunning, and the love that all men bear him may elevate him; but neither you nor your fellow schemers will wrest it from him. He is simple minded, but do not think that he is ignorant of his power. The instruments that you must work with are fashioned as he is, their sympathies are with him, and not with you. I will aid you, Marco, but once more I declare distinctly that I will not tamper with Maso's happiness."

A pause of some minutes ensued, during



which Marco stood with his hands clasped, and in deep thought. The moon had risen, and every shade that passed over his countenance, was visible to his companion. She at last laid her hand upon his arm, and fixed her beaming glance upon his features.

“Was this thy sole purpose in coming hither, Marco?” she asked solemnly. “Answer me truly, thy countenance would confess it, but with a woman’s folly I will believe thy words, though from very shame thou wilt deny it? Is the past forgotten?”

“When my language is stern and distrustful as thine is, Livia, when I reward a life perilled, with reproaches, then ask me of the past.”

“I would willingly believe it, I must believe it,” she said, replying rather to her inward musing than to his words, and then, after a moment’s silence, she continued, “It

was at no wish of mine that Domenico was brought beneath our roof; I verily believe that evil fortune does follow him, and if the changes of the times need such aid as his, I shall rejoice when he sets about his calling and leaves us."

The time stole fleetly away, Marco well knew the single weakness of the high-spirited woman who had thrown away her affections upon him—such knowledge even a fool may obtain and profit by; and during the remaining hours of his lengthened interview he studiously endeavoured to remove the suspicions that their previous conversation had excited—and for the time at least they were most effectually removed. The tender courtship that should have most naturally marked their meeting, was lavished on their separation, and the hour that preceded it. Livia had wept upon his neck, she had poured out the overflowings of a heart formed for a nobler recompense. She had

exposed to a glance sufficiently calm and keen, the inmost depths of a passion that defied all trial and all change, as it had defied all self-respect.

## CHAPTER VII.

SEVERAL years had elapsed since the scene we have recorded in the opening chapters of this book, and during the interval Maso's intercourse with Marco had been but slight and casual. There was too wide a difference between the characters of these young men to make them seek each other's society for any motives of personal regard, and the simple mind of the young fisherman seldom allowed itself to be influenced by any inducement but that of impulse.

A rumour had reached Amalfi that Marco had abandoned his birthplace on the Bay

of Naples, and it soon afterwards added that some singular interference of fortune had procured his admission into a place of some trust about the person of the Duke di Madaloni, and had so brought him into their neighbourhood; Maso heard the intelligence with indifference, and his old associate appeared little anxious to seek him. He had allowed himself, during his various excursions to Naples, to be drawn into schemes that were dark and dangerous, and there he frequently heard the name of Marco mentioned as one who possessed a mysterious influence over the changes that were preparing, and a deep knowledge of the measures of the ruling parties in the state; but as chance willed it, they had not yet met. More recently Maso had had, as we have said, his thoughts turned into a new and more pleasing direction, and as his sister had truly observed, Naples and all its discontents had passed wholly from his mind.

The eye that failed to remark the melancholy change in the beautiful sister who was daily perishing before him might well be blind to all things that were more remote, and of incomparably less concern to him. Livia was a year or two younger than himself, and of so lofty a brow, so stately a form, and so unfamiliar in her access, that she was known amongst the companions of her brother as Madonna Livia. The best claim that she had to popularity amongst their neighbours, was the ardent love she bore her brother, for they themselves loved him, and were ready to overlook much from mere sympathy. The alteration of her manner of late had attracted their notice, they surprised at times the tear upon her cheek that was so jealously concealed from her brother; they saw her proud form drooping, her step losing its elasticity, and it was rumoured that she had been met abroad at undue hours. No one yet dared openly

to whisper any suspicions to her prejudice, but matters were come to that pass that when her name was mentioned men shook their heads and compressed their lips.

Domenico was beginning to gain strength, he was enabled to quit his bed, and then his former spirit of restlessness returned to him. It was near the middle of winter when the impatience of his guest to begone, had prepared Maso for the resolution imparted to him that he would cumber his house no longer. The morrow was fixed for his guest's departure, and Maso was not sorry to have his home quieter, and his time to bestow where it seemed the more needed. He had left his sister late, and on entering his chamber found Domenico sleeping; he threw himself upon his bed, and a dead stillness settled over the cottage.

About an hour later Livia rose, and proceeded to select some few articles of dress and to prepare herself as if for a journey.

She then quitted her room, and stealing noiselessly to the door, departed with a heavy heart and reluctant step from the house. It was a melancholy night for one in feeble health to venture abroad! the rain was falling quickly, the loose soil gave way beneath her feet, there was a cold and snowy wind sweeping down from the high lands which, whilst it pierced through her, made it difficult to retain her footing. They were sad omens to one quitting the home that she had dwelt in from infancy; but Livia's heart though it was not beyond the influence of this gloomy welcome, had woes of a nature too absorbing to admit a thought of these minor miseries.

A raw and drizzly morning succeeded this night of gloom. There was mist over all visible objects, and the earth was saturated with the late rains when Domenico wished his friend farewell. Maso offered to accompany him for a few miles, and they quitted



the cottage together. When far out of sight of Almafì and of all habitable neighbourhood, Domenico stopped and offered his hand to his companion.

“Maso,” he said, “I have much to be thankful to you for, and much for which to hate you: If I have been tardy in expressing my gratitude, I do so at least now, and you shall not think my words are false or barren. I have stood over you whilst you slept, and when the tempter spoke strongly within me to urge me to shed your blood. Nay, start not! I have no such thought now; we part, and I pray heaven for your sake and mine that we meet no more in this world. You will marry Ursula of La Cava; I have loved her, and her image has been my tempter, first to shed my own blood, and then yours, may it prove of happier augury to you?”

The colour had rushed impetuously to the cheek of Maso, and his lip had for a

moment quivered with defiance, but the brow of Domenico remained sullen and placid, and pity for the utter misery of his condition mastered the angry passion with which he had first listened to him.

“Alas, Domenico!” he said, “a few years have sadly changed you: go, for you can no longer dwell amongst us. If you come back hither again, broken in health and spirits, as I found you a few weeks since, seek my home, and if there is a roof above it, it shall afford still charity in exchange for the evil feelings which you have harboured against me.”

Without other adieu they parted, but to meet again, in order that the destiny of one of them might be completed. Maso returned to his home to seek his sister, and to drive all further recollection of Domenico from his mind. He found that home solitary. Livia returned to it no more, nor could any tidings be gathered of her retreat.

He closed the door of his cottage and hurried to Naples, but he was utterly without a clue of any kind to enable him to trace a flight so mysterious, and he returned shocked and humbled to Amalfi. Never till that moment did he feel how merciful Providence had been to him in balancing the good and evil of his lot. The precious gift of the heart of Ursula was timed so opportunely that his affliction was robbed of half its bitterness.

The incidents of the return, the illness, and the disappearance of his former friend, Domenico, had no very durable effect on the mind of Maso. He had but few arrangements to make to put his humble home in order to receive a bride. He had nothing of worldly wealth, nor did he for a moment consider that the very slightest portion of it was needed to add to the happiness of the heart that trusted him. As his father had lived before him, so was

he contented to live. The humble dwelling that had served him from infancy might, he thought, with slight repair, last out his time; and had not the modesty of poor Ursula, which pleaded for a brief delay, corresponded with one of the fanciful notions of his own romantic nature, he would at once have brought her to his dwelling, whilst winter was urging on the death of the first year of his courtship.

“It shall be so, sweet girl!” he had said in reply to a prayer made with an abashed countenance and crimson cheeks, “it shall be when the spring returns, when the song of birds, gentle and joyous as you are, shall welcome you; when gladness is on the face of all the earth, and the sun’s smile is sweetest upon the waters.”

Their marriage was then fixed for the ensuing spring, and Maso spent his winter merrily; he went not out less upon the stormy waters, he sought solitude not less

than formerly, but he no longer dreamed away the intervals that he was compelled to spend on shore. The pathways to La Cava were familiar to him at all hours, but winter was not half over when the timidity of Ursula was brought to acknowledge that spring tarried; that she would rather his steps should not return unaccompanied to his home.

It was about this time that Ursula suffered her first affliction, and she prayed that it might not be a presage of evil augury. The aged retainer of the fort above La Cava was gathered up to his fathers. Maso was with her when his eyes closed, and the circumstance was useful to them both, for it shed a remembrance of a grave and deep character over their mutual feelings, which, like an invisible armour, protected both from the rude shocks of the world's contact. It also hastened the period of their union, and though it perhaps tinctured that joyous

event with a hue of more sobriety than the little church that witnessed it was used to, it threw no gloom over the home to which they retired.

On the day of his marriage Maso received what was reckoned an honour at the time, and one which a poor fisherman could least have looked for. The young Prince Giulio Caraffa, the son of the Duke di Maddaloni, after many inquiries succeeded in finding out the home of this youthful couple. He came, he said, in his father's name to offer them the residence made vacant by the death of the bride's father, and to add on his own account such largess as would make the commencement of their married life easy. Maso put aside the one, and refused the other. More needful to him, he declared, was the constant sight of the waters on which he had dwelt from infancy, than the very air he breathed. He was not poor, he said, pointing to the snowy

brow and the colouring cheek of his young bride; when he had need of the noble prince's bounty he would seek it without shame, and without reluctance.

Such was the dawn of Maso's married life; he was not yet twenty, Ursula was but seventeen. It has been rather with a view of enlisting the sympathy of the reader to the sequel of this marriage of love, than for any thing extraordinary that attended its commencement, that we have thus delayed in our story. Several months passed, and Maso, steadied as he was by the influence of Ursula, for the tender care of his wife, and the duties of his humble home, forgot the sea-solitudes he had formerly shunned. They had not, however, long been married, when trials, and the heart of Ursula began to ache when she saw the sea, and the sight of his dear life shiver in her arms. The winter came, and the beautiful young man, with too fre-

nence. But Ursula bore all things, not merely without a murmur, but with an inward exultation, rejoicing that she had a trial to test her love. Each hour more convinced her that the treasure of her husband's affections was ample compensation for these partial unkindnesses of her lot, and there was in the bosom of Maso an inherent cheerfulness which aided the fond illusion of the smiling brow that ever met him.

The young fisherman still continued to in the pilgrimages of his companions brines of saints whose anniversaries dated from childhood. These occasions on which the brow was saddened; for his, and he too wearied; and over the tropic



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nence. But Ursula bore all things not merely without a murmur, but with an inward exultation, rejoicing that she had a trial to test her love. Each hour more convinced her that the treasure of her husband's affections was ample compensation for these partial unkindnesses of her lot, and there was in the bosom of Maso an inherent cheerfulness which aided the fond illusion of the smiling brow that ever met him.

The young fisherman still continued to join in the pilgrimages of his companions to the shrines of saints whose anniversaries he had visited from childhood. These were the only occasions on which the brow of his young wife was saddened; for his return depended upon theirs, and he too often came back saddened and wearied; and the first tear that had stolen over the cheek of Ursula since her marriage, dropped after a late vigil, during one of these absences

when he went to a festival at Naples. Maso returned with a moody brow and a flashing eye to his home, and though Ursula forced no inquiry upon him, she had the discrimination to perceive that some cause of deep excitement had taken root in his mind, and that it was destined to be the first secret withheld from her.

From that time forward, a startling and mysterious change came over him; he neglected his calling, making more frequent excursions to the capital, and on his return sinking into long fits of gloom, and shutting himself up within his cottage. Another novelty now attracted her notice; strangers of suspicious appearance sought their poor home, and Ursula was excluded from the long interviews that ensued between them and her husband. It also naturally followed that from continued neglect of their only means of maintenance, hunger made its entry with Maso's new

friends, and before long she felt her own frame grow feebler, her step unsteady, and the very courage of her noble nature to meet endurance shaken.

But all this was matter of little moment, when she keenly watched the conduct of her husband. Excitement drove rest from his pillow, he became impatient, nervous, and irritable with others. As poverty daily darkened about him, he assumed a cold superiority towards the companions of his youth, a proud step, a lofty brow, and an air of mystery when abroad ; but within his home, he was sad and silent.

His conduct towards his wife became even more gentle and compassionate, as if he were conscious of doing her an injustice. More than once, when his heart was heaviest, he would throw his arms about her neck and weep, and the heart of Ursula bounded within her, for she then thought that his secret was upon his lips, that she

would shortly have the power to bear half its burden, and to comfort him. But, as if some solemn vow had set its seal upon his mouth, these accesses would finish with a sigh, and he sunk back into his former gloom, shrinking from sympathy, and borne down by the burden that oppressed him. His frame, though full of youth, gave evidence of the languor attendant upon the restless night and the unfrequent meal.

The most painful of all trials to Ursula, was the sad contest to force upon each other the miserable pittance that stood between them and famine: their pale lips would struggle to deny the existence of the fiend hunger that was preying upon their flesh, and when such scanty morsels were divided between them she felt as if she fed upon the very nutriment of her husband's life.

Upon one of these occasions there came up into the glance of Maso an expression so novel and yet so appalling, that a sudden

terror broke down the little remaining strength of his wife, and she fell senseless to the floor. When consciousness returned, she found Maso seated by her, with her head supported upon his bosom. In the few moments that had followed, he had unburdened his heart, and he then saw how entire was the devotion of that young creature to him; how courageous and noble a spirit he had had by him to have advised and supported him. From that hour tranquillity came back to his spirit, and he went with a light heart on to the waters, with an imperious and fearless carriage amongst his fellow-creatures.

In the mean time in the busy capital whence Maso had brought home his first melancholy, there were many hearts as wretched as his; hunger had its abode there as well as in the fisherman's cottage at Amalfi, but it found victims far less patient. The public authorities had drained

the last farthing from stores that had been long dwindling, and there remained now in their power little more than to inflict the penalty that awaited the impotence to contribute further.

Nearly every three years Naples changed its viceroy ; but the edicts to starve and to punish were never changed. The present ruler was the Duke d' Arcos, a grandee of Spain, who came to his government as his predecessors had done, to extort more money ; for the exchequer of his king had fallen ill of the Neapolitan malady of attenuation. Like an expert torturer, he tightened the screws that he found upon the limbs of his victims with infinite gentleness, and with more study of the pulse than had been bestowed hitherto. That pulse, however, deceived him, and he accordingly ventured to steal gently additional gyrations of his mighty screw, determined that if pressure would do it, the very last

ducat of the kingdom should be screwed out. He was in the midst of this interesting experiment when Maso made his critical visit to Naples.

The change in his demeanour soon attracted notice, and the fishermen of the Mergellina, of the Mole, of Santa Lucia, and the Carmine hailed the coming of his well-known bark into their bay, shook their heads mysteriously as he quitted them; and when the winds, the blue heavens, and the solitary sea could alone hear them, they comforted each other saying that Massaniello of Amalfi (thus they abridged the names of Tomaso Aniello), would one day, with the aid of the Madonna del Carmine set all things straight.



## CHAPTER VIII.

It was about an hour previous to the first blush of day-dawn towards the end of the month of June, in the year 1647, and the first sounds of a waking world were beginning to creep along the glorious coast of the Gulf of Salerno, and to become distinguishable from the ever sleepless voice of the waters that murmur against the shores. Darkness still lingered over sea and land, nor was the shadow on the waters denser than that which clothed the promontories and bays and the thousand habitations scattered over them. No bird was yet upon

the wing, but a race more joyous than any bird that ever yet tuned its matins to herald in the light was already waking to mirth and song, though they awoke to toil.

Amongst the thousands already abroad was one individual who, in the spring-time of youth, with an elastic step and a light heart, was busied in climbing one of the steep headlands which jut ruggedly and almost perpendicularly into the sea, nearly midway between Salerno and Amalfi. His object was by no means obvious, for he was pursuing no beaten pathway, and appeared indifferent in what precise direction his steps were leading him.

It would appear that he was endeavouring to attain the topmost point of the hill, whence to look down on the calm sea, and watch the first light break over its world of waters, and after much perseverance and toil, he stood upon the barren pinnacle. Through the heavens above him there floated slowly

alternating masses of cloud and mist ; whilst a succession of momentary changes passed over the aspect of all things, producing every conceivable shade of colouring, first in the palest of all soft tints, standing each one distinct; and when these fled to be no more recalled, in soft suffusions of tint into tint, in combinations which no pen can accurately describe, each one succeeding another, swiftly yet imperceptibly. It was like the passing of skilful fingers over the chords of some fine instrument, lingering for a while over simple melodies, and passing into the most complicated mazes of exalted harmony.

But the object which principally attracted the attention of the wanderer, and which was also the chief feature of the coast, was one of the lordly dwellings belonging to the native aristocracy which had escaped the grasp of the jealous rulers, whose constant struggle was to secure the coast line

and its defences to the state. Its outermost circle included the entire base of an insulated rock, one side of which rose up perpendicularly more than two thousand feet from the water's edge, and in which had been cut terraces and passages, tier above tier, surmounted by towers innumerable; the portion of this vast fortress which looked landward was protected by a ditch and drawbridge, and every artifice of defence which the quickened ingenuity of several generations of conquerors, scarcely secure of their tenure, had contrived against surprise.

This castle was but one of many belonging to the princely family of the Caraffa, Dukes of Maddaloni.

It was after a long and somewhat melancholy contemplation of this formidable but picturesque fortress, that the glance of the beholder sank gradually to the mountain at his feet, and he then for the first time beheld

an object which brought the colour rapidly to his cheek, and as instantly a momentary tremour to his limbs.

Not very far below him and leaning against the storm-battered trunk of a tree, apparently in amused contemplation of his actions, stood a figure which one of peaceful pursuits might least desire to encounter in so grim a solitude. About thirty years of age, tall in stature, robust and powerful in form, the countenance of his observer was handsome and manly though the colour of his cheek was swarthy from exposure to an ardent sun; he wore his beard, which was black as night, thick and curled about his chin: the leading expression of his features, lighted up by a flashing and restless eye, was that of quick stern purpose, of daring, debauchery, and cruelty.

His dress was that of a class of men peculiar in that day as in our own, and sufficiently indicative of the character of

the wearer. It consisted of a crimson cloth waistcoat with silver bell-shaped buttons, a jacket and lower garments of blue cloth, gaiters of untanned leather, and a party-coloured silken scarf tied round his waist, in which were several daggers and small fire-arms, in addition to a long narrow barreled gun which he rested between his legs.

When he perceived that he whom he had been long watching, had become aware of his presence, he roused himself, and moved leisurely towards the youth who found himself in the presence of one wearing the dress of an avowed bandit without any means of defence, should his intentions be otherwise than friendly. There was a smile upon the weather-beaten features of the stranger, and somewhat of confident superiority in his manner as he approached, and exclaimed in a frank and bold voice,

“ Well met again, my young friend ! how has it fared with you since we parted ? ”

“Much as it did when I first wandered through the Abruzzi,” replied the youth, “except that the illness that I caught there has clung to me, and ailing limbs and a subdued spirit are feeble aids to one in quest of fame or fortune. There lies,” he continued, pointing to the unattractive bundle at his feet, “all the wealth I possess in this world.”

The glance of the stranger rested upon it for a second with ill-feigned contempt. “You have despised good counsel, fair sir, and chosen a beggarly profession,” he replied; “but it is not too late for remedy. How long is it since you left Naples?”

“Three days,” replied the youth.

“And how fares the high and mighty Prince Don Leon de Ponze, Duca d’ Arcos?” asked the stranger.

“A curse be upon him and his generation!” answered the young wanderer; “he has changed a long suffering people into a race of

furious maniacs; he fares, I doubt not, well in health, unless the howlings of starving multitudes break unseasonably upon his slumbers. I left him struggling to get in a new tribute upon figs and water-melons."

A smile of savage joy gave for a moment additional wildness to the flashing eyes of the listener. After a brief pause he observed archly, "Rumour reached me that his Highness was less busied with cares of state than with the study of an impartial distribution of court favour to the lovers of the fine arts. I heard that the followers of Spagnoletto had been prevailed upon to admit Domenichino to complete the works left unfinished by the hasty departure of Caravaggio: you doubtless know more of these things than report has carried to the wilds of the Abruzzi."

A sarcasm was implied in the speech thus carelessly uttered, and it was not lost upon the quick perception of his listener,



whose reply was an indirect one : “ And may the fate of Amoreghi cleave to him, a troubled life and a bloody death, if he toils for the blockheads and traitors who now rule in Naples ! ” \*

“ Your speech savours of more of the frankness of the mountains, where we last met, than of the niceties of the Toledo,” replied the robber. “ Your scruples have overmuch subtlety for the comprehension of a plain man ; for if I judge not amiss, the hand that shrunk from pointing a gun against a single tyrant, would not hesitate to wave on a whole people to revolt.”

“ It were vain to resume an argument,” replied the youth, “ to which you listen

\* Michael Angelo Amoreghi, better known as Il Caravaggio, from the place of his birth, though he led a troubled life, did not encounter a bloody death. Flying from the hands of justice, he left the felucca that was conveying him, wandered about the Pontine marshes under a vertical sun, was seized with a brain fever, and made his way to Porto Ercoli, where he expired in his fortieth year.—ED.

with impatience; but the day may not be distant when my conduct will render itself intelligible. For the present I have turned my back upon as trampled and troubled a city as exists in Christendom, and I doubt not that when the time comes, the voice of my recall will pass further outward than this mountain."

"And in the mean time whither is it your intention to dispose of yourself?" inquired the bandit.

"I am bound on a beggar's mission," replied the youth, "and have wandered so far on my way for a month's victuals at the castle of the Duke di Maddaloni. The young Prince Giulio Caraffa has so far condescended as to give me more than once a welcome beneath his roof."

The attention of the robber was roused, the sudden flashing of his keen eye was subdued, and he looked downward as if seeking some object to aid him in turning

aside the subject thus inadvertently started. "A beggar's mission," he answered, "and a beggarly equipment, in truth, with which to set about it! But we have stood over long upon this barren peak, and the glare of a midsummer sun comes not pleasantly glancing from the restless mirror below, and the glassy surfaces of this heated rock; you have broken bread with me before, and must not now refuse my hospitality because our meeting is unexpected."

The youth surveyed the speaker with an expression of countenance which plainly enough indicated little inclination to accept of the offer. The robber quickly noticed and replied to the suspicion.

"Nay, nay, fear not, young sir, I am not bound to the Abruzzi; I may be, for aught you know to the contrary, wending even your way—but the day grows apace, and with a journey before us we may as well breakfast. I have been up before daybreak,

and my anxiety to see an old friend has given me more exercise than I am wont to take fasting."

The youth made no further difficulty, but resuming the small bundle which had hitherto been suffered to lie on the earth at his feet, declared his readiness to leave the spot. A lingering look towards the sea and its blue islands was his farewell to a scene which dwelt long afterwards in his memory, and they descended the mountain together. The robber studied no concealment as they advanced more inland, but sought the common road through a populous country, and conversed with as much indifference as if he wore the livery of the signors of the soil, instead of the braveries of a professed bandit. After following the common high-road about half a mile from the foot of the mountain, he struck off into a narrow grass path which traversed a richly-cultivated farm; and passing under

a trellis of vines, approached an antiquated and substantial building.

The arms of the powerful family of the Maddaloni were cut in stone above the entrance; a wide and somewhat disproportionate range of stables and outhouses flanked the building, and a substantial line, part fence and part brickwork, was drawn round all sides of the premises excepting that in which was the principal entry, which entry was protected by projecting towers, connected by a battlemented bridge-way above the door; the whole was of brick, and presented a jealous aspect of doubtful repose. Yet, with all this studious care for security, the farm to which the building was attached manifested no signs of neglect.

A shrill whistle gave notice of the approach of strangers, and a sentinel started, seemingly from the earth beside them, to bar their passage. He was habited nearly in the same dress as the robber himself,

whose scarf, and the feather in his pointed hat, alone distinguished the chief. A movement of some surprise, followed by a nod of recognition to the youth, were all that the sentinel passed to offer; he then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. No further observation seemed attracted to their movements as they drew nearer to the building, but the robber turned aside from the doorway of the house, and entered the vast range of stabling to which we have alluded, and which formed a wing of the dwelling.

The habits of the peculiar race to which his conductor belonged, were evidently not unfamiliar to the youth who accompanied him, and on entering he saw without surprise, about a score of horses, of the Calabrian blood, most famed for speed and endurance, enjoying rest and food, apparently after a hurried journey. In all corners of the roomy enclosure were stretched out the gaunt forms of

wearied riders, sleeping by their carabines. Lost in a fruitless effort to conjecture the motive that could have brought so numerous a portion of this band of robbers with their famed and dreaded chief so far away from the fastnesses of their customary retreat, to within a few miles of the viceregal presence, and almost within range of the guns of the fortress of the Maddaloni, our young wanderer waited whilst his companion singled out one of the fleetest of the black barbs for careful inspection and caresses. Ambiguous and unpleasant as his actual position was with the memory of a previous abduction, and a thousand scenes of the robber-homes fresh in his memory, the admiration of the youth, ever more excitable than his fears, could not be restrained, and he gazed with an interested eye upon the dark groups reposing around him, as he had done oftentimes before.

Turning from his horse, the robber chief

roused a recumbent figure, and after whispering a few words, beckoned the youth to accompany him outwards.



## CHAPTER IX.

THE day preceding the events recorded in the last chapter had been one of much anxiety to the authorities of Naples, for a mist had at last fallen from the eyes of the viceroy, and he began to see that a crisis was at hand. The usual resource upon all occasions of difficulty, was to call together an assembly of councillors called the "Consiglio Collaterale."

This council, which, from the days of Charles I., of Anjou, had formed the parliament of the country, and to which was intrusted the imposition of all taxes, had

undergone from time to time various modifications, until, in the course of the century preceding the one of which we write, it was remodeled and consolidated into six "sedile" or delegations, five of which were represented by nobles, and one only by a functionary chosen from the people, who was known by the simple style of "sedile" of the people. Of late years million after million had been voted away ; one commodity after another had been taxed ; still these magnificent councillors assembled with every disposition to give, although the public purse was so completely exhausted, that it puzzled their ingenuity to invent new imposts.

Three months previously, the last million which it was thought might yet be squeezed from some untaxed article had been accorded, and in an evil hour the very fruit on which the poorest of the populace principally existed, was singled out as the

subject of the experiment. No sooner was this resolution made public, than it was received with an universal cry of execration.

An entire populace, living always in crowds, kept up day and night an incessant outcry against the tax and its collectors ; lampoons on the viceroy and his nobles found their way on to the walls of the churches and public buildings, nay, on to the doors of the very palace itself. Threats, which it was unpleasant to read, were penned with ingenuous distinctness, and tossed from time to time into the carriage windows of the Duke d'Arcos, as he appeared in public ; and warnings, which it needed more of infatuation than of wisdom to despise, rung through the whole city ; but loudest of all were the outcries against the officer called the Elected of the People.

This functionary had been originally what his style proclaimed him, and had watched

with somewhat intrusive scrutiny such of the viceregal schemes as concerned the domestic interests of the people. The mere nature of his office speedily augmented his power, and when he became a person of no small importance in the executive, it was found more convenient to spare the people the trouble of the election, and he was accordingly nominated by the viceroy. From that hour he was bound to the will of his master; his popularity was succeeded by unmitigated hate, and his duties were discharged in open defiance of public feeling.

Upon this officer was visited the full fury produced by each new impost, and it was his report to the viceroy of the scenes that passed daily under his observation which had rather roughly awakened that prince to the unpleasant probabilities of the future.

Notwithstanding the increasing terrors

which darkened the features of the popular representative at each successive interview, the viceroy had continued from January to June to disregard the murmurs of the citizens but as summer advanced, when the fish diet of the common people became less palatable to them, and nature poured over that favoured land an immeasurable abundance of all fruits; when every field had become a garden blushing with an infinite variety of the long-promised luxuries which the warm sun of that voluptuous clime made indispensable to her sons; when the market-place of Naples groaned under the abundance of tempting delicacies which in many instances were allowed to rot before the duty could be extorted from them; then indeed, did the manifestation of public feeling become difficult for the most indifferent to overlook; and the elect hurried again with his troubled and most unwelcome countenance to the palace of the

viceroy. The reply he had received was the customary one. "The money is indispensable, the *Sedile* have decreed it, and it must be levied!" Had the answer of the elect been what it usually was, "Your highness shall be obeyed, the impost shall be enforced," the matter might have passed promptly from the sublime recollection of his highness, and the elect might have returned in terror of his life to his dwelling; but to the no small consternation of the Duke d' Arcos, his minister stood mute before him, and the clouds darkened upon his brow. After a lengthened pause he ventured, with an uneven voice, to tender into the hands of the viceroy his resignation of his trust. No eloquence could more effectually have removed from the vision of the great man the misty obscurity of his Spanish faith in the omnipotence of a viceregal edict. The truth, when he condescended to seek

it, was laid bare before him, and a very singular scene ensued ; for the previous courage of the viceroy seemed to have passed into the person of the elect, and the terrors of that functionary to have utterly bewildered the intellect of his listener.

Messengers were despatched to summon to instant council the different members of the Sedile ; the Eletto consented to retain his office for the present, to lay before the assembly the causes of his forebodings, and if possible to suggest a remedy. But before the august members of the assembly could be got together, the alarms of the viceroy had found a fresh subject, apparently of equal importance, namely, the consequence to himself of any diminution in his periodical supplies to the royal treasury of Madrid. Consequently, when the assembly had met, the viceroy propounded for their deliberation the most embarrassing of all propositions, viz., how to abolish the most obnoxious

of the existing duties, and to discover others more pleasing to the people to replace them.

It was in vain that every article of nutriment that passes the lips of men, every thing that the hand could feel, or the eye see, was reconsidered; all were already classified and taxed. Most reluctantly was the viceroy at last arriving at the conclusion that even though no substitute could be found, the duty on fruit must be removed, when a new and insuperable objection met him. The tax had already been farmed out, the price of the contract paid into the exchequer and the money spent.

All further deliberation was abandoned; it was decided that matters, be the consequences what they might, must remain as they were, and that they must pray to God, and our Lady of the Carmine to have the city in their holy keeping. One after another of the nobles who had attended the council went their ways, somewhat



wiser than they came, pondering how they could best and speediest fortify their own palaces against the consequences of their decision, which the frankness of the elect had not dimly shadowed forth.

When the first move in the assembly was taking place, preparatory to the customary lofty politeness of the members towards the viceroy on departure, the Eletto drew near to the Duca d' Arcos and whispered a few words in his ear: acting on which, he made a sign to one of the nobles present, the Prince Tiberio Caraffa, to stay behind for private conference.

The individual thus singled out from his associates was a person whom nature had apparently stamped as a fit counsellor for troubled times; he was in stature rather above the ordinary height, of square build, and with long muscular limbs; his hair, beard, and mustachios were of a fiery red; his eyes were flashing, deep set, and of a

most sinister and truculent expression; his complexion would have been fair and florid, but for the eruptions and stains which a lengthened course of debauchery and hard living had spread over its surface.

Overbearing, haughty, and irritable, the name of this noble had become a by-word amongst men whose counsels were dictated by any considerations of conscience or forbearance; and when the senators who had that day been assembled, had finished their fruitless harangues, and remarked that he alone was selected for a secret conference, they hastened their return to their separate abodes, confident that matters would be hurried to a crisis, and that something desperate would forthwith be resolved upon. When the door of the council chamber had closed after the retreating figures of the senators, the Duke d' Arcos beckoned the Caraffa nearer to the

seat he occupied, and lowered his tone as he addressed him.

It would have been difficult to select from the whole mass of actors who moved on the troubled scene of politics at that period, any two men more intimately acquainted with the separate interests of the agents of all parties, or the united resources of the ruling powers. The peculiar temperaments of these two men, who were now brought on nearly equal terms into contact, gave to each in his turn an advantage over his associate.

The deep cunning of the Prince of Bisignano was equalled if not exceeded by that of the Duke d' Arcos. Each knew and fully appreciated the nicely balanced influence which arose from the patronage of the crown on one side, and widely spread family connexions, and vast territorial possessions on the other. In an unscrupulous adaptation of the most villanous con-

trivances to obtain a result; both were well matched; but the Spaniard had the advantage in the admirable mastery of his temper, in the well governed expression of his dark features, and the extreme wariness which kept an impenetrable veil over the sternest passions that were passing within his bosom. But there were times when even this practised vigilance was not a match for the bitter sarcasms and the imperious temper of the Caraffa; and then his keen eye detected his triumph so instantaneously, his fierce features exulted so visibly in its result, that it was with reluctance that the Duke d' Arcos sought his counsel. No surer proof could have been exhibited of the straits into which the government was now brought, than the invitation to this intractable noble to enter the cabinet of the viceroy.

“His highness the Duke of Maddaloni,” exclaimed the viceroy, when these two

nobles were alone, "still absents himself from the councils of his king, at a time when the aid of his nobles is of most urgency! It will be an unpleasing duty to report unloyally of so exalted a family to the Court of Madrid!"

"Report if it so please you, my lord," replied the Caraffa, "of the contumacy of my brother and his intractable son, but include not a whole race in your complaint; the King of Spain, when he recollects that the Duke di Maddaloni has been already lodged within the dungeons of Castel Nuovo, for tendering unpalatable counsel, may feel small surprise, and perchance some compassion for his disinclination to encounter a similar experiment. My brother spoke fairly of the accommodations of his brief abode; I trust that your highness may find its security equal to its comforts."

"What mean you, my lord?" asked the viceroy,—“does your brother——”

“I venture not to interpret the dreams of my most forgiving relative,” replied the Caraffa sneeringly, “nor do I know in what measure he rates his resources in this kingdom, or his influence at the Court of Madrid; but if the eloquence of our friend the Elette have not much magnified the state of popular feeling, the day may not be remote when the Duke di Maddaloni will have his revenge without compromising his loyalty.”

“And yet you spoke boldly but a few minutes ago of the contemptible and harmless howlings of a well scourged rabblement,” replied the duke. “Heard we not of troops marched into the city, cannon in the streets, the mobs trampled, St. Elmo thundering upon a rebellious populace, and lofty speeches of a similar import. Was all this, my lord, but an eloquent fiction to soothe the terrors of the Elette?”

“It is not for me to do more than counsel,”

replied the Caraffa, “ your grace knows best what measures will be adopted to secure this kingdom to Spain, to protect our lives and homes ; as the worthy magistrate, your very accurate informant, doubtless knows the hour and the minute when this enigma will demand its solution.”

“ It is unlike the Prince of Bisignano,” replied the duke with an assumed calmness, “ to know less of these matters than we do ; but as we need your counsel no less than your aid, we will enter somewhat into your own plans. . The troops of the government, excepting the handful of Spanish and German guards who protect the palace, and garrison the few castles within the city, are removed some hundred miles from Naples, and engaged in a service which forbids their recall ; the Castle of St. Elmo is without ammunition or provision, and the treasury of the state is empty. All this is doubtless a matter of painful surprise to the

Prince Caraffa, as is also the circumstance that the Duke di Maddaloni has within the last few weeks gathered to a head some three thousand fighting men from Calabria and elsewhere, and that the redoubted Bandit Domenico Perrone, with seven hundred robbers, is journeying hitherward from the Abruzzi."

"Your grace's information is prompt and accurate," replied the Caraffa, "and may suffice to prove that my proposition in counsel was no fiction. It remains but to conciliate my brother and so to place a valuable force at the state's service. The duke is of a forgiving temperament and a bountiful disposition, as I have myself experienced oftentimes."

The proud lip of the Spaniard curled, but the reply that came to that lip was suppressed. "What terms," he asked sneeringly after a pause, "does his highness claim as the price of his conciliation, or



forgiveness, if the phrase is more suitable and pleasing?"

"That will be best known by this time in the antichambers of the King of Spain," answered the noble. "The courier who bore his despatches took ship at Amalfi two days since."

"And landed at Naples," replied the Duke d' Arcos calmly, "what say you, my lord, to those despatches being in our own keeping?"

A momentary pause ensued, and the piercing glances of these wily diplomatists gazed in deep scrutiny into countenances too practised in duplicity to betray any thing. "And what says the Duke d' Arcos to his terms?" asked the Caraffa.

"What if I made answer that the Prince Tiberio Caraffa was too good and loyal a subject to be molested?"

A smile scarcely perceptible came to the cheek of his listener. "If you so answered,

my lord, your words would be utterly unintelligible to the brain of my poor brother. No, my lord, though the Duke di Maddaloni has small reason to care much for my interests, to make my safety any item in a bargain with Olivarez, I have not yet ventured openly to deride his power, to wound his vanity in the eyes of the whole world, as your grace has done; he trusts more to his own gentle eloquence to reclaim me than, with respect, be it spoken, to any paternal chastisement or favour from the King of Spain. Your grace guessed shrewdly, but not well. His courier did land at Naples instead of at Valencia, but the dispatches were not judged of sufficient moment to trouble your highness's council with, and they were handed over to my keeping till the seas be found clearer from your grace's cruisers."

"And yet I doubt not," answered the Viceroy, "such is the well-known loyalty of

the Prince Caraffa, that the mere purpose of intercepting them was to secure them for our perusal as the fittest mediator between the sovereign and his subject? If I mistake not, you have them about your person. On what terms may we hope to see them?"

"Certain terms have been alluded to between us before now, my lord," replied the Caraffa, "but I will not ask a new bargain from you; you shall see them and judge of their value before we set a price upon them."

Without further words the Prince of Bisignano brought forth from his bosom the documents alluded to. They had been secured with many seals, all of which had been unceremoniously torn open, the superscription was addressed "To the private hand of his grace Don John of Austria, son of his majesty, the King of Spain," and to this the attention of the viceroy was first directed.

“The correspondents of my brother,” exclaimed the Caraffa, “are persons of sufficient note; and whether friendly or otherwise to the Duke d’ Arcos, your grace will know better than I do. The matter is written in a clear scholarly hand, and speaks well for the learned leisure of my princely nephew. And now, my lord, to the purport of the communication! we will, with your permission, pass over the courtly compliments which my stately brother, and his no less ceremonious correspondent, set sufficient value upon, and come at once to what concerns us.”

“New taxes and new discontents,” thus runs the document, “murmurs against the government, curses against the nobility, threats against both, are what daily assail us. To enumerate the burdens laid upon the necks of a loyal people, to explain how senselessly those imposts are selected, how fraudulently they are farmed, how insult-

ingly they are collected, would be to impress the mind of your grace with the belief that the whole executive is corrupt, the counsellors and his majesty's representative insane and desperate. Insane they are, my lord, and dishonest, and wicked! I will speak with frankness, for the moments are numbered in which honest counsel may save the state. The worst and wickedest man in Naples is he to whom its destinies are entrusted! his insolence and false dealing have disgusted such of the nobles as have hitherto directed the government by honourable counsel; he has surrounded himself by flatterers and needy men, who have disgraced their families by evil courses, and look to supply their extravagances by plunder from the country, or unrightful usurpation of the patrimony of their own relatives."

"You see, my lord, that the frank pen of his grace can sketch his brother's failings as

faithfully as those of greater men! But to continue."

"His own dishonesty compounds with the dishonesty of others, and at this moment, when one universal system of extortion oppresses all classes, the prisons groan with multitudes whose sole crime is, that their taxes are in arrear. The entire population starves. To this pass has the present viceroy, this Duke d' Arcos, brought a loyal people! and unless your grace can come hither in person, or send us back my cousin the Admiral of Castile, Naples will be in revolt, and the whole kingdom lost to Spain. If the crisis comes on prematurely, as I much fear, your grace may effect safe landing at this our poor residence of the Capo d' Orso."

"My brother's signature is well known to you, my lord," said the Caraffa, when the despatch was read to its close; "look at it that there may be no doubt of the inte-

grity of this singular missive. They are plain words, and sentiments of some import when backed by three thousand armed men!"

Deeply and cuttingly had each syllable of this letter sunk into the mind of the viceroy. His face had become cadaverous, his dark thick eyebrows had gathered into a frown so concentrated as almost to conceal the orbs beneath them. His hands were clenched; and in the pause which followed, when the Prince of Bisignano had ceased to speak, he continued motionless and mute as death. The Caraffa was the first to break upon this solemn pause.

"We will now, if it please you, treat of the terms for a fresh alliance; and your grace must pardon me if I speak with somewhat of the family frankness. My brother and I must change places! He is a person of frugal habits and domestic character, and the resources of a cadet will amply suffice

for his remaining years: the power of the family must be in hands that may avert the evils that are threatening your grace. This is the first article of the terms I would propose. Is this admissible?"

"Surely," replied the duke, "if you can in the first instance manage it without the interference of the crown."

"Then pass we on to the second, my lord," continued the Caraffa; "and as it is somewhat personal to your grace, you will, I trust, entertain it with the patience it requires."

The viceroy bit his lips, but made no answer. He raised his brows as if somewhat in astonishment; and both parties fixed their flashing glances on each other, as if in a deliberate and resolute attempt at mutual intimidation.

"The Duke of Maddaloni has an only son, as your grace knows," continued the Caraffa, "the same youth who declined, on



I know not what pretext, the offer of playing page to the Lady Victoria d' Arcos. Your highness must be aware that the accomplishment of our first article would be of ambiguous character if that stripling were allowed to ally himself in marriage with any noble in your grace's favour. I must suggest, then, that the boy be married, without loss of time, to my daughter!"

For one instant a flush of sudden rage crimsoned the cheek of the viceroy, for the full meaning of the Neapolitan was as plain as it was insulting. The Caraffa paused as if awaiting his reply, and his glittering and unshrinking glance, whilst it might have convinced the Duke d' Arcos that he watched the effect of his words, showed also that he was not likely to be frightened from his purpose.

"And what if he laid claim to a choice of his own in the matter?" asked the viceroy.

“The alternative will be a simple and a speedy one,” replied the Caraffa. “He must be made over to my keeping. This also I will look to without the state’s interference; it would perhaps be the fitter termination, and wipe away some slights shown to your highness’s wife and daughter.”

“I can revenge my own wrongs, my lord,” replied the viceroy somewhat ominously, “as they shall find who have injured in word or deed me or mine. Our present conference may finish as our mutual interests seem sufficiently cared for by your decision. The time and manner of your proceedings we presume not to inquire into. The Castel Nuovo shall be in readiness for your brother’s troops.”

“And temporary lodgings for himself also,” added the Caraffa, “in case of need. It may be a prudent precaution to have an order under your grace’s hand for the ap-

prehension of certain individuals under suspicion."

The Duke d' Arcos hesitated for an instant, but finally signed the order, and the Caraffa took his leave.

Long after the door closed upon his unscrupulous counsellor, the viceroy retained his attitude of deep and painful reflection; the horizon of his hitherto successful career was growing dark about him. The too faithful description of his courtiers, as portrayed in the letter of complaint penned by a man whose character for unquestionable honesty yet mild benevolence raised him above suspicion, rung still in his ears, and now in the first moments of his most disgraceful contract his earliest schemes were how to outwit his colleague, and the result of his long musing was a vague resolution, when opportunity offered, to take vengeance for an allusion whose insult was

not the less keenly felt because but indirectly expressed.

Very different were the first feelings of the Caraffa after his successful conference. As far as the viceroy was concerned, and his own immature plans were formed, he had conducted matters to the point which he had proposed to himself. He had laid well his train for possessing himself of his brother's patrimony, and had inflicted a deep wound in the most sensitive point of the Spaniard's honour. But with thus much of self-gratulation finished his exulting.

His career hitherto had been sufficiently discreditable; he had squandered his vast wealth and supplied his necessities by resources that were of themselves sufficient to darken the track of life behind him; he had made enemies of all that were good or great, and had herded with the infamous; but

he was now treading his first steps in a path of villany which even he could not contemplate without a shudder. His hand had never yet been raised against his brother, a man loved by all men, whose virtues had outnumbered his own crimes, who had shed over an illustrious name the glories of an additional generation of honour; a man whose generosity had through life administered to his prodigality, who had stood his friend when good men spoke of him with disgust, and whom, in spite of ambition, envy, and a host of sordid feelings, he had never been able wholly to prevent himself from loving.

But these were not his only feelings, there was a speaking truth in his heart which would not be silenced, and this bold and haughty man who so scorned his fellows, feared his brother. Well did he know the firm purpose, the fearless cha-

racter, the frank integrity of him against whom he was now about to venture in open strife.

In a mood resulting from these various impulses, he took the order of the viceroy from his bosom, and was about to destroy it: at that moment other images glanced before his thoughts, and he pressed his hand to his burning brow in doubt; when he withdrew it every milder feeling had fled, and his thoughts were darkly occupied with a new subject. The young son of the Duke of Maddaloni had taken the place of the father in his musing, and roused every passion of his fierce spirit. He saw flashing and proud eyes looking into his own, a curled lip, a stern brow facing him without fear, and he determined that if his own soul perished, he would render ruin for hate. He paused at his own palace within Naples only long enough to set some order

in his plans, and then set out at the head of about twenty followers towards the country residence of his brother at the Capo d' Orso.

## CHAPTER X.

It was no bed of roses that awaited the slumbers of the statesman to whose care was entrusted the government of the viceroyalty of Naples. The night was wearing on, but the Duke d' Arcos continued his vigil of troubled thoughts. From the moment that the Prince Caraffa had quitted him, the doors of his cabinet had been thrown open to the various functionaries of the executive; but it was only to listen to the same gloomy forbodings from each and all; to hear tidings of menaced attack from France; of calamities to the Spanish



fleets; of monies collected by violence, wasted and abstracted by fraud; of terror in the governing, and discontent in the governed; of embarrassment and forboding everywhere. And worse even than all else, an empty exchequer, that greatest of all offences at the court of Madrid.

In the taking order for such temporary measures as these manifold complaints demanded, he had contrived, with some appearance of confidence and decision, to get through another day, and to send away the various functionaries prepared to encounter the duties and perils of their several employments for the morrow. But there was a dark care brooding at his heart which singled itself out with cruel distinctness from the multitudes that we have enumerated, which though it made the sting of many, less bitter, and enabled him to dissemble their importance to others, and so to exhibit a courage which was false and

fatal, yet obscured the brightness of his own intellect, and partially blinded him to terrors less immediately personal.

Of all the dark and wicked schemes of the Caraffa, that of forcing on a marriage between his daughter, and the son of his brother, was one which the reader would imagine of least interest to the party who was in some degree to be burdened with the responsibility of an act in open violation of the law. Yet could the Duke d' Arcos have more readily pardoned the forcible distortion of his official authority to the arrest of a powerful noble and an innocent man, and thus making him an accomplice in schemes at which justice and common sense revolted, than this apparently unimportant family arrangement. The manner in which that intention had been imparted, the reference to his own family which accompanied it, was an insult, and clearly intended for such, and it

rankled not the less deeply because it had been conveyed by an allusion rather than in direct terms.

Could the Duke d' Arcos have detached his mind from the overstrained sensitiveness which formed so prominent a feature in his character, perhaps no fitter man could have been selected to guide the interests of his country through the troubled crisis which years of previous misrule, and a century of the most grinding extortions had brought to a tardy maturity; for he inherited much of the chivalrous fearlessness of one of the most illustrious races in Europe, combined with an intimate knowledge of the task that had devolved upon him, and of the various secret springs, interests and intrigues of the Court of Spain.

Of fear there was no particle in his disposition. He could, and he did face the most furious mobs with as much self-possession

sion as he would have harkened to the menaces of a single individual; but his training in a pompous and servile court had left a poison in his mind which vitiated his principles, and made him dread the possibility of disgrace at court, more than the reproaches of his conscience. Nay, it blinded his perception on many points, and while it sanctified every order transmitted to him from Spain, rendered its enforcement a duty. But there was much experience in the art of governing yet in store for him, and the reports of each day removed more and more the illusion which the cringing obsequiousness of his nobles, and the unchanging pomps of the viceregal court had spread around him. His interview with the Eletto, and the fearlessness with which the Caraffa, the most wily of the dark spirits about him, had thrown off the mask from his selfish schemes, effectually convinced him that a crisis was approach-

ing, and that power was passing quickly from the hand sthat had exercised it hitherto.

The point from which the storm was to burst there was as yet no possibility of conjecturing; keenly and unscrupulously as his agents toiled to detect any tangible source where mischief was brooding, no satisfactory evidence could be elicited of any organized plot, or any fixed period for the interruption of public order.

Disgusted with the review of his own part in the compact with the Caraffa, saved only from positive remorse by the reservation in his mind of thwarting the villanies of that intriguer in time, and ill at heart from the apprehension of coming evils, the Duke d' Arcos had prolonged his musing till past midnight.

He rose at last with an aching head and throbbing temples, and threw open the window of his cabinet to let in the night

air to cool his brow. The heats of June had set in with unusual intenseness, and never was the breath of sea breeze more welcome, as stepping out into the narrow balcony, he leaned upon its iron rail, and for a moment lost the memory of his recent reflections in the contemplation of the magic scenery spread out before him. The sea lay in the calmest of its summer slumbers almost without a ripple, mirroring millions of bright stars upon its bosom, with its surface only so much stirring as to confuse the outline of their globes, and to spread a glory of golden light around each.

Soma and Vesuvius raised the azure line of their undulating belt against the heavens, and between the wavy hollow of their summits the moon was rising. It was some days past its full, a portion of its circle had assumed a resemblance to the edge of a

fleecy cloud which the winds had shattered ; and its beams, as it gradually ascended, shed over the intervening sea a broad tremulous stream of bright light. As the glance of the wearied statesman watched it, it floated above its momentary resting place, and looked down into the awful caverns of Vesuvius. A thin vapoury column of smoke rose beneath it, and at intervals dimmed its brightness ; it would not have been difficult to his excited imagination to fancy it the incense of spirits within the mountain to this mysterious orb.

Less immediately within the influence of the moonbeams a purply haze mantled the islands of Capri and Ischia, and as his glance was arrested by their barriers, his thoughts turned again earthward and to the people whom he governed. Boats were yet out in the bay, and torches flashed in deep red light upon the water's edge.

“ They toil still,” he said, unconsciously,

“and their calm pursuits at such an hour will surely give no longing to change them for the bloody contest of revolt.”

But his train of thoughts the slightest casualty varied, for the breeze, by one of its fitful swells, brought with it the mingled murmur of a wakeful population, and then the momentary swell died away, and with the cadence of many voices.

“They sleep not,” he again muttered, “but day and night curse their rulers!” A deep sigh concluded his reflections, and he again turned his glance towards the placid waves. A new train of thoughts had entered his mind, and the object which his glance now rested upon was one which harmonised with them.

He had remarked it casually before, but he now sought it out as more interesting than any other feature of that magic scenery. It was an armed galley, bearing Spanish colours, which was anchored in the bay.



That vessel contained the last tribute he had been able to wring from the tax-gatherers of Naples, and in his extremity he had more than once meditated relanding the treasure for the actual wants of the local government. The constant dread of evil tongues at Madrid had induced him, from day to day, to suspend the order, and the galley continued tantalising yet defying his utmost necessities.

There it lay proudly above the waters, every sail furled, its symmetrical outline traced distinctly upon the surface of the waves, a picture of the calm that reigned every where save in the mind of its beholder.

As he continued his gaze the sound of a light and hesitating step, a sound which was well known to him, and was at all times as music to his soul, fell upon his ear; and presently there stood before him, on the threshold of the doorway, in the

full radiance of the moon light, the figure of a young fair woman who hesitated to advance. Her dress shewed that she had been a watcher like himself. Her form was stately, her aspect dignified and most beautiful. Her hair was black as night, and plainly divided across a brow on which was deep thought, and an expression which it would have been difficult to decide whether to attribute to waywardness or pride. Her eyes were large, dark and authoritative, the line above them arched and black; her complexion of dazzling and most snowy whiteness.

There was a pause for some seconds whilst her father contemplated her. In the pride of his heart he exclaimed at length,

“ You are welcome, ever most welcome, my beloved one! behold what a tranquil scene is spread out before and around us. Yet is your coming more soothing to my careworn spirits than the beauty of sea and

sky ; another thorn has been woven into the uneasy crown that makes your father's temples ache and burn."

"An inexperienced maiden, dear father," replied the daughter, "is a poor counsellor in troubled times ; but there are nobles, men of experience and high worth, whom I could name who would surely not shrink from their duties because the storm lowers ; men who would counsel sagely or share with you the anxieties of a painful responsibility."

"There are none such, my child," exclaimed her father sorrowfully, "there is no single counsellor in this realm on whom I may rely, no friend to share my hopes, fears, or sorrows excepting you, my child, and how little even you can know of the many cares that eat away my heart."

"Dearest father," replied the maiden, sorrowfully, "let me not think that you seek sympathy but refuse counsel. If I

thought the subject one on which your daughter might be listened to with patience; I would venture to speak what in my solitary musings I have thought would give you comfort."

She paused, but her father made her no reply. After a moment's thought she again spoke, and with more frankness, as though with a determination to perform a duty that was not grateful.

"Evil men, my father, tread the halls of this palace oftener than is salutary to your fame, or beneficial to your people. For God's sake shut your ears to the schemes of such men as the Prince di Bisignano! his hand is armed against his own flesh and blood, and think you that such a one will aid an honourable man to do aught for his own credit? His mere presence drives better men away! Do I guess wrongfully, my father, that this day's

interview with him has chased sleep from your pillow, and caused all this despondency?"

A dead silence followed this frank appeal.

"Alas, my father!" continued the maiden, "the nets of this wily intriguer are around you; can it be possible that you fear such as he is?"

"Do I fear him?" asked her father, musingly. "At the sword's point, Victoria, I fear no man, but to avert the scorn of the whole world, to turn aside the rebellious entry into the city of a man whom I have injured, with some thousands of followers, at a moment like this, when the whole population is ripe for revolt,—for these objects, I confess I have made alliance with the Prince of Bisignano against his brother."

"And the terms of this compact," replied the maiden, with a tone in which contempt was ill masked, "require little shrewdness

to guess! The usurpation of his brother's birthright; the supplanting of the Duke di Maddaloni?"

"—And the marriage of his daughter to his nephew, that malapert boy the Giulio Caraffa!" added the father, solemnly, "you have pressed me hardly, Victoria, and have extorted an ungrateful confidence."

The frame of the maiden staggered, she pressed her hand to her brow, and for some minutes the trembling of her frame, as she leaned against her parent, made him fearful that his words had stunned her intellect. But she roused herself, and was about to speak, when her father interrupted her.

"Such as I have named them are the terms of our contract, but—"

"You will interpret them as opportunity may make expedient," replied the maiden.

"Such is state policy, but let us go in, my father, for night advances and we ill distin-

guish between the distortions and horrors of our waking dreams, and the realities which are sad enough."

She turned, and without other farewell left him. A prey to bitter reflections and the upbraidings of his own humbled pride, the Duke d' Arcos turned again to the same spot, and resumed the same attitude from which the coming of his daughter had roused him. The object to which his glance most readily reverted was that on which it had lingered longest, the Spanish galley bearing the flag of the admiral. The wind was so slight that not the minutest article of its cordage waved in it. Its tapering form lay sketched out in dark tracery upon the waters, and offered the same aspect of repose that did every other feature of that soft picture. As he continued to regard it, he fancied that the masts rocked or trembled with a slight movement; before he could feel sure that

this was not a mere illusion, there came a sudden hoarse cry like an alarm, and then a confused murmur of voices across the bay. In a few minutes hundreds of minute shadows overtopped the dark outline of its hull upon the waters, the whole vessel rocked, the sounds increased, presently he perceived a quick bright flash, and then came booming across the waters the sharp report of cannon, followed by thousand reverberations from the acclivities of the islands and the sea-coast. That loud and sudden signal instantly woke up from their light slumbers the homeless population of the overcrowded city; in a few minutes the mingled uproar of multitudes burst over the palace, and then came the trampling of thousands shaking the pavements as they rushed down towards the water's edge.

Gun followed gun in such quick succession as to make it doubtful whether they proceeded from any intelligible design of



communicating with the shore, or from some fearful calamity on board; but all conjecture as to the cause of this sudden alarm was quickly removed, for presently a dense cloud nearly shutting out the whole mass from view, rose up from the body of the vessel, and at last from a hundred openings below deck there streamed outward broad jets of flame, lurid from the surges of dense smoke which partially veiled them, now assuming the colouring of the copper sheathing as they spread downward, and now a ruddier glow, as they overspread the light woodwork above. A mingled sound of shrieks and clamour reached the land, and had the Duke d' Arcos required any additional proof of the savage hatred of the people of Naples to the strangers who misruled them, it would have been furnished in the loud uproar of unpitying exultation which broke up from the multitudes that thronged the shore. It was as

well known to them as to him that on board that vessel there were at the time four hundred Spanish soldiers, and it was the cry of a fierce rejoicing over the fate of these wretched men that reached his ears.

Not a single boat of the thousands that crowded the shores and mole of Naples put off to their aid; all further tidings of the sufferers were drowned by a quick succession of the reports of the ship's guns; various portions of the rigging had fallen, the blazing hull, rocking and reeling, had lost the distinctness of its configuration and presented only the outline of a tall pyramid of flame; when suddenly there broke upon this appalling scene an explosion so sharp and stunning that the very balcony on which the viceroy was standing trembled beneath him. The whole vessel was shivered to fragments, and after whirling its fiery brands through the air, fell in smoking masses to the surface of the water.

One final and deafening cry of joy from the multitudes who witnessed this awful spectacle was the instant requiem of the four hundred souls who had perished! three hundred thousand ducats went down with them, and the Duke d' Arcos staggered inward, leaving orders that no details should be borne to him till day dawn.

## CHAPTER XI.

AT the period of which we write, the feudal castle of an Italian noble differed materially from buildings of a similar character in the more northern kingdoms of Europe. It differed in its style of construction, in the magnitude of its mass, the nature of its situation, and the science of its defences, not less than in the amazing costliness expended on its interior, the exquisite taste which pervaded all things, the unrivaled productions of art within it, and the polished and lofty manners of its owners.

It was upon a fortress of this nature that the youthful traveller was described in a previous chapter as looking down from the most elevated summit between the bays of Naples and Salerno. Such was one of the many residences of the Duke di Maddaloni, and the one at present honoured by his abode. The courts of the castle presented an unusual and busy scene. For weeks past, numerous detachments of horse and foot of the retainers of the duke from remote parts of the kingdom had been pouring in: they exceeded the accommodation which the buildings afforded, yet none of them were suffered to remain without its walls; tents were spread in its various courts, and all the bustle and occupations of a large community were conducted within their crowded limits, with such ingenuity and appliances as the circumstances would admit. The utmost activity prevailed throughout, and the endeavours of all

parties were directed simultaneously to the same end, viz. the polishing and repairing of arms, armour, and accoutrements.

In an apartment of the castle, remote from the clang of forges and the mingled sound of the busy multitudes, the family of the Duke of Maddaloni was assembled for their morning's meal. The large and lofty chamber thus occupied was hung with rich silks, and its ceiling was fresh from the brush of artists who crowded to Naples, where patronage, though more exclusive, was to the full as munificent as at Rome itself: the windows looked out upon the waters of the bay of Salerno, and the scenery which we have already described. The seats at the table were yet empty, for those already met appeared to await the coming of some addition to their party.

The duke was apparently about fifty years of age, of tall and commanding stature, of a lofty yet mild aspect. He had more

the look of a statesman than of a warrior; his forehead was broad and lofty, his eyes of a clear liquid blue, the tint upon his cheek was unsunned and fair, his beard short and curled, and like his hair somewhat sprinkled with white. To look into his placid countenance, to meet the full beams of his benevolent and confiding glance, no one would have supposed that any ambition of his had called together the busy forces we have noticed. He had been up for several hours, and had but that moment quitted the cabinet of his secretary.

The person who moved to meet him, a youth of about two or three and twenty years of age, bore a sufficient resemblance in some of his features to those of the duke his father, to point out the nearness of their relationship. Shorter in stature than his parent, and less robust in make, his carriage was erect, easy, and dignified. His mother

had been a sister of the late viceroy of Naples, Don Enriquez, admiral of Castile. As far as an estimate might be hazarded of character from features, an observer would have concluded that the pride of this young man's race would be undoubtedly perpetuated in him, that he was of a stern unbending disposition, not void of suspicion prompt to anger, fearless, nay contemptuous of danger, and quicker to believe evil than good of his fellow-creatures.

The brow of his father, after their first salutations were over, was grave and sad, though free from sternness. That of his son had a dark cloud gathered over it, as if some cause of sudden anger had disturbed him.

“Misfortune accumulates on this ill-fated government, Giulio,” said the duke, “we have evil tidings borne hither since day dawn. The last ducat which prodigality and improvidence had left to the state has



sunk into the waters of the bay of Naples. The admiral's vessel, with its treasure and four hundred soldiers, has perished; it was burned to the water's edge, and rumour, Heaven grant that it be as false as it seems utterly incredible! attributes this dire calamity to the wickedness of unknown enemies."

"This news has already reached me," replied his son, "surely it is reason enough to convince us that your grace should be already in the capital. The energies of our rulers seem utterly paralysed. No good is done, none can be expected; and what is more fatal than all, none of the past mischief is yet undone. If you remain here another day in indecision, my counsel is to dismiss the troops to their homes, and wait patiently the result of the schemes that are maturing against us."

"Your words are deepening in their

mystery," replied the duke. "How am I to understand them?"

"They contain little hidden meaning, my lord," replied the young man. "Since I am forbidden to breathe suspicion against a name that should be spotless, I content myself with alluding to his deeds, which are dark and villanous."

The aspect of the duke became saddened; and a reproof evidently mounted to his lips, but was suppressed, and his son continued,

"Your confidence, my father, is unwise, and will be fatal; but since the subject is unwelcome, it may be changed, and yet leave us matter for grave deliberation. It is my firm belief that before twenty-four hours pass over our heads, Naples will be in open revolt. In such case your grace should decide quickly. We are too numerous not to have excited suspicion, and far too weak to restore order if revolt is once proclaimed. The troops should be

dismissed, or forthwith marched to the capital !”

“ The sentence of the viceroy is still in force, my son,” replied the duke, “ ‘ Banishment from Naples !’ This is known to all men ; and if matters are so ripe for explosion as you imagine, our movement in the face of such a sentence would serve as the signal for rebellion. If I go it will be as a subject who desires to serve his king, unescorted by a force that might tend to overthrow his government. If you are willing that I thus proceed, I will do so ; but remember, we have enemies in Naples, and none more rancorous than the Duke d’Arcos himself !”

“ I would fain believe the Duke d’Arcos to be a man of some honourable feeling,” replied the young Caraffa, “ one not utterly fallen away from the high fame of noble ancestors. Believe me, there are worse

men than him in Naples, worse enemies to your grace !”

“In Heaven’s name, Giulio,” exclaimed the duke, “cease these unjust insinuations; they wound, and harass, and unnerve me. Counsel intelligibly: what would you have me do ?”

“March the men to Naples,” replied the youth, “and aid, as far as may be in your power, to restore order! Abolish the accursed taxes that drive the poor from health to famine, from famine to madness! Scourge away the sycophants and thieves from the palace of the viceroy, and you will serve your country, and avert the ruin of your house, and perchance be in time to prevent plots that would tarnish the honour of the name we bear. Such is at least the counsel conveyed in a few lines brought to me this day from Naples.”

The youth handed a letter to his father; it was written in small and tremulous cha-

racters, and contained but few words, and nearly those which the youth had already spoken.

“Beware!” said the scroll, “a dark and incredible plot is matured against your liberty and honour. A noble’s place in times of peril is at the side of his prince. If you longer hesitate, you seek your ruin; and though it is a friend who says it, you will merit your disgrace.”

“As usual with such documents, it is without signature,” remarked the duke.

“It is so,” was the reply, “but the hand is not unknown to me. What says your grace’s secretary to the aspect of the reports which he perchance has more time to study than we have? He will make a more obsequious counsellor than I am! I hear my cousin’s footstep, and such discussions may be spared her, though they may concern her even more than us.”

He turned as the door of the chamber

opened, and a young female entered, radiant with the happy thoughts of life's best season, the sweet and blooming spring. She was diminutive and sylph-like in form and stature, neither of which had yet attained the maturity of youth, nor ceased its growth. Every feature was radiant with uncontrollable gladness; her very limbs were restless and springy with the exultation of abounding happiness. She had but one feeling in her young being, yet its fluctuating lights varied each moment the expression of her countenance. It was to meet this gentle and highly-sensitive girl that the young Caraffa turned from the brief and troubled interview with his father. Quick in her perception of the mood of others, she instantly discovered that something had disturbed the composure of her cousin. The smile paused upon her lip, but not so the warm fond greeting with which she met him. When he took her small hand, a

light of joy flashed from his black and dazzling eyes, which for an instant made those of the maiden sparkle with moisture.

“To-day, sweet one, is your birth day,” said her cousin, “we have not forgotten it, nor its privileges; and my father waits for the first embrace as his by all right.”

A quick blush, proceeding less from embarrassment than delight, was the only reply which the maiden offered as she hastened to throw her arms about the neck of her uncle. There was fully as much of sadness as of tenderness in the aspect, tone, and manner of the duke as he returned her embrace.

“I would that our home could be gayer, my child, at this opening of a new year to you,” he said, “but our hearts are heavy from the tidings we hear, and it would be a fruitless delusion to surround ourselves with gay faces, even if such were to be found in this kingdom. Your father has sent us a

messenger to give tidings of his coming. I marvel that he has not already joined us."

No pleased expression on the cheek of the maiden gave indication that such news was welcome; but a slight start, a sudden paleness, proved that it was not indifferent. She turned somewhat timidly to receive the congratulations of her cousin. But evident as had been the effect produced on her countenance by the few words uttered by the duke, that upon the features of the young Caraffa was far more sudden and startling; the first expression of displeased surprise was vanishing with that sudden evanescence which characterised the usual transition of his feelings, and a shade of mingled sorrow and compassion was settling on his cheek as his eyes met hers. Instead of the cordial opening of his arms to welcome her, he extended his hand to greet her; and even this cold manifestation of his regard appeared exhibited reluctantly. Tears



sprung up to the eyes of the young creature thus repulsed, and she made no attempt to take the hand he offered. At this moment a door opened at a further end of the room, and the entry of another person amongst them fortunately called the attention of all parties from her.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE individual who joined the party may merit more of the reader's notice than has hitherto been solicited for him ; for the part he was destined to perform in the events we are about to record was not less startling than extraordinary. He was about twenty-five years of age, the contour of his face was rather circular than oval, his complexion was dusk, but of almost feminine clearness and smoothness : his eyes were deepset and small, but of the most brilliant black, as were the long lashes that

shaded them. His features when in repose were expressive of great obstinacy and habitual wariness, but when, as too often happened to him, a sneer on the imperious lip of the young Caraffa wounded him, a vivid tint would overspread his cheek, and a tremulous sparkling flash into his glance. On such occasions his lips became compressed, the long lashes fell to screen the rebel splendours of his eye, and the muscles about his mouth were indicative of cruelty and treasured vengeance. Such is the portrait that a contemporary has drawn for us of Marco Vitale.

With a stern brow Giulio confronted his father's secretary, and with some acrimony of tone and style, demanded the object of his coming.

"There are noble gentlemen at the drawbridge my lord," he replied firmly, "who claim admittance within the castle."

The young prince turned upon his heel without deigning a reply.

“The hour is unusual, Vitale,” replied the Duke di Maddaloni, “who are they? and what is their business? Come they soliciting, or claiming, admittance within the castle?”

“One of them, may it please your grace, craves it in the name of the Prince Giulio. The name he gives in is Rosa, Salvatore Rosa, a penniless painter from Antella, of whom fame speaks highly as improvisatore, musician, and mountebank. And he says that the Prince Giulio——”

“Has solicited his presence here,” interrupted the youth; “I did so, and crave your grace’s permission to admit him.”

“Surely, Giulio,” replied the duke, and his face lighted up with joy at the unusual circumstance of a favour asked by his son. “This castle is your own as it is ours, and

whether mountebank or beggar, he is welcome."

A look that flashed at once contempt and anger upon the secretary, and which was returned with a calm indifference, was the only further evidence of the young prince's feelings. The secretary made no hurried signs of retiring.

"And who else would enter?" asked the duke.

The secretary looked up into the face of Giulio Caraffa as he replied, "There are two others, the one is the Prince of Bisignano, the other——"

He paused for a second and then added, "the other is Domenico Perrone!"

No sooner had this name, odious in the ears of all honest men, been uttered, than Giulio Caraffa stamped his foot with fury, the veins of his forehead started and filled, and his eyes flashed with scorn and passion.

“By the honour of a knight!” he exclaimed loudly, “this surpasses all patience! when you seek opportunities of making such communications with his grace, seek them when I am absent.”

The anger of the Prince Caraffa produced no visible effect upon the apathetic brow of the secretary, who had narrowly watched the effect of his words, and knew well what interpretation to put upon it. Giulio determined to take no further share in his father's deliberations, and turned to join his cousin in the recess of the window, from which her pale cheek and tearful eyes were turned upon the calm sea below. She bent upon him, as he joined her, a glance which seldom pleaded in vain, and he smoothed down his ruffled temper as he exclaimed,

“I must use your gentle offices, Eleonora, to make my excuses to the Prince of Bisignano, for my patience is sorely tried, and my father will bid him welcome in more

courteous phrase than I can. I am fitter company for the poor painter."

In spite of the solicitations of his cousin, the youth quitted the chamber; the duke then, as if smarting under the petulance of his son, turned to his secretary, and bade him have Perrone, the brigand, scourged from the castle. "Tell him," he added, "that if within two hours' time he is found lingering about these walls, I will gibbet him on the draw-bridge. And say to the prince, my brother, that the way hither is free to him at all times."

A smile of deep meaning lighted up the cheek of Marco Vitale as he received this message and departed.

"Your happy childhood, dear girl," continued the noble, addressing his niece, "is cast in troubled times, and amongst a hasty race. Seek out Giulio, for he is well-meaning and of a loyal heart, but is yet too young in his career to combat disingenuousness without indignation. Seek him out,

and if he will not join us, pray him to keep within call, for I shall shortly want him."

The Prince Giulio Caraffa, not unfamiliar with the necessity of struggling with his feelings of annoyance, succeeded in chasing every trace of his recent anger from his brow, before he returned to welcome beneath his roof the singular being who had come, by his own pressing and often repeated invitation, to visit him. The meeting between him and his guest, who though now revered as a great and variously-gifted child of genius, was then viewed as a talented eccentricity, more remarkable as an improvisatore and mountebank than as a painter, was frank and friendly; though not wholly exempt from an air of marked deference on the one side, and of protection on the other.

Let not the reader judge that we are employing a term at all charged with caricature in applying to the pursuits of Salvator Rosa, at this early period of his



career, and antecedent to his acquisition of celebrity, the word mountebank; for it was a term that his singular tastes and public exhibitions retained for him to the end of his days. Although his audience changed from lazzeroni to cardinals and literati, the nature of these displays remained the same, and in them he prided himself more than in all his other extraordinary endowments. So jealous was his sensitiveness of the evidences of his success, that no ordinary applause contented him, and unless his audience became clamorous from uncontrollable delight,—nay, reeled about in paroxysms of the wildest laughter, and convulsed their features with the contortions of possessed maniacs, he was disgusted, and exclaimed that he wasted his time in exhibiting before men without understanding. He was, however, in no mood for merriment on the occasion of this brief visit to the castle of Madaloni; and could the young noble, within

whose domains he found himself, have at all conjectured the schemes then passing in his mind, he might have had little cause for sportive feeling for many a day to come. The first question asked him by Giulio Caraffa was nearly the same as that put to him before daybreak, on the solitary mountain-top by Domenico Perrone, the bandit chief; but far different was the temper of the reply.

“The public mind is ill at ease, my lord,” he answered, “men feel the influence of an approaching fever; they are restless, their very intellects are wavering; and I grieve to say they are ill doctored; when I left the city the populace was clamouring for redress of grievances, for the charter of Charles the Fifth, for a leader, and not a few called loudly for the Duke di Madaloni. They scarcely know what they want.”

“They want strait-waistcoats, my good

friend," replied the young man: "the people and their rulers alike want them; and, if I augur not amiss, one party will shortly get them. You did well to quit Naples till the malady ceases. Though welcome hither at all times, may I ask why you made choice of my father's house for your place of refuge?"

The ingenuous countenance of Salvator evinced no slight emotion when thus plainly questioned, and he betrayed it to eyes bent scrutinizingly on him, and which were not to be deceived easy.

"Your welcome was pressing and friendly, my lord," he replied, "and was repeated not longer ago than a week past."

"Be it so!" replied the youth.

When Giulio had quitted the presence of his father, the Duke di Maddaloni had retired to his own cabinet to await the coming of his brother. With the details of that interview it is needless to trouble

the reader. It was to hear its result that his son was summoned.

"Giulio," he said, when the youth entered, "at sundawn to-morrow I shall set out for the capital. It has pleased the Duke d' Arcos to command my presence, and as I obeyed without a murmur in leaving the city, so shall I obey this recall."

The youth made no reply for some moments, but after a piercing scrutiny into the dark features of his uncle, and the flushed and excited face of his father, he inquired,

"Does the Prince Tiberio Caraffa accompany us, my lord?"

The tint upon his father's cheek deepened as he bowed in the affirmative.

"And with what escort do we move?" demanded the youth.

"A score of our own personal attendants," was the answer.

"And the men that now garrison the castle?" Giulio asked.

“They await our return,” replied his father.

A flush of sudden rage dyed to scarlet the cheek of Giulio Caraffa as he heard this extraordinary decision. Impetuous as were all his impulses, it was with difficulty that his lips retained the outbreak that trembled for utterance. One word from his uncle would have rendered the suppression beyond his power. This the Prince of Bisignano knew too well to hazard a remark of any kind, and the haughty young man strode from the room without venturing to hear or answer further. As he hurried through the passages leading to his own apartment, an attendant in the liveries of his uncle threw himself hurriedly across his path, and offered him with much appearance of mystery, a slip of paper on which was written the single word “Beware!” Giulio no sooner read it, than he flung it back to its bearer.

“Take it,” he said, “to the Prince of Bisignano, it is meant for him not for me.”

The man snatched up the paper, and Giulio passed on. A few minutes of reflection restored him to his usual calm ; divided ever between feelings of annoyance at the constant repulses he met with in his attempts to force measures of decision upon his father, and the conviction that plots were ripening in secret against his house, the conclusion of his present musing, as on former occasions, was a determination to be patient, but vigilant.

Towards the evening of that day he again sought his cousin ; and though he found her tearful and agitated, he asked no question. He had apparently resumed the usual calm indifference of his character, and the charm of eloquence powerful from the ascendancy which a bold spirit ever possesses over a timid one, soon recalled to the cheek of Eleonora the happy

smile that formed its most familiar expression. Under the assumed and fascinating mask of her cousin's gaiety, the simple mind of this inexperienced girl had no power to penetrate. But if the spirit of her cousin was beyond the reach of her comprehension, her heart was not less a mystery to him. So readily and transparently came every thought and feeling to the surface, writing themselves legibly and brightly upon her cheek, that he was deceived into believing that nothing remained behind; and yet that happy and buoyant spirit had its secret which, though so jealously treasured that she herself scarcely knew of its existence, still lurked in her bosom for good or evil, through all the years she had to live.

As if aware that his welcome to the individual whom he had invited beneath his roof and with whose sensitive and independent character he was already acquainted,

had not been as cordial as it should have been, he now exerted himself to make at least one evening of the poor artist's life a cheerful one. His efforts were, however, fruitless ; there was evidently a weight upon the spirits of Salvator which defied alike condescension and civility ; and Giulio, who knew much, and suspected more, of the dispositions of his visiter, kept vigilant watch upon the changes of his manner as the conversation passed from topic to topic connected with the present state of the capital. Giulio apparently arrived at his own conclusion touching the reserved mood of his visiter, and after a while ceased further endeavours to rouse him. Salvator continued gloomy and silent ; evening was descending upon them, and the shadows of twilight harmonized with the sombre dreamings that clouded his spirit, and flitted across his singular countenance. Yet were there moments when a smile would



light up the features of this keen observer of the countenances of others, as he contemplated the domestic picture before him. The alternating expressions of tenderness and reserve that passed over the brow of Giulio Caraffa, and the calm yet affectionate demeanour of his cousin, left on his mind the conviction that an illusion existed between them, and that simplicity and pride would defer its removal until the peace of mind of one or both was compromised.

Eleonora had remained an embarrassed spectator of this interview, and it was a relief to her when Giulio rose, and took leave of their mysterious guest.

"It is a fine night, Eleonora," he said, "let us go out upon the terrace, and see a last moon rise before we quit these peaceful scenes."

There was a mixture of solemnity and tenderness in the tone of Giulio as he addressed his cousin. She placed her

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hand playfully upon his arm, and he led her through avenues of lemon-plants whose dew-steeped blossoms filled the air with odour, towards the low battlemented parapet which hung over a void of a thousand feet, and then paused ; the sea lay calm and dark below them, and excepting the murmuring of its gentle waves, there was a dead stillness over all things.

After a pause of some moments he pointed out to her notice various features of the scenery before them, as if purposely delaying a communication that might be painful. Eleonora had no participation in his embarrassment, she was accustomed to his wayward fits of enthusiasm and pensiveness, and though generally adapting her mood to his, her spirit retained its calm, her glance followed the direction in which he pointed, but she remained silent ; she was leaning against him, and suddenly perceived that his heart fluttered.

“Eleonora,” he said sorrowfully, “you think that in bringing you hither I have other things to say to you than to discourse of the beauties we have so often looked upon together before now ; and so in truth I have, but they are connected with the features of this scenery. Look upon them, dear girl, for their remembrance will be soothing, and we may perchance see them for the last time now. A new life will begin for you from to-morrow, and you must pray to God to ward from you the common lot of these evil times ; I have striven to do so hitherto, and I now fear that I have done amiss in doing so successfully. You may not have your cousin by you at all times as you have had till now ; but he will still, as far as he is able, watch for your happiness. I am becoming gloomy,” he added, “and perchance not very intelligible ; but your lot is in the hands of designing men, and I fear their opportunities to do wrong will be

greater than mine to protect you. We quit this place for Naples, and whether it be your father's wish to take you to his own home, or leave you to share ours, I have not yet heard."

Eleonora bent her head, for she was sorrowful, and felt that it was her lot to be a toy in the hands of others, and that murmuring was fruitless. The branches of one of the vast lemon-trees, with which the parapet was shaded, was between her drooping figure and the door of the building which they had left open behind them. A sound not unlike the moving aside of the boughs of the plant reached the ears of the young Caraffa. With a violent and sudden impulse he severed the leafy branch that bent over the form of his cousin, and a shower of the fragrant blossoms fell over them. A dead stillness ensued, and after a moment's listening, he flung the branch into the calm waters below them.

“ I would not teach you insincerity, dear Eleonora,” he said, “ but the mystery that is in all changes makes the heart distrustful of the future. You must be wary; and if a secret grows up in your heart, hide it. And now, dear one, farewell till sun dawn.”

He raised her hand to his lips, and then turned to seek his chamber.

Pained by the agitation which she had witnessed, yet attributing it to the sensitiveness of his character, Eleonora turned to watch his retreating figure as he bent under the drooping boughs of the lemon-plants, and saw him pause for an instant as if to listen before entering the house. In a few minutes she saw a light gleaming from the window of the turret that he inhabited, and then felt that she might, without fear of surprise, give free course to the grief with which her heart was bursting. She leaned against the parapet from which she had watched the circling flight of the branch he

had flung into the waves. She laid her throbbing temples against her hand, and her tears fell without restraint; the memories of many years hurried through her brain, and their gladness formed a mournful contrast with the sudden gloom which a single evening had cast over her existence.

Eleonora looked again upwards to the chamber of her cousin; the rays of the moon, not yet visible from where she stood, had reached his windows, but the lamp within was extinguished. She then turned to quit the scene and its enchantments; and as she did so, she perceived, at a few paces from the spot she occupied, the dim outline of a man standing with his arms folded, in evident contemplation of her movements. He had selected a position which was partially screened by the leafy boughs of the plants, and which, whilst the moonbeams lighted the remainder of the terrace, was in shadow of the intermingling foliage. Her

first thought was that her cousin, in one of the accesses of waywardness to which he was at all times subject, had again come to join her. She moved forward to meet him; his name was upon her lips, when the sound of her footsteps startled the intruder, and she then recognised the slight form, and the remarkable features of Marco Vitale. So sudden had been her movement, or so absorbed the thoughts of the individual who had thus presumed to play the spy upon her retirement, that she was at his side, and gazing into his features, before he turned to retreat. She was again alone, but the calm of her features was gone. She trembled violently, her hands were clasped, her glance bent eagerly in the direction in which he had fled. She stooped and gathered up the blossoms which he had shaken to the earth, and then hurried to seek her chamber.

## CHAPTER XIII.

TOWERING many hundred feet perpendicularly above the waters, and projecting into the sea like a prodigious buttress in the mighty wall of rocky mountains, which become more barren and more gigantic as they approach their termination, rises the celebrated headland of the Capo d' Orso.

The summit of this eminence was the spot which the ancestors of the Duke di Maddaloni had chosen for one of their numerous strongholds. The foundations of the building, which were considerably lower towards



the land, were worked into the solid rock, and its walls sprung up from its very edge. Towers of great strength and elevation terminated the line of its front; and it was only towards the centre, thus protected, that the upper story receded, forming a broad terrace, which extended from tower to tower. This terrace, ornamented with statues, fountains, and an infinity of odorous plants, was the natural summer resort of the family of its proprietor. It was there that Eleonora spent the evening of her last day in her happy home.

Of the two towers which looked down upon this spot, one was, as we have mentioned, occupied by the Prince Giulio Caraffa, the other by Marco Vitale, the duke's secretary; the former was known as the "Torre del Moro," the latter as the "Punta del Tumulo."

On the evening of the day that had brought the Prince of Bisignano and his

evil tidings to the castle, the Duke di Madaloni had dismissed his household earlier than was his custom, with orders that the preparations for his departure should be made at day-break. For hours deep into the night light streamed outward from the tower appropriated to the use of the secretary, and occasionally the form of the tenant of the chamber intercepted its rays, as he paced hither and thither in a mood that kept him from his couch. Marco Vitale, in the early part of the night, had thrown aside parts of his dress, for the heat was intense. He had spent much time in looking over papers, with which his tables were strewn; in destroying some, and turning in abstraction and deep reflection from others. From these musings he would at times rouse himself to watch how the time flitted; and then, after a fruitless attempt to call back his interest to his previous occupation, he would start up and pace his chamber. An univer-

sal stillness reigned over the castle, though so many hundreds dwelt beneath its roof; the distant steps of the changing guard occasionally reached him, and then he would pause in his walk, and listen intently. When these noises subsided, the mere sound of his own footfalls disturbed him, and he would resume his seat before the rejected papers.

It was past midnight, and he became anxious and uneasy; he rose, resumed his dress, and extinguished his lamp. After again pausing breathlessly, and intently listening, as if the darkness rendered his organs more perceptive, he drew near to his window, and threw it open. The sea-breeze was on the wing, and he welcomed its refreshing breath to his temples, and the palms of his hands which he spread out to meet it.

Lights still gleamed from the cliffs and hollows of the island of Capri, and a hundred torches flashed from the fishing-boats

that lingered where the shadows of the headlands were the deepest; now and then would a small boat leap over the column of light formed by the moonbeams, distinct for an instant with every creature that was within her, and then swallowed up in the void of shadow that lay beyond it. At each such apparition the glance of the watcher was strained to its utmost; no sound interrupted his vigil, for the break of the ripple against the base of the rock was so faint as scarcely to reach the height at which his chamber was placed.

At last there came darting swiftly across the twinkling moonbeams a small boat, propelled by a single rower, bearing a faint light at the stern, and then the heart of the watcher bounded within him; his glance struggled with the shadow, and the fitful radiance of the stars sufficed at unequal intervals to give him glimpses of the boat's track. It swept fleetly onwards, and its

course was evidently towards him. Presently it was within a stone's throw of the castle; its speed abated, and it touched the base of the tower. Marco then dropped a coil of rope from his window, one end of which was secured within the chamber, and without a feeling of fear or doubt swung his body outward and descended with the confidence of one to whom the feat was not unfamiliar, till he alighted on an almost invisible ledge of the rock below.

He paused for an instant on the giddy pinnacle on which he stood, and gazed downward on a scene that might well make the bravest tremble; but the nerves of Vitale, if they ever failed him, reserved their tremour for terrors of another nature; with marvellous rapidity he flung his agile frame from ledge to ledge, imperceptible to the gaze of one below, till he reached a point at which the rock shelved inwards, forming

the roof of one of the caverns which the waves had excavated. Here, carefully coiled up and partly covered with loose soil, he found a cord, one end of which was secured to a hook driven into the solid stone. He tossed its folds into freedom, the extremity was seized by the rower in the skiff that awaited him, and in another minute he had taken his seat by his side.

Not a word was spoken; the boat whirled round, and darted outward again with the swiftness of an eagle into the void.

After speeding first in a straight line seaward, evidently to get a distance between it and the castle, the boat gradually took a sloping direction, nearing the coast from which it had been so recently hurrying.

They were within a stone's throw of the land, when a low and prolonged whistle brought them rapidly to the shore, and two figures started up from the shadow and took their seats beside the secretary. Up

to that moment no syllable had been spoken. A low and earnest conversation now commenced, the word "Amalfi" had been given to the rower, and thither the boat's head was directed. The names of parties concerned in some dark and perilous intrigue were whispered mysteriously, but no allusion was at any time made to ~~their~~ own. Once, when the conversation had sunk to a low whisper, the oar of the rower paused, a dead silence ensued, and the voice of one of the party broke over the ears of the listener in a fierce and threatening curse. After this the boat sped on in silence.

The moonlight shone gloriously over every visible object along their course—the numberless white villages that clung to the cliffs, the solitary dwellings of fishermen that were dug out of the mountain, literally on the water's edge, alike gleamed in the universal brightness, but no light from the interior of these abodes manifested any devia-

tion from the customary habits of their occupants. They had rowed on for about five or six miles from the Capo d' Orso, and it was not until the sister villages of Atrani and Amalfi came in sight, that any incident varied the deep consultation of those within the boat.

"The light burns!" exclaimed Vitale, pointing out to the notice of his companions a small cottage on the steep above Atrani, from which the feeble rays of a lamp sent abroad the signal to which he alluded.

The boat shot inward with accelerated speed towards the shore, and in a few minutes grated on the sand. Vitale and his friends sprang on to the beach, and left the boatman to secure his vessel, and snatch an hour's rest before resuming his toil. It was evident that these night wanderers coveted secrecy, for they sought the cover of some low underwood to screen their movements. In the immediate neighbour-



hood of their landing-place were a few cottages, or rather sheds, built, it would seem, more for storehouses for nets and boat-tackle, and the few articles necessary for the simple craft of the fisherman, than for the ordinary purposes of habitation,—so ill-adapted were they for the common wants of the poorest home. They consisted only of the ground-floor divided into two chambers, the inner one of which was cumbered with the poor treasure of netted cords, half-burned torches, and a few fish-spears; here also littered the naked race of young children, scattered amongst such few ragged garments as were thrown there to dry after a stormy day upon the waters.

The outer room contained the master of the hut and the elder members of his brood. Such habitations needed little fastenings, and no other protection than the weaker sex might need from the inclemency of the weather; the wind entered those wretched

dwellings at will, the rain was no unfamiliar visitant there, and hunger had at times also its entry. Such was in that day, and such continues to be in our own the description of the generality of the dwellings inhabited by the hardy and simple race of the fishermen of that coast; and it was towards one in few respects dissimilar that Marco Vitale and his two boat-companions directed their steps.

Situated as we have already described it, on the upper range of the habitations of Atrani, was the ruined cottage in which Maso or Massaniello had been born, and in which he had spent the earlier years of his life. When we formerly introduced the reader to this miserable hut, we described it as already a ruin, and inhabitable only at the constant peril of those who lived there. A change had recently come over it, for Maso and his young wife had quitted it, and miserable indeed must have been

that home which, when abandoned, the poorest neglected to appropriate! In fact but one chamber alone remained standing: a recent gust had swept down from the chasms in the mountains above, and shaken the feeble walls into ruins, which lay as they had fallen, cumbering the entry to the single chamber that remained; and yet had this spot been chosen as a place of meeting by Vitale and his associates; and thither, directed by the rays of a light that burned brightly within, they now toiled up the rugged and steep acclivity.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A solitary and strange tenant kept watch within the hut towards which Vitale and his companions were journeying. He had spent many hours of the night in anxious thought, listening at times, but resuming his musing without any of the agitation which troubled the dreamings of the watcher in the "Tower of the tomb," in the castle of the Capo d' Orso. His dress indicated a class very far removed from the associates whom such a place of rendezvous might be supposed to attract, for it was as costly as was admitted by its character, which was that

of a dignitary of the church. But far more unsuited to such a haunt and to such vigils was the extreme age of its wearer, who had numbered more than eighty years: and well did his wan haggard cheek, his fox-like eyes, his bald, broad, lofty forehead, furrowed with innumerable lines, betoken the nature of the life he had led throughout this long lapse of time! One, namely, of infinite schemes and craft, fluctuating through all vicissitudes from penury to wealth; from success and honour, and places of trust about princes, to disgrace, to condemnation to death, to a temporary escape, and finally to banishment.

Twenty long years of this enduring life had been spent within the dungeons of an African prison, yet had his iron constitution lasted through it all, and his life been preserved for the hour that was now maturing. Of late days he had enrolled himself under the all-protecting banners of the church, and

assumed garments which might conceal many passages of his former life. The guile, the malignity, the unequalled experience, the amazing resources betokened by this old man's features, it would be difficult accurately to describe. His hair was white as snow, as was his beard, which he wore long and pointed. His skin was softer than that of childhood, but in its tint glassy and cadaverous. His eyes were large, and though somewhat vague in their regard, piercing and ferocious. Yet over all the features of this extraordinary countenance, ambition, the ruling passion of his long life, had thrown a nobleness which elevated their general expression. He was much bent, but the vast members of his bulky frame standing out, unsoftened by the roundness of flesh that had once given them comeliness, resembled the gnarled and battered trunks of trees that had defied the rage of a thousand tempests. No infirmity

of any of his corporeal senses had yet warned this old man that other thoughts, other worlds, would have been fitter familiars to his mind. Such was Giulio Genuino, whom, in a former chapter, we introduced to the reader as rescued from the public gibbet. And he was now returned, with additional crimes within his bosom, and additional hatred towards the race which had persecuted him through life.

He pointed his ear towards the door of the hut when the first faint sounds of coming footsteps reached him. After an instant's listening, a dim smile brought to his glance the peculiar and ill-omened flash which made men fear and hate him. Before the door opened, the acute senses of the listener enabled him to distinguish, from the steps of those approaching, the number and characters of his visitors. The first sound that fell upon his ear was that of a firm and heavy foot placed steadily upon the earth.

Immediately after came the quicker and brisker step of youth and excitement; and finally, one so light and noiseless, that it seemed scarcely to bear the burden of a human frame, it was that of one accustomed to tread his way swiftly and stealthily. Accordingly, the first person that entered the cottage was a tall robust man, of a determined and savage aspect—it was Domenico Perrone, the brigand and prison breaker! He, too, had returned from the remote scenes of many villanies, he too was one of the ravens gathering for the repast of blood that was preparing.

Treading almost on his heels, and blushing perchance at the fellowship, came the youth who before sundawn had met him on the hills; something like a sneer curled over the features of the old man as his mind reverted to the incongruous qualities and pursuits of this aspirant to the multifarious designations of painter, poet, mountebank,



musician, and conspirator, for such in truth was the Salvator Rosa of that day. After him entered Marco Vitale, best known and most feared of all his associates.

Such were the master spirits that wielded the red lightnings of a mighty revolution, and thus they met, in caverns, hovels, and worse places, to brood over their plots, to drive bargains with each other for the ruin of their separate enemies, each one to choose out the palaces to be marked for ruin. The stream that had its source in the caverns in which they plotted was oozing its way sluggishly to the foulest haunts of the populace; it had not yet met the eye in open day, but when it did, men saw that its surges were of blood, and the banks through which it flowed of ashes.

No salutation of any sort passed between the parties. The old man, who was addressed as Padre Giulio Genuino, was seated, and leaning with one elbow upon a rude

table formed of two narrow planks nailed upon barrels. The first word spoken was uttered impatiently and with an oath by the brigand, who inquired for one absent. Another of the lurid smiles that visited the deathlike features of Genuino accompanied his answer.

"The mercies of the Duke d' Arcos," he replied, "are come home to him, his young wife has been this day thrown into prison amongst the scourings of the vilest rabblement, for attempting to smuggle the morrow's pittance of meal through the gates of Naples, without paying duty to the customs; and he is gone, with some few ducats, furnished by the charity of the young Caraffa, to buy her freedom."

The robber stamped his foot fiercely upon the floor of the cottage. "It is by solitary acts of well-calculated charity like this," he exclaimed, "that the energies of brave men are fettered, and we are kept

like hounds between chastisement and caresses, the willing slaves of the nobles. I much marvel that no readier way occurs to him of rescuing the girl from prison. . .

"It is as well as it is," replied Salvator, with some enthusiasm, "it is such solitary traits, that, whilst they ennoble the individual, rescue a chivalrous class from utter infamy. Our good friend Perrone forgets also that the hours spent in such company add more of knowledge than is ornamental to the wife of an honest man."

"It is well as it is, doubtless," added Genuino, "for in the changes that are coming the house of Maddaloni must choose between the people and their tyrants; they are popular and we shall want their services."

"The matter is of little import," exclaimed Vitale, starting from a fit of musing, "but since Maso is away, we must proceed without him. The night wears apace, and

it is not without some risk that we shall get back to our homes. I will answer for the absent, and the return of the Duke di Madaloni a few hours hence to Naples will bring matters to a head. It is well to be prepared. What is to be done must be done to-morrow!"

"My men are already on the march for Naples," replied the bandit, "if your fishermen of the Carmine are ready, in God's name be it to-morrow."

"And now for your list of dainty nobles," exclaimed Genuino, "their dignity will scarcely suffer by an infusion of the few names of less note that our good friend Deménico Perrone may wish to add to them. We shall want money, and a score or two of tax-gatherers may furnish it as well as greater men, as I doubt not their dwellings will blaze as merrily."

"Those who owe a reckoning to Perrone," exclaimed the bandit, "shall pay it fully

and promptly. I care not about soiling the courtly catalogue of his grace's secretary. So that the Duke d'Arcos be the first on that list, and the young Caraffa the second, I care not what names follow them. There are prisons enough and palaces enough to throw back the glare to Vesuvius."

"There must be some order in all this, notwithstanding," replied Genuino, "and it shall be looked to; but let us at once to the preliminaries. Perrone undertakes the palace guard; they are but five hundred Germans and a handful of Spaniards after all: his next step must be the Tower of St. Lorenzo, where we understand, from good authority, he will find cannon and other furniture that will be indispensable. If he does this well, he will have done the duty of a good patriot! A thing not less essential will be to secure the person of the Duke di Maddaloni; this is undertaken by Marco Vitale, who will understand, better

than we can do, the moment which will least interfere with the domestic conveniences of that noble gentleman. For apprehending the youth Giulio Caraffa I can give no directions, and unless the chivalrous feelings of Salvator dispose him for the undertaking, I know not whom to point out."

"The same net may cover father and son," replied Vitale sneeringly, "pass we to other matters, when the lot is cast who shall govern us?"

The question fell unanswered! The glance of the interrogator sought the features of Genuino, but during the dead silence that ensued, the eyes of that old man were cast upon the ground; for once the baleful glare of their fire paled, the eyelids twitched nervously, and the lean long fingers of both hands were interwoven in convulsive grasp. That question had probed his ambition to the quick, and



he was conscious that his agitation was betraying him. Salvator was not without his ambition, but the ambition he coveted was, to use his own words, that of "glory not of power!" The question of Vitale for a moment excited his curiosity, without awakening any desire of holding out his feeble hand to grasp a prize so mighty: but when he found that no one of the individuals who formed that strange conclave dared to claim for himself, or to appropriate to another the proffered post, his quick powers of penetration speedily enabled him to comprehend the inward aspirings of his associates.

After a pause of some moments, the secretary once more asked, in tones that were distinct and solemn, "When Naples is in revolt, who shall govern it? and what form of rule shall supersede the one of to-day? Will no one answer?"

The deep chest of the robber heaved

and he fixed his fierce flashing eyes on the pale agitated countenance of the old man, who finding the silence embarrassing and ominous, replied,

"They who unmake must make. It will want the counsels of age, the ardour of youth, the energies of manhood to bear us well through this crisis. Naples is in no want of honest and able men! if the task be too arduous for one, it must be achieved by many."

His words had been listened to eagerly, and it would have been difficult to judge of the impression produced by them, for a pause followed, as embarrassing as that which had preceded them. He then hastened to turn the minds of his associates to another channel, and many were the topics with which the shrewd and wily genius of that experienced intriguer tested the most secret views of his associates.

Several hours were passed in combining



their plans, and apportioning their toils for the morrow. Some stir in the neighbourhood of the cottage first recalled the recollection of Vitale to the march of time, and his journey homeward.

The hearts of the conspirators, when the trying question that waked up their selfish feelings had been evaded by the wariness of Genuino, had begun imperceptibly to warm towards each other; and in the various schemes that were subsequently canvassed, nothing elapsed again to excite doubt or suspicion towards each other. Salvator had remained a silent but deeply interested spectator of the scene acting before him. Perrone also abstained from interference, for he was wearied by the detail of preparations, the coldblooded arguing of expediency for and against the destruction of palaces, the fate of the viceroy, the order and succession of the demands to be made, and the treatment of the military, all of which

Vitale and Genuino considered and decided without reference to those about them. When all these matters were discussed, Vitale made a proposal to his companions to separate, and all rose with one accord.

Then ensued a scene which, though it was the mere ebullition of a momentary enthusiasm, and was forgotten instantly by most of those who acted in it, will live for ever with posterity, for the genius of one of the party, the least in consequence then amongst them, has breathed over it the gift of immortality! Arresting as it were on the very walls the shadows as they sprung to the performance of a solemn rite, grouping the forms of its actors in imposing distinctness, clothing them in colouring most picturesque and glorious; plucking from the evanescent and shadowy scene all that was ennobling and grand, and fixing for the amazement and admiration of ages the bright imaginings evoked by it, Salvator

Rosa snatched the materials for the picture at which men wonder to this day, "The Conspiracy of Catiline!" Each associate seized the hand of his neighbour, and raised it towards heaven, whilst they pledged life, and all that life held dear or sacred, to their common effort in the common cause; and then called down the deadliest of their Maker's curses on the head of such as should, by act or counsel, fall away in treason!

It chanced that during this parting scene one hand of Salvator Rosa was grasped by the robber, the other by the priest. That of Perrone was firm, and the feel of his flesh was like ardent embers. That of Genuino was cold, damp, and relaxed, and without motion or vigour, like that of a corpse. Not a word was spoken when this ceremony was concluded and the parties separated.

Genuino fastened the door after his associates left him, mused for a few minutes

with his hands clasped, till a feeling of faintness overcame him, he then resumed his seat, bent his head down upon his hands, and in a few minutes his hard and regular breathing showed that he had fallen into deep and easy slumber.

The other associates walked but a few paces together from the cottage, and then parted. Vitale gazed upward to the heavens; they were still flooded with glorious moonlight, making his pathway distinct as he walked rapidly towards the water's edge. He looked anxiously towards the east, and saw that it was of the same deep blue as the vault above his head; he quickened his step, and a few minutes brought him to the sea side. The waters rippled to his feet, and chafed against the sides of the boat which had been removed a few yards from the beach to await his return. He found the boatman lying in his cloak, and passing his time in patient slumber. Vitale had no

time for further delay, but drawing the cord that secured the boat till it moved within his reach, leaped in, and spurning the man with little ceremony, pointed seaward. The rower deliberately gathered in his cord, and then resumed his oars.

"I have been thinking of you ever since  
 I saw you last night, and I have been  
 wondering how you got on. I hope you  
 are well. I have been very busy, but  
 I have managed to find some time to  
 write you. I have been thinking of you  
 ever since I saw you last night, and I  
 have been wondering how you got on. I  
 hope you are well. I have been very  
 busy, but I have managed to find some  
 time to write you. I have been thinking  
 of you ever since I saw you last night,

## CHAPTER XV.

THE excitement that had, throughout the  
 scenes of that evening, driven all fear of  
 consequences from the mind of Vitale, sub-  
 sided as he found himself gliding over the  
 placid waters, and his thoughts reverted to  
 the risk of his return; he became nervous and  
 agitated, urging the rower to increased ex-  
 ertions, and finally compelling him to hoist  
 a sail, although there was scarcely sufficient  
 breeze to ripple the face of the waters.  
 The boatman obeyed without uttering a  
 word in reply: while Vitale, sunk in the

stern of the boat with his cloak wrapped about him, fixed his glance in the direction of the Capo d' Orso, and after a while the dim outline of that bluff headland became distinguishable by the deeper purple of the haze that lay about its sides and summit.

The very sight of that grim abode made his cheek paler, for with the remembrance of many scenes that he had witnessed during his stay beneath its roof, a sudden thought came flashing through his mind, connected with the single superstition which so readily found a home in the bosoms of his countrymen, and was not wholly excluded from his own. He thought of the cadaverous cheek, the evil eye of the aged man with whom in spite of a well remembered warning, he had associated himself in his present schemes ; and he was not able to shake off the presentiment of evil which was said to follow swiftly on those on whom the fascination of that glance had fallen. The waters sparkled



about the boat's way, and the oars seemed to strike starry fire from the waves through which they propelled it.

The sight succeeded for a while in diverting his mind from his musing, but he well knew that the game he was playing was one of no small peril, and that if daylight dawned in the east, before he regained his chamber, his career might be of little fame and of less duration.

It appeared that the boatman was fully as intent as he was upon the aspect of the heavens, the occasional swelling of the sail and the boat's progress, as if his share in the night's adventure had also its risk. The slight vessel, however, danced briskly over the waters, and before long the dense shadow of the vast fortress which they had left a few hours since stood out distinctly before them. There was no light yet visible from any of its windows, nor as they approached nearer to it, was there any



sound distinct from the rippling of the waters against its base. Vitale was somewhat shaken from his musing by observing, as they approached the fortress, that instead of standing out further to sea and coming down upon the tower in which his own chamber was situated, the boat's course was directed clingingly to the coast, which would oblige them to pass immediately along the whole front of the building ; but it occurred to him that as time pressed the boatman might have thought the chance of observation less perilous than delay ; and he suffered him to keep on his course. The tower nearest to them, and which formed the limit of the fortress on that side, was the one inhabited by the Prince Giulio ; and as Vitale well knew the vigilance and wayward habits of that young man, his heart failed him as he looked upwards to its dark battlements.

Within fifty yards of the rock on which

that tower stood, the land receded in a sudden curve, and offered to the gaze of one approaching it from the sea a series of excavations whose roofs were upheld by columns of solid rock, shaped by the whirl of waters as they rushed round the point to which we have alluded. These caverns were used as boat-houses, and communicated from within with various offices of the castle which straggled down the slope. To the amazement of Vitale, the boat's head was suddenly turned from its course and directed towards the mouth of one of these caverns. A violent exertion of the rower had doubled its speed, and the dark arch already yawned above them. Alive as his mind was to instant suspicion, Vitale sprung from his seat, the steel of a weapon, glimmered for an instant in the moonlight; but as suddenly with one jerk of the cord that held it, the sail fell at his feet, and as he staggered over it, a blow brought him

prostrate, the foot of the rower was upon the body of the fallen man, the boat shot under the archway, and at the same instant a shrill whistle rung through the cavern.

Deluded and betrayed, Vitale determined to sell his life dearly, and a fierce struggle commenced; the boat rocked hither and thither, the sound of heavy breathings and the splash of the water against the sides of the rock and the steps of the landing place, gave sufficient indications of the fierce nature of the contest that was going on in that dark cavern. It continued for some minutes, the struggles became more violent, until a heavy blow decided them. One of the combatants staggered, groaned and fell with a splash into the water. And then for the first time there issued from that cavern the sound of a human voice. The failing senses of the vanquished recognised it; it was that of Giulio Caraffa.

“You shall not drown traitor,” he ex-

claimed, "nor shall the waters hide your treason till the gibbet has proclaimed it."

He then called loudly to the sentry who guarded the entrance to the grotto from above. His voice was for some time unanswered, at last the sound of armed soldiery caught his ear, torches threw their ruddy glare over the waters, and lighted the corpse-like features of Vitale.

"Send hither the chaplain," exclaimed the young man, in tones whose deep meaning was quickly enough interpreted, "let the traitor make his peace with God, for at daybreak his head shall be upon the battlements."

Amongst the first witnesses of this startling scene was an individual whose features, as the young noble gazed intently into his countenance, seemed not altogether strange to him; he remembered afterwards that he was the same who had the previous evening offered him the mysterious warning to

beware. When the orders of Giulio were thus imperiously given, this man sprung away to obey them.

The body of the unfortunate secretary was dragged out from the water, and for some minutes it appeared doubtful whether the coming of the chaplain would much avail him. Above his temples was the mark of the blow that had stunned him; he was carried up the stone steps of the boat-house, and by the orders of the prince, was laid down upon the floor of a guard-room.

The character of the young Caraffa was sufficiently well known to preclude any ambiguity as to the prompt termination of this scene; and had the avocations of the chaplain been as early as those of many others of the garrison, the enemies of the wretched secretary, would have had the satisfaction of witnessing a quick and bloody conclusion of his career. The chaplain however, tarried and in the meantime the victim of his rash

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enterprise opened his eyes, shook off the lethargy that had oppressed him, and attempted to rise.

At a signal from the prince he was instantly surrounded and his arms were pinioned. It was with no look that indicated dread of his appalling position that Vitale met the gaze of Giulio Caraffa; but into his pallid features there came, with the consciousness of his capture and his crime, the expression of the deadliest hate. He made no prayer for pity, none even for the delay of his punishment, but rivetted his gaze upon the haughty and immoveable countenance of the prince. That gaze was returned with full measure of scorn and defiance. The solemn and impressive silence was interrupted by a hurried murmur amongst the soldiery of—

“The Prince of Bisignano! free passage for his Highness.”

As soon as these sounds reached the ears

of the young man, he called sternly to the men about him to stand to their arms ; and singling out half-a-dozen amongst them, bade them drag the chaplain from his bed. In the quick move occasioned by these orders, and the momentary confusion that followed it, the Prince Tiberio Caraffa joined the group. One glance at the features of his nephew, and at the preparations that were making, removed all doubt from his mind as to the scene likely to ensue. His coming seemed destined to hasten to its conclusion this formidable certainty ; after bowing coldly and haughtily to his relative, Giulio gave orders for an additional guard to be assembled, and the captive to be conducted to the battlements.

The alacrity with which the men hurried to obey these orders removed every vestige of hope from the mind of the secretary, but it produced no change in his features. They were already in movement when the Prince

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of Bisignano requested to say a few words to his nephew in private. The request was coolly but decidedly refused.

"Your Highness," replied the young man, "shall have opportunity for the confidence with which you mean to honour me, but till this traitor's head is placed as a warning on the battlements, in the sight of all men, I have no leisure for whispering. Move on, soldiers," he continued, and the march of the procession quickened.

"Giulio," said the Prince of Bisignano, "my nearness to you in blood, and I would add, in affection, gives me a right to inquire upon whose authority you are about to take the life of a confidential servant of your father? What is his offence?"

"Upon my own authority!" replied the youth, "the same upon which your highness should be treated with as little scruple if I saw cause as deserving! This man's crime is treason to the state, and base



treachery against my father and me, whose bread he has eaten, whose roof has protected him, whose money has pampered him!"

"If he have so offended, Giulio," replied the prince, "it is against your father not against you. And by his authority alone can these men proceed to put him to death. I warn you most solemnly before you do this, to pause!"

"Take back your warning to yourself, my lord," replied the youth, "and take heed how you tamper with my power whilst it lasts, for I warn you I am little scrupulous in using it."

The Prince of Bisignano saw that the ungovernable temper of his nephew was beyond his restraint, and fearful of the excess to which further debate might provoke him, abstained from reply. The keen eye of Vitale had watched the faces of those who argued on his fate, and when he saw that his protector shrunk from further pleading,

a deadly paleness came over his features, and his lip fell in despair. By this time the party had reached a large open court, surrounded by ranges of low buildings used principally as workshops.

A body of at least a hundred men were under arms, and from the centre of the group rose up the implement of execution. The Prince of Bisignano, urged by some motive scarcely attributable to mere compassion for a criminal, had entered again into earnest and passionate controversy with his nephew; Giulio more than once haughtily waved him from him, and was meditating his forcible removal when a soldier approached and announced to him that the confessor was awaiting his commands.

He ordered him instantly to be introduced and as he turned to receive him, he saw the Prince of Bisignano in secret conference with his father. When their eyes met the Duke di Middaloni stepped a few paces in

advance of his brother, and beckoned his son to meet him. The youth approached him without hesitation; the men who witnessed this interview observed that the usually calm features of the duke were agitated with anger, his cheek was crimson, his brows contracted, and his eyes fierce and flashing. He was the first to speak, and though his voice reached no ears except those for which it was intended, the nature of his address was intelligible to all. Giulio listened to him with subdued impatience, and then replied with a gesture of passion, and a face expressive of determination. His speech was interrupted by the duke, whose temper seemed chafed beyond control, the young man heard him to the end, and then exclaimed, in tones which reached the ears of many as well as those of the Prince of Bisignano who stood nearest to them.

“God grant that you may not repent it,

my lord, what I have said before less openly might not have been intelligible, I will now speak out plainly, for your grace shall not perish without my warning, nor shall a noble house be extinguished with infamy without my protest. He seeks your blood! he covets your possessions! and if you thus blindly lend yourself to his schemes, he will have both. You have been already in the Castel Nuovo, and its dungeons again gape for you."

Thus saying Giulio bowed to his father loftily, yet with an expression of deep sorrow on his countenance, and departed.

The whole scene suddenly changed, the secretary was unbound, and ordered to the duke's cabinet; the grim preparations for an execution vanished, and within an hour an apparent calm reigned throughout the castle.

The incident of the morning effected no change in the intention of the Duke di

Maddaloni to move his family towards the capital. Eleonora rose that morning with a pale cheek and a troubled brow : she had had a brief interview with her father, and at its conclusion the duke, with evident signs of deep emotion, had sent her as usual on a message of peace to endeavour to conciliate his son. Their meeting was one of embarrassment and reserve, for the minds of both were agitated, but from causes which had nothing in common ; Giulio was flushed with anger at the recollection of his humiliation ; and Eleonora had but just listened to an extraordinary tale from her father of the scene of the morning, and looked almost with terror on the excited countenance of her cousin.

The conduct of Giulio towards this young girl might have mystified one far more experienced in the human character than could be a simple maiden educated in total seclusion. The fact would seem to be that he was

unwilling to acknowledge to himself the control which the beauty of that gentle girl had acquired over him, hence his behaviour to her was marked by a continual fluctuation between a cold and repulsive reserve, and the fondest assiduities; the result of which was that whatever other feelings she might entertain for him, she beheld him with a constant fear! and Giulio whilst dallying with his own pride, and setting a guard over himself lest he should too eagerly seize so seemingly facile a conquest, was perilling its ultimate loss.

The more unamiable features of this young man's character were ever the most prominent, and they were such as to make a deep impression on so timid and sensitive a nature as that of his cousin. She had witnessed many scenes of his impetuosity exhibited towards his forbearing and attached parent: she perceived that men heard his name mentioned with apprehen-

sion, and upon one or two occasions he had used power in a manner that had cast gloom over the whole castle. Thus did he allow the single weakness in his character to libel as generous and noble a spirit as ever dwelt within a human bosom, and to hold in suspense the affections of the gentle and beautiful girl whom circumstances seemed to have designed purposely for him.

It had been matter of deliberation whether their journey should be performed by land or water; but at the suggestion of the Prince of Bisignano the former was selected, and accordingly a little before midday the drawbridge was dropped, and a small party of about a score of horsemen escorted the Duke di Maddaloni, his son, and niece on their road towards Naples.

The offence of Vitale remained a mystery to the attendants, but the reproof which he had been the means of calling down on the head of Giulio by no means



tended to diminish his unpopularity ; much to their surprise they remarked that he was permitted to ride in close attendance by the side of the duke, whilst the Prince Giulio with a smile upon his countenance and every vestige of his late excitement fled, remained in the rear of the party, by the side of his cousin. The Prince of Bisignano had taken his adieus of his brother and returned within the fortress.

The journey that lay before this party of travellers was a long one, and considering the intense heat of the season, and the precipitous nature of the country, one of considerable fatigue. The state coach of the duke, a vehicle of some notoriety from its costliness and its subsequent fate, was in readiness to receive Eleonora, as soon as they should reach the great high-road between Salerno and Naples ; but the earlier part of their journey was necessarily performed on horseback.



For the first few miles the spirits of the young Prince Caraffa seemed exhilarated by the revisiting of scenes deeply impressed on his admiration. At the last point from which the towers of the fortress of the Capo d' Orso, his favourite residence, were visible, he reined in his horse, and paused to look his farewell. The full consciousness of the perilous and troubled career upon which he was hurrying broke upon him, and a shade of sadness came over his handsome and determined features. Keenly and earnestly did the young creature who rode by his side study the expression of those features, and the sadness that she saw so gradually overspread them communicated itself to her own, and yet the words that trembled upon her lip were suppressed when he turned hastily from the contemplation of that scene, and looked up into her countenance.

“We may have looked our last upon

those towers, Eleonora," he said, "and it makes my heart bleed to think, into the keeping of what disloyal men they must pass, or have already passed; the hands that should, and might so easily even now find a remedy for the mischief, are held willingly out to be manacled; the most honourable knight in Christendom is led on basely to his undoing! There he rides," he continued, "his very spirit spell-bound, his fine genius, his clear judgment hood-winked by tricks and fictions, and treachery that might be palpable to the intellect of a child. I know as surely as if I spoke already of a thing done, that my father is even now hurrying into the dungeons of St. Ermo or the Castel Nuovo; the best consolation that I have is that you, at least will have a protector. But it is useless murmuring. How intensely hot do the sun-beams flash from the men's armour, and yet see, Eleonora, how the roads are

crowded. Have you not remarked how many thousands of all classes are streaming along to Naples, and how busy is every man's brow, how resolute and fierce the flashing eyes of the late peaceful peasantry? I doubt much whether, in the wide extent of our entire coast, the eye could now discern a single sail, or in the fields and vineyards a single husbandman. The alarm is sounded, and all men like ourselves, are hurrying on to Naples. The blow will be struck before we reach it."

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE morning of the day signalised at the castle of the Duke di Maddaloni by the adventure recorded in the last chapter, broke over a singular and busy scene in the City of Naples. Matters had been drawing gradually but most rapidly to a crisis, and men gifted with the most incredulity and the least foresight acknowledged that unless something decisive was done speedily, the duration of social order within the walls must be estimated not by days but by hours. What the remedy should be, the viceroy and his counsellors knew as little as

the great body of citizens interested in the preservation of peace. That some precautionary and firm measures would be adopted was generally believed, and in this vague expectation a dead and lethargic trance suspended the energies of the whole city.

It was whispered abroad that the Duke d'Arcos sat in council day and night, that couriers left the city at all hours, that the garrisons of the Castel Nuovo and of St. Ermo were under arms, and that the cannon of these fortresses were double-shotted and pointed against the city. The most alarming and contradictory reports were passed from lip to lip; at one time of a conspiracy amongst the nobles, and at another of the arrival of troops. The name of the Duke di Maddaloni appeared connected with every rumour; and though many of them were of a nature which defied any intelligible connection with that noble, he seemed

to mingle ominously in every anticipation of the crisis that was at hand. The only change apparent in the common order of things was a sudden augmentation of the soldiers of the palace-guard. This force had been doubled, and for additional precaution had been apportioned between Germans and Spaniards.

In the meantime the aspect of things within the palace was singularly unsatisfactory and gloomy. The mind of the Duke d' Arcos, usually so fertile in resources, so prompt in decision, seemed paralyzed by the urgency of the crisis. Each moment brought him reports of open murmurings, of overt acts of petty violence amongst the populace, of the assembling of thousands clamouring for the instant repeal of the taxes; in short, of a whole city pausing on the verge of revolt, rocking with the first shock of a political earthquake.

Embarrassed by the indecision of others,

bewildered by the multitude of his own forebodings, the viceroy brooded over the perils of his situation, but did nothing. The whole of the forenoon had been spent in council, and towards three o'clock, worn out by unprofitable wranglings, and disheartened by the prospect of the entire responsibility thrown upon him by timid senators, he dismissed the representatives of the Sedile, and retired to the privacy of his own chamber.

Multitudes without the palace gates had been on the watch for the conclusion of these deliberations, and when they saw the various nobles departing to seek their homes, a deafening shout conveyed the tidings of continued indecision to the most distant quarters of the city.

It is time that we attempt to convey to the reader some idea of the changing aspect of the city itself. Long before sundown the houseless multitudes had risen from their sleep in the porticoes of churches, the steps

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of palaces, the parapets of the viceroy's garden, from all places which caprice or old habits had made their resort, and the tread of their eager steps shook the pavements as they hurried hither and thither in masses, without any definite object or direction. It was Sunday, the 7th of July, and the whole population deprived of the usual occupations that might have diverted at least portions of their throngs from such gatherings, were rushing tumultuously into all the more open parts of the city.

The squares before the churches naturally formed the chief points of attraction, and these were crowded long before the doors of the buildings themselves were thrown open for the celebration of divine service. A confused uproar of the inharmonious dialect of the Neapolitans, the loud harsh voices of the *lazzaroni*—a name then novel and singularly offensive, which Spanish



fastidiousness had fixed upon the tattered tax-payers of Naples—sounded through the whole city.

The cars of the Duke d' Arcos had of late become familiar with such sounds, and they now failed to disturb his slumbers. At daybreak the church bells added their voices to the universal din, stimulating the exertions of the noisiest of populations to more vigorous uproar. Notwithstanding the general excitement that prevailed, it was remarked that the customary observances of the day were not neglected; the churches filled and emptied, and the most violent would cease his animated gestures, and his loudest clamour, when a stir in the crowd offered him a chance of affecting his entry to his mass.

The front of the viceroyal palace offered an aspect of stately solemnity which during the earlier hours of the day imposed upon the multitudes. Double sentries paced si-

lently to and fro before every entry, long ranges of firearms were spread in readiness before the entire front of the palace, and here and there tents had been erected to cover the troops who slept within reach of their arms. It was rumoured that they served the purpose also of masking cannon that had been brought out to defend the square in case of need. The grave countenances, the haughty strides of the Spanish soldiery, odious beyond any description to the populace, gave an appearance of security to this princely residence, which of itself for some hours sufficed to preserve the feverish slumbers of its inmates from external molestation.

But as the daylight broke more fully over the city, and enabled the populace to see their own amazing numbers, they had the less hesitation to invade this square as they had done others. Notwithstanding the ominous aspect of all things the gay spirit of the peo-

ple from time to time broke ungovernably through the angry passions with which they had evidently met. Children of tender age were put forward before them, who with long slender canes borne pike-fashion on their shoulders, with their fishermen's caps stuffed till they stood erect upon their heads, mimicked the solemn pacing of the Spanish sentries, whilst loud bursts of jarring merriment evinced that for the time at least, this species of revenge carried its satisfaction.

When advancing day brought signs of awakening life within the building, this sort of mockery gave place to manifestations of a more serious character; the crowds retired from the immediate neighbourhood of the palace; their voices became more confused, and less audible; and symptoms of order and more general design began to be perceptible amongst them. They made, however, no attempt to intercept the communication of the inmates of the palace with other quar-

ters of the city; they allowed the arrival and departure of mounted soldiery; their masses opened to permit free passage even for the immediate attendants of the viceroy and his emissaries, to and from the great fortresses of the city: and it was only when the various nobles of the Sedile of the kingdom repaired to council, that there broke forth cries indicative of approaching insubordination.

"Down with the accursed customs!" was then the cry, "Down with the evil government!"

But even then these clamours were invariably concluded with the accompanying shout of

"Long live King Philip!" while some added "Long live the Duca di Maddaloni!" "Long live His Holiness the Pope!"

None was yet heard to cry death to any one!

Thus wore away the early hours of the

day, but when the palace doors opened for the nobles to retire from council, the whole aspect of things altered, and the loud shouts that reached the innermost chambers of the Duke d' Arcos bore the first unquestionable tidings of this change. Such was the disposition of the people, evidently showing that the general readiness for revolt was preconcerted, that endurance in the public mind had reached its furthest limits; but it was no act of combination or pre-arrangement that first fired this wide-spreading train of public discontent. Nor were the precincts of the viceroy's palace the theatre of the explosion.

Although every thing appeared verging to an instant outbreak, this day was not the time originally intended by the leaders of the populace for the raising of their standard; and although emissaries had been busy, long before sundown, in preparing matters for anticipating the movement previously

concerted, the delay and indecision that pervaded the more numerous bodies of the people might have served as a last warning to those who had the wisdom to profit by it. But there were none such amongst the rulers of Naples.

The reader has seen that some of the principal plotters against the existing order of things, in their secret meeting the evening previous at the rendezvous above Atrani, had agreed to hasten matters to a close. A variety of circumstances over which they had no control, and which, though they knew it not at the time, were principally contrived by the secret and dark influence of the Prince of Bisignano, had led them to this conclusion.

It had been originally intended to commit no overt act of insubordination till the middle of the month, and to use the interim in preparing matters, so as to ensure their own ends. The sixteenth of July was the

day fixed on. It was the festival of the Madonna del Carmine, a church situated in the principal square, and the greatest market-place of the city. Upon the annual solemnity alluded to, this spot became the scene of general festivity: and the public rejoicings, which were conducted with all the enthusiasm of this mercurial people, attracted from all quarters of the vicinity countless multitudes for many days previously. Every description of national sport occupied the serious attention of the people during this long holiday, and amongst others was one hallowed by hereditary usage from times of remote antiquity, which singularly combined a pleasant mimicry of the splendours of the chivalry of their Norman ancestors, with the substantial rewards of a somewhat burlesque conclusion.

For weeks before the festival in question it was customary to erect in the centre of the square a vast fabric of wood in the form of



a fortress of Saracenic architecture: ledges and shelves and hooks overspread the entire front of this building, in readiness to receive, on the day of festivity, the tempting prizes that were to become the subject of contest. These prizes consisted invariably of eatables best suited to excite the exertions of Neapolitan combatants, and they were distributed with equal view to convenience and picturesque effect; numerous festoons of all fruits that could be strung together, were extended in undulating lines, like sculptured friezes, along the exterior facade of the building; the various ledges and shelves contained every description of pastes for which their city had acquired in those days the celebrity which it has retained in our own, from the substantial macaroni to the thread-like Barba di Cappuccino; and the hooks which literally covered every projection of the fabric were prepared for the reception of joints of meat,



dried vegetables, and shell-fish; such were the tempting allurements of a festivity which, alas! but once in the year, offered to the enterprising the chance of momentary plenty on easy terms.

This accumulation of appetizing treasure was by no means intended for a disorderly and promiscuous scramble, it was to be the prize of a fairly-fought battle: the people were divided into two bands under chosen leaders; one of which took the denomination of Alarbi, or Arabi, and were put into possession of the fortress, which they undertook to defend; the other represented, with what aid of carnival braveries they best could hire, or borrow for the occasion, a band of crusaders who carried the Christian standard against the walls of the infidel. At a given signal the attack commenced; the christian knights were armed with light long canes in imitation of lances, the Saracens with wooden scimiters; trumpets

sounded the onset, the fortress was assailed, and the provisions we have mentioned became the prize of the victors.

It had naturally occurred to the conspirators that the privileged licence allowed to the excited multitudes attracted by this festival would offer the fittest opportunity for the commencement of their designs, and accordingly the day of the Madonna's festival had been originally appointed for the general rising. But it chanced, as it has chanced nine times out of ten in the recorded instances of similar events, that the exertions of the leaders during the interim had precipitated matters to a crisis incapable of further delay, and although it wanted ten days to the time designed, and although the many excellent reasons which had originally caused the selection of that festival remained unchanged, the note was sounded for revolt.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MEMORABLE beyond any in the stirring annals of the city of Naples, was the morning of the seventh day of July, 1647! and it dawned upon as busy a scene as was ever acted in the square of the Carmine. The sheds and temporary buildings, allowed to cumber the market-place during the greater part of the year, had been removed to give space for the Saracenic citadel which we have described. This structure, though as yet unarrayed with its inviting decorations, was nevertheless a point of much attraction.

One single other building seemed to share with it in public interest. This was built of solid masonry, and consisted of but two or three chambers; the royal arms of Spain, which surmounted its entry, showed it to be appropriated to some public purpose, and the clustering of busy functionaries about its doors, in an uniform more odious to the people than even that of the turbaned Saracen or the Spanish soldiery, pointed it out as the office of the gatherers of the customs.

Groups of angry peasants had from early dawn stood sullenly about this building, offering no positive resistance to the functionaries who passed and repassed through their masses, but watching with cloudy brows and clenched teeth the acts of petty aggravation which accompanied the execution of their duties. The eye which might have been tempted to take alarm from these indications could not, after the most

diligent scrutiny, have detected any offensive weapon amongst the people with which serious mischief could have been effected. It is matter of well-authenticated fact, that the sum of twenty Carlini (about seven shillings), the contribution of a monk, the kitchener of the convent of the Carmelites, was all that had been expended in preparation for the hour of the outbreak.

As the day advanced the vast square became densely crowded; and as if for once regardless of the tax upon fruit, which for many days previously had kept the market unsupplied, hundreds of the peasantry continued pouring into it, laden with baskets of such fruits as were in season, particularly of the delicious figs for which the neighbourhood of Pozzuolo was famous. Drove of asses, with their vast paniers sweeping the ground, and reaching nearly the whole length of their bodies, loaded with peaches, pomegranates, and watermelons, were sta-

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tioned in dense groups around immense piles of fruit and vegetables ; fleets of boats from every village on the bay were each moment adding to these amazing accumulations, and blocking up every avenue that led to the square.

Apparently jammed in amongst these immoveable obstructions, yet retaining perfect freedom of locomotion by diving under the bodies of the beasts and their burdens, were countless crowds of boys of all ages, who welcomed with shouts of sincere jubilee each fresh arrival of delicacies, from whose superfluities long usage enabled them to appropriate a portion. Around these compact masses was a crowded circle of idlers of more advanced age, whose expectations were not greatly dissimilar to those of the younger and more audacious depredators. The whole presented a scene which might have driven to despair alike venders, purchasers, and tax-gatherers, not natives of this unique region.

Amongst the buildings which enclosed this promiscuous assemblage was a small, low, squalid-looking tenement, described as "being near, and a little to the left of the public fountain," occupying nearly the centre of a row of buildings of a similar character, that formed one side of the square, facing the church of the Carmine. It appeared destined to the use of the poorest and lowest of the populace, yet had it evidently known better days in times past, for between the windows of its upper story, there were sculptured in stone the arms of Charles the Fifth, the only memorial of its antique consequence that remained to rescue it from wretchedness.

About the doorway of this tenement, and somewhat apart from the more eager assembly of the multitudes, there stood a group, with some members of which the reader is acquainted. One was a tall, robust, dark-featured, and fierce person, at about thirty years of age; he retained the characteristic



costume, the bold frank mien, all but the arms of Domenico Perrone, the expelled sportsman of Atrani, the robber of the Abruzzi. Beside him, stood a person whom it may be well to describe more accurately than we have yet done to the reader, and we will do so in the very words of those who knew him well.

“ He was a young man of about three or four and twenty years of age; he was comely and winning of aspect, his complexion was brown and somewhat sunburned, his eyes were black, his hair chesnut, and he wore it of unusual length, floating in curled masses over his neck; his upper-lip was fringed with a blond and sprouting moustache, his chin smooth, and the general outline of his face full and effeminate. His dress was that of a fisherman, but of a fashion and conceit peculiar to himself, which set off a slender form and a stature so boylike as to seem scarcely to have attained its full



growth, and gave to a peculiarly active and light frame an expression of gaiety and ease beyond his class. In his speech he was facetious and ready, his regard when fixed was pensive, and at times melancholy. His usual occupation was fishing with the rod and line, and buying small fish to sell again in the vilest quarters of the city."

This individual was listening, but without much apparent interest, to the somewhat eager conversation of Perrone: a smile would, at times, play with an almost infantine sweetness over his features, and when it fled, his countenance would resume its expression of melancholy seriousness. For several hours of the early part of the day he had retained nearly the same attitude, the same mood fluctuating between sadness and mirth, during which time the conversation of Perrone, who seldom quitted his side, had been interrupted by the coming and going of persons dressed in the same

humble costume as his friend. Each had a word for his ear, jealously guarded from the hearing of Perrone, and each received a reply delivered in equal secrecy: upon such occasions his countenance would light up, his dark eye flash, his slight and agile frame tremble with impatience, while the fierce glance of the robber became dark as night.

This youth was preparing to quit his position, when the door behind him opened, and a young female of scarcely seventeen summers appeared at his side. She was almost in rags, her feet and legs were bare, her whole person told the piteous story of a life of famine. Yet was there not perhaps within the whole city, a lovelier form or a gentler face than hers! but more remarkable than her faultless beauty, her large dark eyes, and a complexion like snow, was the expression of touching resignation under the hard lot that had befallen her. Tears were upon her cheeks when she laid her hand

upon the arm of the young fisherman, and drew him tenderly within the house. He gazed up into her sweet face, and obeyed her mute entreaty, though seemingly with reluctance. When withdrawn from the observation of the robber, she threw her arms about his neck, and burst into a paroxysm of sobs: she had no words to plead for her, but too well was she understood.

“It shall find a remedy, dearest,” he said, “for it is no longer within the heart of man to endure it. Hark!” he continued, and there came a harsh crashing sound shaking their frail tenement to its foundations; it was the universal shout of a whole people in a sudden burst of wild execration. The face of the young creature turned pale as death, she staggered, became faint, and would have fallen, but the youth bore her swiftly to the single wretched bed which the room contained, laid her upon it, bent over her, kissed her brow, prayed God to

bless her, and stripping off his sea-cloak spread it over her and then sprung away. Perrone was still waiting for him, and when he saw him once in movement, with all the fiercest elements of his nature flashing from his brow, he beckoned to him to follow, and dashed hurriedly towards the thickest of the crowd.

Nearly in the centre of the square, and immediately in front of the building appropriated to the use of the officers of the customs, was still acting the scene which had caused that fierce explosion of popular fury. An open space which had hitherto been respected, was set apart for the piles of fruit which had been conveyed in unusual quantities to that day's market. Though the morning was far advanced, not a particle of it had yet been sold, the functionaries of the government surrounded it, watching with jealous eagerness for the first offer of a purchaser to claim their dues. The poor pea-

sants, vainly and with desponding hearts, sung out the praises of the freshness of their fruits; the people looked on unmoved; the burning sun, withering their juices, had robbed them of bloom and plumpness; and each minute that passed was rendering them masses of decay.

There was one poor peasant amongst others who had long watched his spoiling wealth with a quivering lip, a wild and alarmed countenance; his voice, so energetic when he first lifted his baskets from his head, had become hoarse and tremulous.

He was an old man, bowed down with the infirmities of much toil, poorer in his garments than the crowd about him; and who knew the secrets of the home he had left? or what eyes watched for his return? Hunger had pinched his cheek; it might perchance have withered the bloom on younger and tenderer ones at home! His hope was centred in two small baskets of

ripe figs, piled up as the traveller may see them in Naples to this day, with leaves between each row, and tapering to a point. Younger hands than his had evidently toiled to give them such attractions! From time to time a tear glistened on his cheek as he gazed on them. He had been in the square before daylight, had watched the sun rising higher and higher, had felt its beams scorching him, and saw his produce perishing before his eyes. At last when all hope was vanishing from his mind, and his sullenness was giving way to desperation, some one from the crowd offered to purchase a portion of his yet untouched store.

The bargain was concluded, after the usual quantity of eloquence, and the old man was handing over a portion of his figs to his purchaser, when a difficulty occurred which drove him to utter despair. The collectors of the customs interfered and claimed the duty. A question instantly

arose as to which of the contracting parties was to pay it. In this dispute the officers for some minutes took no part; but when the wrangling threatened to produce a tumultuous interference of the bystanders, they decided the question in a manner contrary to the practice hitherto observed, and declared that it must be paid by the vender of the fruit.

No sooner was this decision made known to the populace than a loud cry of "Shame! shame!" assailed them from all sides. But its effect upon the mind of the old man was to drive him to a temporary delirium. He seized the several baskets of fruit, and dashed them to the earth, exclaiming,

"God gives us abundance, and this accursed government brings us famine."

Then ensued the scene with which the first act of a dreadful drama had its beginning. With a shout that shook to their foundations every house of that ancient



square, the whole rabblement rushed upon the parties concerned. Diving under the taller persons of the men, hundreds of young children, whose very existence could only have been conjectured from the frequency and shrill tones of their voices, cast themselves in greedy and joyous scramble upon the trampled fruits.

The uproar that ensued was indescribable; and it was at this critical moment that the youth above alluded to forced his way to the spot. Men willingly gave him passage, and an universal appeal was made to him. The officers were busied in attempting to beat off the children from the booty. A momentary pause took place, when the young fisherman, stooping to the earth, picked up a handful of the crushed and befouled fruit, and dashed it into the face of one of the functionaries.

Such was the speedy decision of this pitiful contest, and it furnished an ominous



reply to the first appeal made by the people to their champion.

Then rose up to heaven with one wild, deafening, prolonged acclaim, the cry of,

“Long life to Massaniello! down with the taxes! down with the evil government!  
*Viva, viva, Massaniello d' Amalfi!*”

## CHAPTER XII.

THERE was no spot, however secret,—none, however distant,—within the walls of that wide-spreading city, into which this fierce wild shout did not penetrate: it burst upon the ears of the Duke d'Arcos with a novelty which was for a time incomprehensible; but the repeated and prolonged sameness of the cry removed all ambiguity from his mind. He then felt convinced that the first blow was struck, and that his own fortunes were in the balance. That name of Massaniello, so familiar to the fishermen of the bay of Naples, and to the frequenters

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of the market-place, was as yet unknown to the fastidious nobles of Naples; but it was destined before many days to shake their palaces into ruins, and to mingle with the rushing of flames that consumed the ill-acquired treasures of many generations!

On the first appearance of open violence the astonished and terrified functionaries of the customs retreated within their office, and an emissary was despatched with all speed to bear the unwelcome tidings to the Eletto of the people, the magistrate charged with the responsibility of public order. As the scared officials took refuge within the walls of their houses, volleys of missiles pursued them; the building itself was attacked, amidst the most appalling menaces and execrations; stones thundered against its fragile doors; and when these feeble barriers were on the point of being dashed to atoms, a new cry diverted to another quarter the fury of the assailants.

The name of the Eletto, Andrea Nauclerio, was now heard above the tumult, and that magistrate made his appearance in the market-place: most fortunately for him he had come accompanied by a small detachment of the Sbirri, or attendants of the Bargello, and to this forethought he that day owed his safety from an ignoble death. To his astonishment he found the hitherto tame populace maddened to resistance, his first few attempts to appease the tumult by offering to reduce by one-half the duty on fruits, produced shouts of fierce derision: at a signal from Massaniello a shower of stones thundered about him and his companions, and the magistrate turned and fled. The church of the Carmine was his nearest place of refuge, and this sanctuary Nauclerio was fortunate enough to reach without suffering any serious injury.

The passions of Massaniello were now flung loose, and the effect of his excitement

upon his features was to give them, not the livid tint of one furious in a private quarrel, but the flush of enthusiasm in a daring enterprise. His dark eyes flashed, his boyish figure seemed to have acquired a sudden loftiness, he sprung upon the rude fruit-stand which had been but a few minutes previously piled with the figs of the old man, and for the first time addressed a listening multitude. Many a time on the sea-shore, or in its silent caverns, had he poured out the burning eloquence of a proud spirit, writhing under the chains that held his country in bondage, but his audience had been a few poor fishermen like himself. He now raised himself above the heads of a hundred thousand, and he spoke before a whole city.

“Joy ! joy ! my brothers !” he exclaimed ; “give thanks to God and our Lady of Mount Carmel, for the hour of our freedom is come ! Blush not that a poor fisherman

is raised up to be your saviour, for such was St. Peter, who rescued Rome from Satan. I care not if this body be cut to pieces, or dragged through the streets, and if my head be struck off and gibbeted in infamy. The taxes shall be abolished, and death will then be welcome, for my life will have been glorious!"

These words were delivered with a wildness and variety of intonation, an extravagant Neapolitanism of gesture, which excited in his audience demonstrations of uncontrollable enthusiasm. The terms of this solemn declaration might vouch for the sincerity of the speaker, but few of those who heard them paused to reflect that they might prove prophetic. From this moment no further resistance was offered to the multitudes; the entire city appeared one scene of confused tumult; the populace rolled backwards and forwards through the streets seemingly without aim or object; but in all

this apparent disorder there were spirits,—those which had evoked the storm,—busily employed in establishing so much of order as was necessary to direct it.

As soon as Massaniello descended from his platform he was surrounded by a body of men, whose coming had been by tens and twenties, and, as well as could be observed in the confusion, from the cellars of the poorest hovels that neighboured on the square. They were habited in the well-known dress of the brigands of the mountains, and were armed with muskets, daggers, pistols, and long knives. Domenico Perrone received them, and after selecting a small guard for his own person, distributed them about the approaches of the market-place.

With a promptitude which characterized every stage of this revolt, a flag had been formed out of some dark drapery found readiest within reach ; it was placed on a reed and carried in front of this band. A single



drum was also accidentally discovered, and in such guise, with no covering but a red woollen cap on his head, linen drawers reaching scarcely to his knees, and a shirt open to the waist, did Massaniello assume the command of the militia of the revolution. At this moment there reappeared on the scene, like some apparition from the grave, an individual who at distant periods during the greater part of a century had visited the market-place of the Carmine, when men's passions were as now unchained. It was Giulio Genuino.

There was a slight tint of excitement on his ghost-like features, his sunken eye flashed luridly from its socket, and his harsh voice was tremulous from the agitation which he struggled to conceal. When he saw that the first stone had been cast at the authority of the laws, and that the whole people were fairly compromised, he pushed his way up to the side of Massaniello. As the clamour



that rose up on all sides was stunning, and his voice struggled vainly to procure a hearing, he laid his hand on the bare shoulder of the young fisherman, who instantly bent with reverence to listen to him.

“Forward without loss of a moment to the palace of the viceroy!” he exclaimed; and Massaniello waved his red cap above his head, and shouted word for word as he was counselled.

At this moment, when the triumphant and vociferating rabblement were in movement, none knew for what precise purpose, to seek the presence of the Duke d' Arcos, tidings were brought to their self-constituted leaders that the Duke di Maddaloni, with his son, a young maiden, and a small escort, had entered the city. Before any precautionary measures could be decided on concerning them, the name of that noble was taken up by the populace with acclamation, and a shout which blanched the lips of the aged Genuino, of “Long life to the noble

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Duke di Maddaloni!" passed from end to end of the mighty chain of excited citizens, till it rung distinctly through the chambers of the viceregal palace.

Long before the party of the Duke di Maddaloni had approached the city it was manifest that something was amiss within its walls; for thousands of crowded vehicles of all descriptions, more particularly the gaudy *carricolas* of the suburbs, those flaming chariots of Parthenope radiant with gilding and bright colours, and musical with bells, had dashed in a continuous stream past them, in the direction of Naples. Giulio Caraffa, affecting to look upon these indications of a crisis with indifference, contented himself with remarking upon the grotesque appearance of the groups and the speed of the horses, and now and then murmured against the inconvenience of the heat and dust; but as he saw that his father continued to advance, heedless of the scene that was passing before his eyes, he sunk at last into

a moody silence. When the tower of the church of the Carmine came at last into view he started, as if from a dream, and haughtily signing to the secretary to fall some paces backward, he addressed his father in a low but eager tone.

"For God's sake, sir, what means all this? Believe me I am loyal and may be trusted with your counsel, what are we going to do in Naples?"

The aspect of the duke was grave and sorrowful. He gazed intently into the countenance of the youth, and then answered calmly, "Our duty, with God's help, my son."

The young man bent his glance mournfully to the earth and made no further question. In another half-hour they had passed the gates, and were in the streets of Naples. A crowd instantly formed about their path, and they were welcomed with the wildest cries and gesticulations of delight. It was vain to attempt any longer the

choice of their own route ; there was but one open to them, it was that which led whither all steps were directed—viz. to the square of the Carmine.

The Duke di Maddaloni replied with lofty courtesy to the *vivas* of the mob ; his countenance had lost the expression of its former apathy, and could his son have doubted for a moment of his loyalty, appearances would have led him to believe that his father was compromised in the great plot that was striving for the overthrow of the government. Very different was the mood with which Giulio received this unintelligible welcome. His brow was raised in calm disdain towards the multitude, and more than once he had permitted the horse he rode to push rudely through their unyielding masses. He held the bridle of his cousin who, pale with alarm, trembled in her seat.

They at last reached the market-place.

and the first countenances that met the recognition of the young prince, were those of Perrone and Genuino. The person of Massaniello, the young fisherman, was then less known to him; but he was struck by the expression of intelligence, enthusiasm, and command which were stamped upon his features. As their party approached, Genuino whispered a few words to him, and then this strange leader fixed his large, dark, penetrating eyes upon his countenance; after which he advanced towards the Duke di Maddaloni, and addressed him frankly, and not without some show of respect.

"*Illustrissimo*," he said, "we are bound to the presence of the viceroy, and as the streets are over crowded, we will afford you our escort."

He then bowed his head to the secretary, as to an old friend, and gave orders to move on. The body-guard of Perrone, as if by preconcerted arrangement, on a signal from their leader, formed about the party of the

the duke; the ragged flag was shanken, and the whole populace bounded onward, from which moment the party of the duke, deprived of all further control over their own movements, followed whither the throng chose to conduct them. An hour and more was consumed in the brief journey from the square of the Carmine to the palace, during the whole of which time they were saluted with continued *vivas*, and marks of respect: and upon one occasion, when the pale cheek of the Lady Eleonora showed signs of faintness, from the intense heat and suffocating pressure of the populace, a rude bare arm offered her a glass of iced lemonade, from one of the fanciful stalls which owing to the nature of the articles it held, and the picture of the Madonna surmounting it, had been respected. When the foremost ranks of the people had reached the open space in front of the palace, a momentary pause ensued, and a cry was raised to conduct the duke and his party to the



front. With infinite difficulty a path was opened for them through the press, and they found themselves once more by the side of Massaniello.

"*Illustrissimo*," said that young leader with an air of goodhumoured triumph, "you are better acquainted with the ways of this palace than I can be; we will be beholden to you to conduct this faithful people to the chamber of the viceroy."

"If you alone will attend me," replied the noble, "I will do so; but I will not lead so unruly a crowd into his grace's presence."

A smile gentle yet full of mockery was the only reply deigned by Massaniello, who then turned to his immediate followers, and waved his hand onward. "We are enough," he exclaimed, "to search the palace well through!" and the whole party sprang up to the principal staircase of the building.

END OF VOL. I.

**MASSANIELLO;**  
**AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.**

**VOL. II.**





# MASSANIELLO;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# MASSANIELLO.

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## CHAPTER I.

OF all possible contingencies which had presented themselves to the mind of the Duke d' Arcos and his counsellors, during their many meetings, no such scene as the one now acting had been for a moment contemplated: and consequently no preparations had been made to encounter it. There were about a thousand Spanish and German guards within the palace, but without it were hundreds of thousands, raging in the

delirium of a first madness. Fear for his person had no share in the forebodings of the viceroy; at this moment, when his life was at the mercy of a people by whom his very name was held in execration, he retained his perfect self-possession, turning all his energies to combat the mischief, now that its full measure was complete; and fortunate was it that the extremity of the peril had liberated him from trembling counsellors, whose alarms and indecision paralyzed his own measures.

In order to remove every personal consideration from his mind, his earliest care had been to secure his family from insult, and he had accordingly before day-break sent away his duchess and her female attendants within the walls of the Castel Nuovo. With this arrangement neither command nor entreaty could prevail upon his daughter to comply. There was little time for persuasion, and before her obstinacy

could be overcome, tidings were brought to him that the drawbridge of the castle had been raised, and the communication between it and the palace interrupted.

When the first moments of alarm for her safety had passed over, it was no small comfort to the Duke d' Arcos to find himself supported by a mind, if not equal in resources, certainly equal in courage to his own. They had passed the earlier hours of the day in the cabinet of the viceroy, the scene of so many contradictory counsels, and the duke could not fail to remark, now that remedy was hopeless, how different from the fruitless recriminations, the impracticable schemes that had hitherto held him in inaction, was the calm and decisive counselling of his high-minded daughter. The window of their chamber commanded a view of the principal resort of the crowds, and from the uncertainty of their movements, and the evident unripeness of all plan

amongst them, his daughter had throughout the morning declared her belief that nothing material would take effect before night; but when at last, thundering above the confused murmurings of the mob below, came the first wild burst of universal acclamation, when the name of Massaniello was uplifted as the saviour, that of the Duke d' Arcos as the tyrant of the people, the cheek of the maiden grew pale, and her lip quivered as she turned to implore her father to seek safety in flight. The entreaty was yet upon her lip when a different cry, and another name reached them.

"Long life to the Duke di Maddaloni, the people's friend!" was the shout that now rung through the city.

The glance of the maiden brightened, and she looked up into her father's face, as if to assure him of his safety. It is reported by historians that the Duke d' Arcos was standing at the time deliberately steep-

ing a biscuit in wine, and his brow was as calm as if his glance rested upon the customary void in the square below. Both shouts had reached him, but he continued his occupation equally unaffected by either.

"Is the Duke di Maddaloni in Naples, my father?" asked the lady.

"It would seem so, Victoria," was the cool reply of the viceroy. "He plays such part as his brother designs for him, but I pretend not to fathom the purposes of the Prince of Bisignano."

"I would more willingly," continued the lady, with a momentary colouring of the cheek, "have heard the name of his son thus shouted, for I should have felt that there was energy somewhere to check the people's madness. But look out, my father," she added, pointing towards the opening of the street of the Toledo, "whether for good or evil they come! and yonder



are plumed bonnets and horsemen, and if I mistake not, the garments of a woman."

"They come," replied the Duke d' Arcos bitterly, to "revenge a trifling wrong by trampling in the dust the remnant of a long life of honourable service; to disgrace, at the beck of as worthless a man as breathes in Christendom, a name that has ever been illustrious!"

"A name that will be illustrious as long as there lives one to bear it!" added the maiden, "but you judge them harshly, my father; take heed lest you, and not they, be playing the dark game of the Prince of Bisignano."

The riding party and the thousands that surrounded them had by this time reached the palace, and presently the increase and distinctness of the clamour gave tidings to those within its walls that its gates were assailed. The Duke d' Arcos despatched a

messenger to bid the doors be thrown open, and the guards to refrain from resistance under any circumstances. "Let our misguided subjects," he said, "have unmolested access to this very chamber, if they so desire it." The courtesy of the duke was anticipated by the impatience of the mob, and some slight encounters had ensued between them and the guards before free admission was obtained; the steps of bounding multitudes wandering in their anxious quest through the corridors and chambers of the building, gave the viceroy but a few moments' warning before his retreat was invaded.

It was a startling novelty in the ceremonious life of the Duke d' Arcos to hear the confusion of sounds that now assailed him. The slamming of doors, the repeated shouting of his name, the angry cries of disappointment which succeeded the rushing of the rioters from chamber to chamber

prepared him for insult, nay even for personal violence. As the sound of steps approached, he himself threw open the door of his cabinet, and prepared with an aspect of serene condescension, to give them welcome. The scene that first met his glance was one for which he was fully prepared. There was a rabblement of the lowest order of citizens surrounding every window, and busied in the destruction of all things. The blinds and window-frames had been already dashed to pieces, and various articles of costly furniture were passing from hand to hand till they reached the windows, and were hurled into the square and courts below. Many were delighting themselves with the pastime of tearing the rich hangings from the walls, stripping their gilt mouldings, wrenching the very doors from their hinges. But these were the occupations of the followers not the leaders of this attack. The band of Perrone had taken

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possession of the arms of the palace-guard, and distributed them amongst the mob without, and then secured the various approaches of the palace. Massaniello had selected for himself the task of conference with the viceroy, and he was the first person on whom the glance of the Duke d' Arcos fell as he stepped over his threshold. Hundreds, in a costume similar to that of their leader, were at his back, and they raised a fierce shout of exultation when the object of their search was discovered.

A signal from Massaniello hushed the uproar, and he alone stepped forward, as if about to enter the chamber; before doing so, however, he paused, and called out to his followers to make way for the Duke di Maddaloni. That noble, his son, and niece were the first who were admitted, and he himself followed them. The mind of the duke was evidently made up as to the conduct he meant to pursue, and his first

act was one of profound reverence to the viceroy. The Lady Victoria d' Arcos watched this act of homage as of good augury, and the tears sprung to her eyes as he raised her hand to his lips. A cloud gathered on the brow of the young fisherman while he watched this scene, and a murmur passed from lip to lip of the furious faces which blocked up the doorway. The Duke d' Arcos, with the stately step and calm brow for which he was remarked, even above the Spanish nobles of his court, had moved to give them welcome; the unexpected homage of Maddaloni had been as grateful to him as to his daughter, and he determined to be beforehand with the young fisherman, in opening the purpose of that strange interview.

"We have waited your coming since sundown, young sir," he said, "feeling assured that in seeking redress for your complaints you would come to the representative of

your king, our common master and father. You are welcome ; in what can the Duke d' Arcos serve you ?”

“In taking off the accursed taxes that have maddened us, Eccellenza,” exclaimed Massaniello ; “in chastising those who have added mockery and insult to our trials whilst they collected them. This and much more must be done, and done promptly. We need but your grace’s authority for putting a remedy to our grievances. This window looks out upon the assembly of the people ; you will do well to assure them of your readiness to help them.”

He stepped to the window as he spoke and threw it open. No sooner was the red cap of the young fisherman visible to the crowds, than a general shout greeted him, which the mere raising of his finger sufficed to hush to instant silence, and a smile of triumph gleamed over his features as he looked

down upon the thousands below him. He turned and beckoned the viceroy to his side. The duke without hesitation joined him, and then rose up a yell of execration and menace, a change not displeasing to Massaniello.

"To this pass have evil measures brought them," he exclaimed, "and yet they are not utterly ungovernable in their madness. Mark, Eccellenza, how easily they may be ruled by those they love."

He waved his hand, and a dead silence came over the entire multitude. After a minute's pause he again raised it, and the city rocked with the instantaneous cry of "Long life to Massaniello of Amalfi."

The cheek of the Duke d'Arcos became for a moment pale and then troubled. "It would be perhaps pleasing to our people," he said, "if we were to go down into the square, and assure them of our readiness to redress their grievances."



"Be it so, be it so," exclaimed Massaniello gladly. "I wish no evil to you, my lord, nor did I come here for the vain purpose of treading upon soft carpets; as you treat this people will you be treated!"

They turned inward from the balcony to carry into effect this proposition, but then suddenly flashed upon the mind of the duke the perilous situation in which his absence would leave his daughter. Prompt as it was, the thought was interpreted and replied to:

"Fear not, sir," exclaimed the maiden, "this is no time for weakness. I have one of my own sex with me, and the Duke di Maddaloni will afford his protection to one whom he fondled in her childhood."

"She says well and nobly, my lord," exclaimed the young Prince Giulio Caraffa, who had not till now spoken. "Death before dishonour! none would harm an unprotected



maiden. If I may venture so far I would pray permission to accompany you."

"Stop, Giulio," exclaimed his father. "I have been too long inactive. Look you to the protection of these ladies: my escort may avail the Duke d'Arcos at this moment more than my banishment."

Massaniello stamped his bare foot impatiently on the floor, and the Duke d'Arcos declaring his readiness to accompany him, they quitted the chamber, followed by those who had intruded into it.

A scene of painful embarrassment succeeded the departure of the viceroy. Scared almost beyond the comprehension of her position, Eleonora Caraffa clung to the arm of her cousin; her face was pale as death, and her countenance fell as the dark eyes of the viceroy's daughter were turned upon her. The fame of this young creature's exceeding loveliness, and the bond-

age in which her charms had held the spirit of the young Caraffa, had long been the theme of palace gossip, and it was with no small curiosity, mingled with other feelings that Victoria d'Arcos now studied the form and features that had been so much lauded. Giulio felt her arm tremble as she leaned against him, and made an effort to reassure her.

"My cousin is unknown to you, lady," he said, "though her father, the Prince of Bisignano, can scarcely be so. I have long desired the opportunity of soliciting for her your friendship, and I must now implore your protection, till her father returns to Naples."

A flush of displeasure darkened the cheek of the young man as he spoke, and a look of deep meaning, not unmingled with reproach, accompanied his words. The countenance of the maiden he addressed varied also its expression, and her lip quivered as

the full meaning of his allusion reached her.

"Your cousin shall have such protection as my mother can offer in times like these," she replied "though it would seem that the roof of the Duke di Maddaloni were a safer one from insult than ours."

"My father's roof, lady," replied the prince sorrowfully, "will, I doubt not, be in flames before another sunset. Naples has been given over to those who have risked life on the desperate hazards of rebellion ; the inheritance of its nobles have been partitioned, and I doubt not their very lives are already put to price. But these are tales unprofitable to any ears now ; unfitted, lady, for yours at any time."

"They are unprofitable, sir," replied the lady, "most unprofitable when the calamity of evil counsels has brought on that ruin, which might have been averted had not distrust, and pride, and indolence retained

in the luxury of happy homes, the few whose experience or popularity might have saved us."

A quick reply came to the lip of the youth, but at this moment the door of the chamber opened, and to the surprise of all, the Prince of Bisignano entered. A dark cloud came over the imperious countenance of the Spanish maiden, and she drew a step backward as he approached her. His brow was flurried, and as he encountered the direct glance of his nephew, he paused. The yells and screams from without quickened his purpose.

"I have entered this presence with little ceremony, lady," he said, "but the tidings from without must be my excuse. The viceroy is involved in the throng without any possibility of a return hither; evil tongues are stimulating the passions of the people to fury, and at present there is no hope but that of placing all parties in

safety. If you will accompany my daughter to her home you may remain unmolested, till you can rejoin the duchess in the fortress of the Castel Nuovo."

The Princess d' Arcos surveyed the troubled features of the speaker with the utmost scorn and incredulity.

"And where have you left my father?" she asked.

"I assisted his grace into a carriage," he replied, "and by tossing handfuls of money amongst the mob, he secured a passage through them, and has taken refuge within the sanctuary of St. Louis. I have dispatched trusty messengers to the cardinal, and I doubt not that he will be enabled to get within the walls of St. Ermo, and thence at nightfall to the Castel Nuovo."

Giulio Caraffa had remained a mute though a most anxious spectator of this brief scene: when he raised his eyes to the face of the lady, he perceived them fixed

upon him in doubt; the look that replied to this appeal instantly decided her.

"Let me not delay your daughter's going hence, my lord," she said, "you have my thanks for your courtesy in my behalf, but in plain words I will not accompany you."

Giulio scarcely aware of his motive, drew nearer to the side of the speaker, and the Prince of Bisignano turned from her to him with a look of passion which needed no interpretation.

"Your grace is the best judge in matters relating to the delicacy of conduct most fitting under the circumstances to pursue," he said, "but I may warn you that the passages of this palace are as open as the public streets; hundreds, nay thousands of the rabblement are still prowling about them, every article of furniture has been either utterly destroyed or tossed into the square, and I know not where you are to find protection if you linger here."



He then turned to lead his daughter from the chamber. Utterly bewildered by the scenes she had witnessed, Eleonora was pale and trembling, and when her father prepared to lead her away, she raised her hands to her eyes seemingly unconscious of his meaning. Giulio Caraffa drew near and whispered to her a few words which reached no one beyond her. She started, looked wildly into his countenance, shook away her tears, and without uttering a word took her father's arm. The Prince of Bisignano yet paused, and after a moment's musing held out his hand to his nephew, and muttered, in low tones, sorrow that his motives should have been misunderstood.

"These are times that show all of us the wisdom of family union," he said, "I would rather be your friend, Giulio, than your enemy : you have had good time to make your choice, and now that circumstances have hurried it, be wise and choose well."

A laugh of bitter derision was the only answer that he received, and he departed. The door closed upon his retreat and then Giulio Caraffa approached the Princess d' Arcos with more frankness than he had yet used, for it was manifest that in refusing the asylum that had been offered to her, she had thrown herself on his protection. They had been playfellows in childhood, had long shared the same roof, had trodden together the picturesque solitudes of the home he had just left, and had been separated only when political differences placed feud between their parents. Had their meeting been under ordinary circumstances, the haughty nature of both might have made it the cause of further breach between their families ; but with a furious populace raging about them, and the uncertainty how long their retreat might be safe from insult, the memories of their childhood warmed the hearts of both. Victoria offered him her



hand as he approached her, and the confidence of other days was restored.

"Lady!" he said, "you will do well to fly whilst time is left you. I know that man well, and every foul scheme that his evil genius harbours! Believe me, if we linger many minutes longer, safety will be beyond our power."

"As God is my judge," replied the princess, "I believe that wicked man to be the chief plotter of all this ruin. I am without help, and my conduct will become the subject of his slander."

"Think not of him, lady," replied the youth, "you must fly. Surely I hear the sound of coming steps. He and his instruments have little scruple!"

The quick ear of Giulio had not deceived him, the dull sound of naked feet upon the stairs and anterooms came each moment nearer.

"I will remain if it so please you," he ex-

claimed hurriedly, "but in God's name, Victoria, fly, fly, for they are upon us."

Thus saying he sprung to secure the doorway, but his companion laid her hand upon his arm. Her face was pale and agitated, and her whole frame trembled; she looked up into his face and the sound scarcely passed her lips as she said,

"Come you with me, Giulio! your life is sought and ceded!"

When the rioters burst their way into that chamber it was deserted; the whole palace was ransacked, the utter demolition of all that it contained was completed, but the flight of the Princess d' Arcos was effected.

## CHAPTER II.

No sooner had the viceroy appeared amongst the people in the square of the palace than imprecations of the most awful character assailed him. Surrounded, jostled, pushed hither and thither ; his voice became inaudible from the uproar, and he found himself hemmed in amongst the throng with little power either to advance or to retreat. It was in vain that he declared his willingness to satisfy their wishes to the utmost, instantly to repeal the taxes, to forget the past, to give up unpopular counsellors.

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He was unlistened to, or answered with insult and maledictions. With infinite exertions he was at last enabled once more to push his way back into the court of the palace, and finding there by chance a carriage in waiting he leaped into it, and bade the driver force his way through the multitudes. This attempt was more perilous than the former, the carriage was surrounded, numbers climbed about it, and it was only by the resource of showering gold by handfuls amongst the crowd, that he was enabled to free himself from the fierce brows that glared into the vehicle. The carriage after being long swayed forwards and backwards, was at last enabled to quicken its pace, and finally by urging the horses to their utmost speed, to reach the church of St. Louis, and take refuge within the convent attached to it, belonging to the minims of St. Francis of Paul. Thither the mob followed him, the

convent was attacked, and the rioters became more furious than ever.

It chanced that in the assault one of the populace was fired upon and slain. This was the first blood shed, and it occasioned a quick transition to the after scenes of this celebrated drama. The man, habited in the garb of a fisherman was lifted up, placed upon a few rude planks, and paraded on the shoulders of the populace through every quarter of the city. When the assault was the fiercest at the convent of St. Louis, matters assumed a momentary pause, in consequence of the arrival of the Cardinal Filomarino, archbishop of Naples, whose benevolence, and fearless spirit, were well known to all men. He appeared amongst the crowd in his costume of the altar, and a passage was respectfully made for him. The corpse of the slain fisherman was brought and laid before him, and men im-

plored him, with tears in their eyes, to grant them vengeance.

"You have been treated harshly, my children," exclaimed the ecclesiastic, "and you shall have redress. Carry this poor man into the church, and we will ourselves give him the burial of a Christian. What seek you from the viceroy?"

"The taxes! the taxes!" was the universal shout.

"You shall be relieved from them," said the prelate; "but stand back," he said, lowering his voice, and addressing himself to those who had recommenced the attack on the doors of the monastery. "If you thus impiously profane God's temples, God's vengeance will pursue you."

The multitude fell back, the cardinal was admitted within the building, and the doors closed behind him. He lingered there longer than pleased the rioters, and they were about to resume the assault, when he

reappeared with a scroll of parchment in his hand, which contained, as he informed them, the concessions obtained from the viceroy. He invited the people to accompany him to the market-place of the Carmine, where it should be read aloud. The escape of the duke was for the while forgotten, and the mob bounded away with yells and vivas whither the prelate had directed them.

Night had by this time come over the city, and darkness added to the confusion that reigned every where. Unsuspicious of any design on the part of the cardinal to facilitate the escape of the Duke d'Arcos, the multitudes were already in full speed towards the market-place. Thousands lingered about the carriage of the ecclesiastic, accompanying its progress with loud vivas, and aiding his simple stratagem by the tardy pace which they compelled it to adopt. A formidable spectacle awaited the eyes of the

cardinal on the spot which he had himself selected as remote from the church of St. Louis, and attractive to his dangerous companions. Massaniello had long since separated himself from the crowds that besieged the viceroy; the first blow had been struck, and his presence was needed elsewhere. His first order, on arriving at the square of the Carmine, the chief scene of this revolt in all its stages, was to set fire to the building appropriated for the receipt of the customs; to bring out the registries, and burn them in the market-place: and gladly were these orders executed! The torch thus called in to aid the other elements of demolition began its office, and proved the promptest minister of the many that were employed.

There was much policy in this order, for the gloomy aspect of a dull square would have ill corresponded with the enthusiasm needed for the work that remained to be



done. Massaniello stood by till the flames shot up above the roof of the condemned building, and then retired to hold council for the morrow. When the flames were at the highest, the throng that escorted the cardinal made their entry into the square. No particle of the respect of the populace for the person of this venerable old man was diminished, but as the revolt proceeded, their demands also increased, till at last few amongst them knew the exact object of their wishes. The whole square was brightly illumined by the blazing buildings, and when the cardinal arrived a thousand torches were lighted to enable him to read the document which he bore with him. He advanced to the portico of the church of the Carmine, and then paused.

It was a striking and solemn spectacle to behold that old man on such a mission, and surrounded by such an audience. The wild fierce faces that glared upon him, the fitful

flashing of the ruddy light from the blazing buildings, the crackling of the timbers, the uncontrollable bursts of exultation that cheered on the flames to their office, and above all the singular crisis at which the contest had arrived, presented a combination which made that perhaps the most imposing period of the revolt.

After a few words imploring patience, the cardinal unfolded his parchment, and began its perusal. The promises it contained were fair, and if promulgated a day earlier might have averted all the calamities that followed; but at that moment they fell short of the excited pretensions of his auditors. A cry was raised, that they were informal and unsigned by the collateral counsel, without which they were of no avail: to this succeeded a voice demanding the charter of Charles V. a total abolition of all taxes, and equality of votes in the senate for the representative of the people with those of

the nobles. The voice of the cardinal was drowned in clamour, a few isolated cries accused him of deluding them, and emissaries passing through the crowds urged them to turn back to the convent of St. Louis, to secure the person of the viceroy, and bring him to answer for himself before the tribunal of the people. In a few minutes the square was comparatively abandoned, and the multitudes bounded away on their return to the monastery which they had so unwisely quitted.

The interim afforded by the sagacity of the cardinal for the escape of the Duke d'Arcos had not been idly wasted by that nobleman: two or three individuals who felt their security to be in equal jeopardy, from the share they had had in his councils, had already joined his retreat. They were generally persons from whose resources or courage little was to be hoped and nothing was gained; but fortunately for the Duke

Duke d' Arcos there was one amongst them who, though scarcely interested in the contest, brought energy and promptitude to his aid. Much to his surprise this person was the young Prince Giulio Caraffa. The first words he uttered to the ear of the viceroy carried comfort and fresh courage to his heart.

"Your grace must fly hence," he exclaimed, "for the populace will scarcely tarry to hear out the perusal of parchments, now that the torch has begun its work; and believe me there is no such want of cunning in their madness as I have heard asserted: you will find a ladder in the garden of the Frati, and a chair beyond the wall, and by using speed you may with little peril secure your retreat to the heights of St. Ermo."

"We shall starve there, my good friend," replied the duke, "there are neither arms, ammunition, nor provisions!"

"Better starve there for a few hours," replied the youth, "than perish here, the re-

treat to the Castel Nuovo is utterly cut off. It was with infinite risk that the Lady Victoria could obtain approach or admittance when at its draw-bridge."

No further objection was offered; the duke and his few attendants entered the garden, ascended its wall, and stood in darkness in the open streets. The shouts of the multitude were still remote, the duke entered the chair prepared for him, but after advancing a few paces up one of the narrow steep lanes leading to the fortress, his weight was found inconsistent with the speed so much needed, he descended and hurried onwards with what haste he could. Each time he paused, the shouts appeared to approach him. The ruddy light of the blazing houses hung like a cloud above the Carmine, and added little inducement to delay. He gained the terrace of the fortress before the waving of torches in various directions of the city showed him that his previous re-

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treat was again assailed, and that some building in its immediate neighbourhood had been set on fire.

For several hours of that eventful night the Duke d' Arcos and his companions kept their melancholy watch from that height, looking down through the darkness into the busy city at their feet. About two hours after midnight the same party, under the guidance of the young Caraffa, ventured down towards the Castel Nuovo, and after incurring no trifling risks, were received within its walls.

## CHAPTER III.

It was to a small and dingy shed, used in peaceful times as a fish-stall, that the leaders of this famous revolt, the only individuals who had had any part in preconcerting it and directing its early operations, retired about an hour after midnight to exult over the unquestioned success of that first day of licence, and to take counsel for the morrow. The chamber itself has been called by historians "a cavern," and though the phrase sounds strangely when applied to a building in the very heart of a populous city, it would seem fully to have merited

the appellation. It was without door or window, offering a broad low arch open to the street along its entire front. Its walls were as black as its earthen floor. It contained two long benches and a rude table, around which met the strange arbiters of the destinies of Naples.

The space in front of this cavern was guarded by armed men so jealously that the chambers of the viceroy's privacy were not more unapproachable. Each individual of that secret conclave had seated himself, according to the grade he aspired to, in the infant commonwealth. Massaniello, the young fisherman, was at the head of the table ; on his right hand, still habited in his priest's costume, sat Giulio Genuino ; on his left, Marco Vitale, the late secretary of the Duke di Maddaloni : Domenico Perrone, the bandit, occupied the place next to him ; and Salvator Rosa, uninfluenced by the enthusiasm that has been received by posterity as an excuse for the others, and with



a genius that should have rescued him from such associates, placed himself by the side of Genuino.

No time was wasted in the formalities of salutation, none in punctilious preliminary. Massaniello was in high spirits; the patient expectancy that had marked his features till that day, the calm pensive musing over the wrongs of his fellow citizens, and the means of terminating them were fled: his eye flashed, his lips quivered, his pulses beat in tumult, and every limb was agitated with a painful restlessness. The keen eye of Genuino watched him, and marked with a feeling of some misgiving, the excitement, and the imperious mien which for the first time attracted his observation in one to whom so much was about to be entrusted.

“It is well begun!” exclaimed the young fisherman triumphantly, “and by our lady it shall be as well finished! Hark to the honest voices that proclaim our freedom! I have

heard words like these often times before now, but they have been whispered over the lonely waters of the bay in the caverns of Posilippo, or behind the rocks and creeks of Procida and Capri; but never, save in my dreams, have I heard them thus joyously and boldly; what say you, father, have we kept our word, have we reckoned idly on the fishermen of Naples, Castellamare, and Amalfi?"

"They have begun nobly," replied Gen-uino, with his customary calm tone and contemptuous sneer. "They have screamed and shouted as well befits lungs trained in the market-place of the Carmine! What else they may do, remains for the morrow to shew us! Two hundred thousand men, with twenty carlines' worth of bullrushes, may well avail to work our freedom."

"They have shouted the viceroy from his palace," replied Massaniello impetuously, "they have shouted the German and

Spanish troops into hiding places, and the bullrushes may yet serve to fire the city. They are a good and brave people, what would you have us do with them?"

"Arm them," replied Genuino calmly, "arm them, and provide food for their hunger for the morrow. Are there no muskets, think you, hid away in the shops of the followers of the nobles, no meal in the cellars of the government purveyors? Are there neither swords nor daggers, nor powder? or are we to wage war against the nobles and their retainers, to attack and capture the fortresses without them? Are we to leave the prisons groaning with victims, till the mere brawling of liberty shakes their very cages into ruins? Are the records of each man's debts, each man's means of endurance of taxation to be left sacred? Are the palaces of the nobles and the treasure they contain, wrung from the very blood of the people, to remain untouched?

Are the Duke d' Arcos and his dainty counsellors to rest unmolested in the Castel Nuovo, till supplies come from Spain or Tuscany to their relief? All these things must be thought of, my young friend, or believe me, before many days, nay many hours are over, your head and mine will decorate some fanciful platform in this square!

"All these things have been thought of," replied Vitale, "but it remains to be decided whether we shall work out our freedom unaided, or seek alliance on fair terms from any of the nobles who have spoken hitherto like the people's friends."

"Don Tiberio Caraffa is a false and foul traitor," exclaimed Genuino, interrupting him. "He covets his brother's heritage, and would barter a whole people for a sop to his avarice! Death to the nobles! for I know them well! Death to the Duca d' Arcos! and perish every palace that holds

one of that proud and false order beneath its roof!"

The words of the old man fell gratingly upon the ears of most of the members of the assembly. Perrone alone smiled consent to the proposal.

"Death to those who deserve death!" replied Massaniello, with much solemnity, "but I will not be driven to the shedding of blood for the purposes of ancient vengeance. We have all suffered, and the blood of every noble in Naples would not give us back our children who have perished from famine. Let this be well understood amongst us! I have sworn to repeal the taxes that have sucked our blood: this will I do, and do fearlessly; but woe to him who shall turn my old friends and comrades into murderers!"

The rebuke fell pointedly upon the suggestion of Genuino, and a silence of some moments followed it. The supremacy thus

suddenly assumed by the young fisherman was unauthorised by any previous concert amongst themselves, or any distinct proclamation of the multitudes. Yet at that moment there was found no one amongst his associates prepared to question it. Salvator Rosa, whose share in these proceedings was throughout actuated by a general discontent with the world, and disgust at the supremacy of individuals of his own profession in court favour, looked calmly on these early scenes of the revolt without deeply interesting himself in their consequences. He had, however, penetration enough to perceive that the old intriguer had designs carefully screened from the eyes of his associates, that the robber distrusted, and perchance suspected, the good faith of Genuino; and whilst he knew the spirit of the young fisherman to be without guile, he stood not a little in awe of him. The mysterious and impenetrable brow of Marco Vitale was not

so easy to read. He was employed in studying the countenances around him, and looking into the dark souls of his companions. The few words uttered by Massaniello, and the silence that succeeded them, had laid all bare before him, and from that moment every art and suggestion of his associates were traced to their true motives.

This silence was not without its effect on the mind of Massaniello; his brow had been hitherto joyous though excited. One of the few glimpses of his real position was opened to him at that moment, and with it came promptly to his mind all the energy for which he was celebrated.

“Perrone,” he said, with a tone of decision, “we learn that within the campanile of S. Lorenzo Maggiore there are ten pieces of artillery, besides a sufficiency of muskets and munitions of war; these we must have! Will you, with your men, undertake to secure them before sun dawn to-morrow?”

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"Willingly," replied the bandit, "if I am to manage the matter my own way!"

"Manage it as you will," replied Massaniello, "but look well to it; we must have no repulse thus early. Write down, Marco, that our friend Perrone answers with his head for the capture of St. Lorenzo! There are men, enemies of the people, who must be punished: this I will myself look to. Marco Vitale will keep reckoning with the nobles, and undertakes to find bread at a cost within all men's purchase. And so much for this night's meeting: those who need rest may take it."

He then turned his glance, lighted up with a sudden flash of the joy of other days, upon the face of Salvator.

"Our day's work has been a glad one," he resumed, "and we may surely snatch one hour from grave counsels; the night is yet young, and we must either muse or sleep. Finish, I pray you, the tale we lis-



tened to on the mole but a week since; men wept; they would have given you money, but alas! tears were the only treasures that the Duke d' Arcos had left us; I can laugh now, we can all laugh, let the nobles look to it! How fared it with the fisherman's daughter of Amalfi?"

As if influenced by the same extraordinary levity which caused this strange transition in the feelings of Massaniello, the young artist flung aside the gloom that had crept over him, and assumed the alacrity of a school-boy. To one who had harangued an audience of fishermen on the mole, of children and all mixed rabblement in the market-place, it was not likely to be a matter of much moment who listened to, or who laughed at his sallies; and in fact throughout the most prosperous periods of his career no audience so much delighted or inspired him, none so well appreciated the extravagance of his gesticulation, the spirit

of his buffoonery, or the dialect in which it was uttered, as the young fervid lazzaroni of the bay, like Massaniello. No extant works of this eccentric genius can convey to the reader any idea of the nature of these exhibitions; the nearest resemblance to the performances of Salvator, the reader may probably witness in the scenes enacting on the Mole of Naples, and the Lago di Castello to this day.

Let us not be hastily accused of holding up to unmerited ridicule the conduct of a great man, on an occasion that would seem to claim a far other pastime than puerile merriment! This singular trait, so illustrative of the character of the chief mover of this revolt, and of the spirit of the times, is matter of history. Salvator, not sorry to escape from the contemplation of terrors which the scenes of that night had conjured up around him, readily fell into the humour of Massaniello, who springing from his seat, and

pushing back the benches of his companions, offered him their council-table for a stage; and with every demonstration of eager entreaty, prayed for the repetition of such scenes as had struck his fancy.

“We have heard,” he said, “of the orgies of the Piazza Navona, the rogueries of Coviello, and of Formica, let us hear those passages that entertained the Romans!”

And then amidst the plaudits of that strange audience did Salvator recite, in the dialect that he and they best relished and understood, the scenes on which the little fame he had yet gained was founded. The boyish merriment of Massaniello was waked again, the scenes of that day, the plans for the morrow, were alike forgotten, and the crazy rafters of that wretched hovel rung with the boisterous peals of his laughter, and the exclamations of his wonder and delight. The mood of the artist warmed as it always did with applause so sincere

and clamorous, and he poured out with every variation of tone and gesture his untiring string of marvellous fiction, sometimes in verse, mingling his keen and polished satire with the coarsest and grossest ribaldry; at others, in impassioned dialogue; now bursting into song, and now vociferating in dialogues of fierce and deafening wrangling.

No pen can describe the childish raptures of Massaniello during the time these scenes lasted, as none can accurately portray the contrasting elements of his peculiar mind. Even the guarded and taciturn temperament of Vitale was surprised into a temporary forgetfulness by this display; and the congeniality of tastes which produced such ecstasies of reciprocal enthusiasm that they at times threw themselves on each other's necks in uncontrollable emotion, was not lost on the watchful eye of Genuino. A smile expressive as much of amusement

as of derision, would now and then steal over his haggard countenance; but his glance was seldom removed from the features of Perrone, the only one present whose stern countenance remained unmoved. The night was far advanced before the mind of Massaniello was recalled to the pursuits of a new day.

## CHAPTER IV.

NOT many houses removed from the cavern, pointed out to posterity as the scene of the orgies just related, was a wretched hovel whose exterior has already been described. Nothing more utterly miserable than the two chambers of which this tenement consisted could be conceived. They resembled in the character of their furniture the abodes we described at Amalfi: they differed from them however in their distribution, for instead of consisting of but one story, and containing two rooms on the level of the street, they were formed of an upper and a lower floor.

On the first night of the revolt, whilst Massaniello was forgetting the whole world and his own share of heart-breaking, and was giving out peal after peal of as joyous laughter as if he had been conveyed back for the time to the days of his childhood, there was watching within the walls of this squalid hovel a young female with tears upon her pale cheeks. A small lamp burned in the chamber, and every breath of the night breeze waved it. Her sole occupation was to listen and to weep. Every sound that came in gusts from the distant parts of the city startled her, at every step that approached her dwelling she would spring up trembling, and as it passed her door, fall back into her seat, and bend down her head as if her heart were chilled and withered.

This solitary watcher was beautiful though her form had not escaped the contribution which taxes had levied, even to

famine. The genial heat of a July sun was in the air, but misery had chilled her, her own garments were scanty and tattered, and she had spread about her for additional warmth a fisherman's capote, over which her long hair fell in masses. Thus had she beguiled hour after hour of that long and fearful night, till nature was wearied out at last, and folding her arms upon the table before her, she bent down her head, and wept herself to sleep. Her very sleep was broken by starts, and dreamings and subdued moaning. Such was the piteous change that had come over the face and heart of Ursula, the wife of Massaniello, since her vintage of love in the valley of La Cava.

It wanted about an hour to dawn when the step so long, so anxiously listened for, came at last. It was a light, quick step from a foot bare like her own; the latch was lifted, and she still slept when Massaniello entered his most wretched home. He paused



when his eager glance fell upon her, then moved silently as thought to her side, bent over her, and after a moment's contemplation the tears sprung to his eyes, and fell freely from his cheek. By some unaccountable power of perception, whose operation all at times acknowledge, though its source remains inscrutable, the spirit of that young creature became aware of the presence of the being so much loved, for though Massaniello stood immoveable, scarcely breathing lest he should disturb her rest, she awoke, and at once lifted her glance to his countenance, without any start or surprise at seeing him, though the bounding of her heart, the rapid colouring and paling of her cheek told the emotion caused by his presence.

“Did I sleep, dearest?” she said, and her tears accompanied the self-rebuke as her apology, “did I sleep when you were away? God knows I have watched and wept till I

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thought there was little fear of my slumbering! Oh, beloved one, it was in an evil hour that we quitted our poor dwelling on the waters of Amalfi ; till that day we knew no sorrow, and since then how few moments have our eyes been without weeping."

Massaniello wound his arms about her, and pressed her to his bosom. "We will rejoice again, dear one," he replied; "there are moments even now when I am cheerful and happy. These hours of loneliness and sorrow shall be repaid to you with years of peace; the famine that now withers us shall be succeeded by such plenty as is needful for contentment; and the praises of a whole people shall wipe out the ignominy of your imprisonment! Did they tear thee from thy husband's home and heart, and throw such as thou art amongst thieves and the scourings of this impure city? As there

is a just God in the heavens above us, they shall bewail it bitterly!"

The variable mood of the speaker whilst under the influence of this sudden recollection, had passed from the extreme of gentle melancholy, to an excess of fury; he struck his hand upon the table, and looked around him as if his multitudes awaited, as they did but a day later, for his word, nay for the simplest sign to effect his wishes.

"Oh would to God, dear husband," answered that mild and patient sufferer, "that our proud rulers would as readily pardon thee what has been done this night, as I pardon them the outrage that affected me, only as it wounded thee, and kept thee from me! What have you done, my beloved one? The whole city rocks with the shouts and curses of the multitudes, and how can you, a poor fisherman, control their madness?"

“As easily as the sweet voice of my gentle Ursula can control me, dear one,” replied Massaniello with a smile. “They are not mad, though their rulers strove hard and long to make them so. But mad or sane, thy Massaniello, poor fisherman as he is, can and will govern them. They are honest, and appeased with common justice.”

“Oh believe it not, my husband!” she replied, “you are yourself too confiding, too honest for the associates you have in this work. Though I am but a feeble woman, and little used to search into the characters of others, I can see that they are not true friends who are engaged with you. Do you think Genuino is a friend? that Perrone the robber is a friend? Believe me, Massaniello, the one would sell you, the other murder you, the first minute they judge meet for their purpose. They may fear your impetuosity, but

mark well my words, one or both, will betray you."

A dark cloud settled for some minutes on the frank brow of Massaniello. "It may be so, Ursula," he replied after a while, "but let them deal sharply and surely if they try it. Many heads must fall if mine falls, and what would it avail them? Thy caution, however, shall not be lost. Is Marco Vitale, too, disloyal, thinkest thou?"

"I know him not," replied the wife, "and I like him not. Has he not turned his heel against the master that reared him and nurtured him? Why should he not turn against you? How does he speak of the young Prince Caraffa, whose bounty rescued me from prison? In truth, dear one, I like none of them. The poor painter whose merry tales amused us on the mole, to whose music we danced on the sea-beach on our marriage-day, is the only one I trust, and he, methinks, can avail little in times of

strife. Him I like, for the many times he has caused thy joyous laugh to make thy wife's heart happy. Oh! how much more willingly would I toil and starve than see thee busied as thou now art!"

"Go to thy bed, beloved one," replied her husband. "I will sit beside thee, for I need an hour's rest before the sun rises; before night to-morrow thy silly fears shall have ceased!"

"I dare not seek my rest," she replied, "for my brain reels, and my blood feels heavy within my veins, I should sleep, and thou wouldest leave me."

It was with great reluctance, and after much entreaty that Ursula was prevailed upon to throw herself upon her couch; even then she held the hand of her husband firmly clasped. As he had foreseen, this poor creature, worn out with sorrow and watching, did fall into a deep sleep. Massaniello listened to her heavy breathing, to

the words that crept in whispers over her lips; they were prayers to the Virgin for his safety. He bent again and again over her, and at last disengaged his hand from her grasp. He then drew from his bare neck a small scapulary with a metal image of the Virgin appended to it, raised it reverently to his lips, and fell upon his knees to pray. The ominous warning of his wife oppressed him; he felt that she had penetrated more deeply than he had done the characters of his associates, that in the entire city he had no friend but her; that there was no honesty in his companions; that from that hour his life would be set at a price; and he prayed long and fervently.

Let the reader pardon us if we linger on these early passages in the eventful career of this singular man:—in twelve hours from this time much of his character was altered; the joyous spirit of his former life was stamped out; and a fearful demon was

waked within him which made him at once the compassion and the terror of all who best loved him. Light was in the heavens before he rose from his knees; with one last glance to the troubled features of his young wife who yet slept, he stole from the cottage, and went whither the destinies of a whole kingdom led him.



## CHAPTER V.

How actively the few hours were employed that elapsed between Massaniello's quitting his home, and the bursting of the dawn of the second day's revolt over Naples, we shall shortly have occasion to show. In the mean time we would crave the reader's notice to the interior of one of those sumptuous edifices which form the princely street of the Chiaja, and which bore every indication of being the residence of an influential member of the most luxurious aristocracy of Europe. Like most of those which

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formed the continuation of that noble street, the building had many of the features of a military stronghold, strikingly and not ungracefully blended with the milder characteristics of a sumptuous home. Its portals were of vast size and strength ; the windows of its ground floors were barricaded with gratings of iron ; it was pierced with loop holes which commanded every approach ; whilst, pleasingly contrasting with this aspect of general watchfulness, were many features of elegance and taste.

The structure receded in its upper stories from the extended basis covered by its ground-floor, showing vast ranges of terraces covered with plants and shrubs, which in many instances drooped over the battlemented parapets. On to these terraces the windows of the various apartments opened, affording to the inmates of the palace a lengthened walk and the prospect of the

blue waters of the bay, and the exquisite scenery that surrounds it.

This mansion was the palace of Don Tiberio Caraffa, Prince of Bisignano ; and early on the second day of the revolt, when, to use the words of an historian, the sun was scarcely above the waters, when drums were beaten and trumpets sounded, when banners were raised and soldiers were on the move, when swords, muskets, pikes, and arquebuses, bristled in every direction, when the eye met the more extraordinary spectacle of peasants with spades, axes, and ploughshares, ready to turn up glebes of flesh, and furrows of blood, the aspect of the princely building above alluded to remained calm and fearless. One of the windows was thrown open, and a young female, of scarcely seventeen, advanced with a hesitating step from her chamber to seek the morning air.

It was the 8th day of July, the weather was

intensely hot, and this day promised, like a month of days that had preceded it, to be one of blazing ardour. Her countenance was pale and worn, too plainly showing that she had risen thus early from her couch to seek change, if not relief, from a night of sleepless musing. Under ordinary circumstances, the scene which broke upon her view, might have sufficed to dispel fancies more gloomy, sorrows less unreal than belonged to her years. A slight haze still hovered over the blue waters, and the bases of the island mountains facing her, though the wavy outlines of their ridges rose sharp and blue against the skies above them. But notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, there came sounding upwards, from the broad street, which lay between her and the viceroy's gardens, the tramp and clamour of a wakeful and agitated populace.

Throughout the long hours of the night, whilst she lay tossing on her couch, the

noise of restless and angry multitudes had reached her, and though without any distinct notion of the extent of this disturbance its motive or its object, she was aware that it was something unusual, even in that proverbially busy city. The cries and screams that came past her in gushes seemed more the result of exultation than of alarm, and they produced less impression on her mind than did the fancied hardships of her own lot.

Little heedful, except when the rush of multitudes shook the very walls of the building, of the cares of the world without, she continued deeply occupied with her own musing. Whilst lingering amongst the plants that formed about her avenues of shade and fragrance, her attention was caught by the figure of a person in a garb rarely admitted to the interior of a palace, who walked as if with an intimate knowledge of the chambers he was traversing, in the direction of her

father's sleeping apartment. As his tall figure passed successively window after window, she marked him attentively, and not without fear; but his dress, even more than his powerful frame and swarthy brow, attracted her notice, for it was novel to her at the time, and seemed unfit to venture beyond the courts and guard-houses appropriated to her father's followers. It was the costume of the bandits of the Abruzzi, and its wearer was Domenico Perrone.

His movements were visible to her from the low windows of the suite of rooms he traversed, and she saw him pause for a moment at her father's chamber, and then enter. The door closed behind him, and for more than an hour he remained in close conference within. At the end of that time the robber re-appeared, retraced his steps, and departed, After a while her father's door again opened, and that noble himself came to join her. Her frame trembled as she watched his tall

form approaching ; and she stood to await his coming. Deeply impressed with the remembrance of their interview on the previous night, she was now much surprised to see that his stern and terrible brow had relaxed to its nearest possible approach to gentleness.

“Eleonora,” he said, “you are waking early, come hither, child. You have so long been separated from your father, that he gets scarcely more than the greeting of a stranger from you.”

She approached, and would have raised his hand to her lips, but her father bent down and kissed her forehead, a display of condescension, for such it more nearly resembled than love, which was not without its effect on a heart so gentle as that of Eleonora. One of those sweet and confiding smiles that formed the peculiar charm of her gentle countenance broke over her

features, and she placed her hand in her father's, and turned inward with him.

"I have, indeed, dear father," she said, "been too long away from you, and have learned to give too freely to my dear uncle the love that should be yours. Have you any tidings of the Duke di Maddaloni and of —"

"Of your cousin Giulio you would add," replied her father. "I have just heard that they are doing well, and are in attendance on the viceroy, where be assured, they have such safety as can be found within the walls of this city, where the whole population is running frantic. And now tell me something of the interior of my good brother's fortress of the Bear's Head. Without supposing your idle hours to have been spent in playing the spy on his household, you may know perchance what it concerns me to learn. Who or what is Marco Vitale?"

This question was asked whilst the pierc-



ing eyes of the speaker were bent searchingly on his daughter's countenance. That countenance became instantly crimson. She bent her eyes to the ground, the colour again left her cheek, and when she ventured to raise her eyes to her father's, she appeared confused and scared.

"The person you mention is his grace's secretary, and deep in his confidence," she replied. "He is of unobtrusive manners, and brief in his speech. I know little more of him."

"You speak warily, child," replied her parent, "you might have added that your penetrating cousin distrusted, and if report speaks true, regarded him with no friendly feeling."

A deep blush crimsoned the cheeks of Eleonora as she replied, "I might have added this, my father, if I could have deemed myself authorized in speaking my own thoughts, but I answered only from

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what I knew. Giulio has much independence of character; and if he doubted the loyalty of any one about him, would take little pains to conceal his feelings. Yet would he not interfere with his father's friends."

"Has this youth ever spoken to thee?" asked her parent.

"Once, contrary to his custom and to his duty, he addressed me," replied the maiden. "His manner and his speech were such as were befitting his position and mine."

"And your cousin passed accidentally at the time," added the prince. "Observed you any thing, either by sign or word, to pass between them?"

"Giulio was flurried, as he afterwards told me, by news from Naples; he waved his hand, and Marco retired! Excepting upon that occasion, I remember me not that his voice was ever addressed to me."

"Be it so!" replied her father with a

smile, "your cousin is a watchful guardian! But hark! what means this uproar? It sounds at our own doors; by my father's soul the unruly herd are battering for admittance."

The Prince of Bisignano paused for a moment in attentive listening, and then darted away towards the lower chambers of the building. His alarm was not without serious cause; nor were the proceedings of the few previous hours which led to it, without deep interest.

From the moment that Massaniello rose from his knees, and quitted the still sleeping figure of his wife, a total and scarcely comprehensible change came over his whole character and actions. The night which had been passed by lawless multitudes in roaming the city without any restraint upon their conduct, or any definite object in view, had been wasted by him in unmeaning pastime; and when he now stepped abroad,

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he was in utter ignorance of the actual state of the city. He repaired at once to the lair of Genuino, whom he found plunged into utter despondency. This old man had been taxing the energies of his aged frame to its utmost; and the glare of his hollow eye, the flush upon his cheek, showed that his strength, both of mind and body, were unequal to the responsibility which had fallen on him, and that some bewilderment evidently clouded his usually clear keen intellect. He made no offer to rise when his youthful associate entered, but his features assumed an aspect of sullenness and anger. Massaniello regarded him with surprise, yet with an expression of calm decision.

"You have doubtless slept off the dream of last night's delirium, young man," exclaimed Genuino, "and wearied with buffoonery, are about to recreate yourself with the frivolous occupation of establishing order in the city? Fool that I was to mix

myself up in such matters with you, and such as you! Wherefore are you come hither?"

Massaniello regarded the agitated features of this old man with a look of compassion, and the tones of his voice, when he replied to him, were gentle and soothing.

"I came, my friend," he replied, "to bid you take rest, and leave this day's work to me: we shall need your aid at night. Till then I wish no one to meddle with the business I have chosen for myself. This much I came to say, and having said it will wish you God's blessing, and go on my mission."

The speed and method that characterised the events of this day, which effectually decided the revolt, have excited the amazement of historians. Without the advantage of any means by which the scenes acting at one and the same moment throughout the city could be conveyed to him; assailed with an infinite contrariety of statements,

Massaniello early found the necessity of seeing all things with his own eyes, of directing every thing, of being every where. No sooner did he appear, eagerly bounding towards the densest mass of the people in the Carmine, than the cry, too intoxicating to the senses on which it fell, of "Long live Massaniello our captain," broke forth from the whole assemblage, was taken up at the extreme limit to which it reached, and thence again re-echoed till every shore along the bay of Naples rung with the shout. Massaniello felt his soul buoyant within him. At that moment his frame was not so deranged by excitement as it shortly became, and he derived fresh energies from this cry. The first object of that day was the acquisition of arms and ammunition, in the instant search for which he was essentially aided by the previous conference with Genuino. The name of Giovanni Battista Buzzacherino was the first

mentioned as likely to possess that of which they were in want, and it was heard with a yell of execration.

This unlucky individual farmed out a portion of the revenues, and contracted for the supply of the royal fortresses with powder. To his house accordingly was made the earliest visit of the populace, with Massaniello at their head, and he had speedily an opportunity of appreciating the cunning with which the Duke d'Arcos was reduced to combat the brute force of the rabblement. Powder was found in sufficient quantities, but on examination it was discovered that it had been deluged with water. It was true that it might be dried, but in the mean time it was useless. Foiled in this quarter, the next attempt of the crowds was on the shop of a certain Stanni in the Via Mandracchio, but before quitting the premises of Buzzacherino, Massaniello gave an earnest of the new spirit with which he intended conduct-

ing the incidents of this second day of misrule. He gave orders to fire the house and all within it.

"Let all perish," he exclaimed, "and woe to the hand that shall venture on pilfering!"

The rush was now in the new direction in which the information of Massaniello gave hope of better fortune. The owner of this house, a little old man who had grown corpulent and crabbed with good fortune, was very short and broad in his person, sleek and florid in his countenance, his forehead was high, bald, and narrow; his eyes were small, grey, and glittering. The nature of his trade had taught him caution, and avarice had made him uncourteous and suspicious.

He had received warning from the Duke d' Arcos of the probability of an attack upon his stores, and a pressing order to convey such quantities as time would allow within the Castel Nuovo; no word had been said



to him of indemnity, and Ambrogio Stanni persuaded himself that the Viceroy could have no claim upon his generosity to the amount of so considerable a sacrifice. He accordingly paid no attention to the warning, but went busily on in his every day pursuits, though the city rocked about his ears with revolt; and when the populace first surrounded his dwelling he was found occupied and heedless of the public fury. He answered peevishly to the demands to bring out such store of powder as was fit for use, and when threatened, he stepped a step backward in surprise, but answered nothing: the clamour about the building increased till the old man was nearly deafened with shouts and menaces. His house was speedily ransacked of such few valuables as it contained, and a voice brought purposely into contact with his ear, and pitched to a tone that might have startled the dead, called for a torch to fire the building.

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"Ay, ay, fire it! and do it quickly, you wise thieves," muttered its intractable owner.

Ceasing all further attempts to protect his property, which till then he had done vigorously with voice and gesture, he made a spring to clear the doorway, striking violently as he did so against the slight form of Massaniello. The crush at the entry was immense, but the old man succeeded in bearing back the leader of the populace into the street, at the very moment that a torch flared above his head, and particles of its flaming materials dropped upon his person. With an impulse over which he had no control, and which he bitterly deplored afterwards, he seized the dress of Massaniello, and clinging to him as if life depended on the tenacity of his grasp, he dragged him back through the crowds, in spite of the angry menaces that growled about him, and the rude handling of his adherents. No effort of Massaniello could

disengage him from the grasp of this terrified fugitive, who thus forced a passage for both through the throng, till they had reached a score of yards from the building, when, suddenly with an explosion as if the foundations of the city were rent asunder, it was blown into thousands of fragments, and with it every human creature who was thronging its chambers! Between fifty and sixty bodies were hurled through the air, and one hundred and forty more perished of those who stood nearest to the building.

There was now no time for stopping to aid the wounded; the hour was gone by when the sight of a slain citizen could excite the compassion of his fellows; men's blood was boiling in one general tempest, and a catastrophe like the one just described could no longer excite either terror or compassion. Foiled a second time in their search, the multitudes hurried with tenfold fury in a new direction.

The information of Massaniello was not yet at fault; a master of a merchant vessel was reported to have several pieces of cannon hidden about his premises, his house was next surrounded, and the secret of his hiding-place extorted from the terror of his wife. These guns, the first they had yet captured, were brought away in triumph; their next discovery was of one hundred and fifty muskets: elated but not pacified by this success, every house thus assailed, they infallibly burnt.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHILE the chief leader of the populace was thus actively employed, the Duke d'Arcos was not idle in the adoption of such sources as remained to him. He had weighed well in his mind the alternative of risking all things by open contest, or recovering ultimately the authority of his king at the expense of the destruction of half the city, by yielding to the storm, and combating by diplomacy. For himself he feared nothing, and for the demolition of the palaces of a few score of over-wealthy nobles he cared nothing. How his charac-

ter might stand in the estimation of Olivarez, the all-powerful minister of the Spanish monarch, was to him of more import than the sacking of the entire city, and to this consideration his calculations were limited. After mature reflection he decided to defend the fortresses of the city at all hazards, to uphold his personal dignity as he best could, to oppose to the vehemence of the excited mob, the inertness of constant treaty, and for the rest to leave the nobles and their properties to their own resources, or to their fate. Though such was his determination, the keenest observer of his conduct detected no symptom of indifference to the misfortunes of the aristocracy. On the contrary, he shewed every inclination to adopt the various experiments suggested to him to arrest the mischief; he bewailed the attacks on the houses of the most insignificant servants of the state; he listened with admirable

patience to the interminable harangues of his council; and his countenance expressed the deepest sympathy with all about him.

Throughout the earlier part of the day messengers were busied running with pacific overtures hither and thither, from the square of the Carmine to the Castel Nuovo, announcing the coming first of one noble and then of another, who could be supposed most acceptable to the people, each protesting his willingness to meet their wishes. On this mission the first that ventured his person was Ettore Ravaschiero, Prince of Satriano, he was followed by the Prince of Montesarchio Davalos, great names which had before and have since figured in the most glorious of their country's pages, and whose bearers now condescended to an unwilling and unwelcome interference in a domestic broil. Their abasement was unavailing, the purport of their embassies was referred by Massaniello to Genuino,

and the populace was instructed to insist on the production of the glorious charter of Charles the Fifth,\* said to be written in antique golden characters, and which contained the only true copy of their privileges. These nobles offered to swear on the gospels that to the best of their belief the documents they bore with them were the privileges in question, but the cry was for the original copy. It was in vain that the Duke d' Arcos pledged his honor that he dealt fairly by them, and knew of no such document as they called for. It was replied that the Padre Genuino had seen it in the days of the viceroyalty of the Duke d' Ossuna. It was kept, they said, in the royal archives of the Campanile of St. Lorenzo Maggiore, and if the Duke d' Arcos could not find it, they would.

The alternative was not pleasing; the

\* This refers to the emperor, who was at the same time King of Spain.—(Ed.)



nobles driven back with insult, considered themselves fortunate in being permitted to regain the protection of the fortress from which they had ventured.

During these various diplomatic attempts, the business of the day was not suspended for a moment. An attack on the tower of St. Lorenzo, had been decided on the evening previously, and as the reader is aware, the undertaking had been accepted by Perone, with the forfeit of his life if he failed. This building was known to contain, besides many valuable public records, for which the people cared as little as for the cobwebs which in all probability enshrouded them, a store of cannon and military provisions of all kinds. The only unpleasant circumstance attending the adventre, was the fact of its being occupied by a certain hard-headed veteran named Biagio Fusco, with a handful of Spanish soldiers, men unlikely to be terrified by the outcries of the multi-

tudes, or to be scrupulous in the use of the weapons under their custody. The fiat of Massaniello had gone forth for its attack, and the peculiar expression of his features, as he reminded the robber of his pledge conveyed to his mind the unpleasant conviction that what had been uttered in the confidence of success, as a well-sounding bravado, was considered as a contract between him and the people. The cry had been raised by Massaniello, and was borne through the city, calling all men to the assault of this tower; and thither accordingly the multitudes rushed, heedless of the mode or the peril of the attack.

Perrone, when he found himself at the base of the formidable tower, and saw cannon bristling from its embrasures, and Spanish soldiery stationed at every window of its various stories, sent an urgent invitation to Fusco to surrender, with promise of unmolested retreat for himself and his company. The simple and speedy reply of the

veteran was a volley of his artillery amongst the challengers; no further parley was needed, and the assault was begun in good earnest. The few guns that had been found here and there by the populace were brought against the building, but as might have been foreseen, were after much delay and unskilful handling, found worse than useless. Perrone with a fierce curse ordered them to be flung aside and called for fire.

The description of this first serious combat has been given with much accuracy by an eye-witness, who fairly states that, except in the regions of Pandemonium, he could have conceived nothing more truly terrible. Amongst the crowds were multitudes of women armed with arquebuses and all sorts of weapons. It seemed as if every living creature had rushed out to fight. They came in families, the men bearing lances, pikes, halbards, maces, clubs; the women carried on their shoulders faggots, light

brushwood, every sort of inflammable material, barrels of oil and tar, and bundles of straw, even to their very bedding; whilst children of five or six years old and under carried balls of string dipped in sulphur, and clinging to the dresses of their mothers hurried with the general throng as to a festival.

All the lower tenements which cumbered their approach, or at all screened the tower were speedily demolished, and the entire square in front of it became one vast pile of combustibles. Seeing the undertaking of Perrone in such train as he desired, Massaniello turned his own personal exertions to other scenes, and a different quarter of the city. He had but to apportion to his faithful people the duties he expected from them during the coming hours of darkness, and he might then, if he willed it, retire to the enjoyment of a scene similar to the one which had concluded his toil of yesterday. On rejoining the crowds in the square of the

Carmine he took from his bosom the identical scroll produced by Marco Vitale at the night meeting at Amalfi, and which contained the names of the nobles judged most hostile to the people, and lists of palaces doomed to the flames; this was delivered to one of his attendants, and read forth on the spot; joyous shouts received each name as it was pronounced; and nearly every name of the nobles of Spanish descent was there inscribed.

This ominous scroll terminated with a warning to his faithful people not to touch any single article of whatever value, not to rescue from perishing either furniture, or jewels, or money; should any dare to do so, it added, he should die! No word had been yet said of food, no thought had apparently been bestowed on the corporal wants of this hard working people. The popularity of Massaniello, which each moment increased, as his unexpected resources

developed themselves, received its completion when he directed them where to find the royal magazines, containing, as he told them, eight thousand cantares of flour, and five hundred barrels of wine, which should be carefully distributed amongst them.

The multitudes sprung away on their various pursuits; six-and-twenty palaces, the most sumptuous of the whole city, were read out for ruin, and they promised to afford sufficient pastime till dusk. In the meantime, calling his mind from the wild excitement of the scenes we have described, Massaniello calmly occupied himself in the important task of organising a regular militia, so as to have the whole people under control and available in a mass. To facilitate this scheme he took advantage of the ancient municipal divisions of the city into twenty-nine Rioni or Ottine; and divided the whole people into an equal number of bands, selecting leaders well known to him-

self for each. It was remarked that in this arrangement Perrone was excluded from all command, but left at the head of his handful of bandits. As many as one hundred and fifty thousand citizens are said to have been thus enrolled.

When this office was concluded, Massaniello turned his thoughts to a subject of not less importance, yet one that might be supposed less readily to present itself to the mind of an ignorant fisherman of three or four and twenty. He decreed that the ordinary courts of law should continue open, and added to them a select tribunal, at which he declared his intention of himself presiding, for the decision of such cases of private and public wrong as might require speedy solution. Appointing Marco Vitale to be his secretary, for he was himself unable either to write or read, he surrounded himself with advocates, purveyors, printers, in short with all the customary



apparatus of the executive : and when these matters were dispatched, after a clear and expeditious mode of his own, he was about to seek the presence of Genuino, when tidings reached him that a body of five hundred German soldiers were entering the city from Pozzuolo. Massaniello hesitated not a moment ; his emissaries flew through the crowded streets, whilst he himself hurried heedless who followed, to give meeting the troops.

Every street along his route poured out its thousands, and he was speedily accompanied with half the population of the city. Terrified by the numbers of their opponents, the astonished handful of soldiery flung down their arms, and attempted to fly ; but finding their retreat cut off, they took refuge in the church of St. Egidio. Massaniello entered amongst them unattended, they prayed for mercy, and surrendered. The first care of this youthful



leader, whose policy not less than his decision remains a mystery to this day, was to order them refreshments of bread and wine; and, adds the chronicler, "it was a touching sight to see the poor men thus rescued from destruction, dancing with loaves in their hands, and the flask at their mouths as if at a festival, while they called the people their brethren, and Massaniello their saviour.

## CHAPTER VII.

SCARCELY less agitated than the public squares and streets of the city was the interior of the Castel Nuovo, the stronghold in which the viceroy, his family, and immediate council had taken refuge. No sooner had it transpired that the revolt was to be allowed to take its course unresisted, than the nobles of Naples, well knowing how obnoxious the many iniquities of their order had rendered them to the whole body of the people, began to reflect upon the line of conduct most available to their interests. The high

exclusiveness of their aristocracy, and the almost total absence of any intermediate and connecting grade between them and the class now in revolt, whilst it deprived them of any intercessors, influential with that body, and left them isolated in insuperable enmity, had at least one effect that was consolatory; it bound every individual of the order into unity, merged every personal difference, every family jealousy, into one common necessity of adherence and combination to avert the general calamity. Hence, when the revolt was ascertained to be of entirely plebeian origin, when the very scum of the market-place was vested with supreme authority, the corinthian column reversed, its capital in the mud, its base elevated above the heads of all men, there was an instantaneous intelligence diffused amongst them which needed little of arrangement to direct all their exertions to one general point.

As soon as it was known that the vice-

roy, ceding to the torrent of popular fury, had taken refuge within the fortress of the Castel Nuovo, thus keeping open his communication with the palace and the sea, the nobles hastened one by one, as the darkness of the night, or dexterously-assumed disguises enabled them, to secure the protection of the same shelter, and proclaim their fidelity to their king.

Most anxiously did the Duke d' Arcos watch these several arrivals, for there were many of the members of that powerful order whom he was most anxious to collect about him, less for any actual support he might derive from their counsels, than for the effect derivable from their countenance with the court of Spain, and the chance of throwing upon them some share of responsibility. The far greater part of the ancient barons of the kingdom, and all but one of the Sedile, or aristocratic deputies, were assembled beneath his roof; but the absence

of that one, imbittered the satisfaction he would otherwise have derived from their presence. The coming of this noble was watched for hour after hour, and the Duke d' Arcos sat in the midst of his collateral council, musing and conjecturing, little heeding though consenting to the trial of the various expedients that were suggested, one after another, for pacifying the populace. Whilst in this mood he had permitted the missions of the Prince of Satriano and the Duke Davalos to the market-place, but the tidings of their failure had no power to rouse him, and seemed in no way either to affect or interest him.

Late in the day, when wearied out with listening to desultory debates that were endless and unprofitable, the viceroy rose from his seat and quitted the audience-chamber. Instead of retiring to the peaceful apartments occupied by his duchess, where the treason of supposing the revolt

serious was not admitted, and where cheerful brows would have met him, he ascended to the topmost regions of the castle, and throwing open a door, found himself upon an extensive terrace, commanding a view of the entire city and its glorious bay. At the further end of the terrace, gazing down from the battlemented parapet upon the singular scene below, stood the majestic figure of his daughter, leaning against one of the guns whose dark muzzle overtopped the wall. So busy was she in the contemplation of the scenes that were acting beneath her, that the step of her father failed to catch her attention, and he stood by her side, and laid his hand upon her dress, before she became aware of his presence.

The moment was one of deep interest, and the lady, without speaking one word or listening to the low whisper with which he addressed her, pointed with her hand extended to the tall tapering tower or camp-

nile of St. Lorenzo Maggiore. The Duke d' Arcos turned his glance thitherward, and beheld the leaguer of a countless multitude swarming about it; the houses that cumbered all approach to it were falling in clouds of dust to the earth one after another, and the space thus laid open became instantly black with thousands of assailants, until no spot of earth, save that occupied by the lofty structure itself, and the convent attached to it, was unpossessed by the people.

"If that tower falls, Victoria," exclaimed the Duke d' Arcos "the fortunes of our house fall with it."

His daughter, unaccustomed to a word of despondency from the usually guarded lips of her parent, and startled by the tone of dejection in which he now spoke, turned to gaze upon his features. She saw him pale, and evidently abandoned by every whispering of hope.

"What does that tower contain, my father?" she inquired, "that you should thus deplore its fall? or wherefore should you suppose that it will fall? He who holds it has been thus surrounded since midday, and has shown no symptoms of meditating a surrender."

"It contains cannon, child," replied her father, "and stores of ammunition which, well used, would make this castle untenable for many hours longer; but more than that, it contains charters and muniments of great antiquity and value; its loss will ensure our disgrace at Madrid beyond redemption."

"Nay, my father," replied the lady with some appearance of impatience, "you fancy yourself still mystifying the sages of your elect council. Were these parchments of so much price, the ministers of Spain would have conveyed them hence long since."

"They may settle the disputed right of a foreign dynasty to the crown of these



kingdoms, Victoria," replied her father despondingly. "Mazarine already talks of aiding the Duke of Guise in a descent on these shores, and any document which would afford a pretext in the eyes of Christendom to invade the kingdom, will be valued beyond price by the enemies of Spain. If that tower falls, believe me, we shall have more formidable foes to contend with than this rabblement and their fisherman captain."

"Unless a coward holds it, the tower will not fall, my father," replied the maiden! "are those half naked lazzaroni to scale it, or convey it from its base to the market-place? Hark," she added suddenly, "saw you that?"

A vivid and momentary flash had broken from several of the embrasures of the tower they were watching, and after an instant's pause there came crashing through the air the report of cannon, the multitude

wavered, as if the earth they stood upon had rocked beneath their feet ; a dark void had been ploughed through their masses, and then, even before the shores of the bay had ceased to reecho the roaring of the guns, there broke up shrieks and furious yells from the whole body of the populace. The features of the lady Victoria d' Arcos were exalted and triumphant when she turned again to her parent.

"He is no poltroon, my father," she said, "he has dared what your sage counsellors, after a world of debating, have shrunk from. Would that the fortress Pizzo, Falcone St. Ermo, the Castel dell' Uovo, nay this very building we are hiding in, were as safe as the campanile of St. Lorenzo!"

The Duke d' Arcos, though for a moment terrified by the contemplation of the possible consequences of such an act, could not control his excitement, but bent eagerly forward to watch the sequel. One look

sufficed him, and he turned away his gaze. A second and a third volley of artillery sent thunders through the air, death through the assailants, and then again ensued a longer pause.

"Is it not as I said, Victoria?" he enquired, "what means this pause unless the place surrenders, what see you?"

"A thousand torches, my father," replied the maiden, "they extend in a continuous line from the Carmine. How strange an infatuation in the soldiery within the fortress, to suspend their firing on account of this procession of mad monks."

"This is no pious foolery of the cardinal, my child," replied the duke mournfully. "His priests have had full warning to confine their ceremonies to their convents, and they are too wise to seek such scenes as those. The populace are about to fire the building. I much wonder they had not thought of it earlier. Believe me, Victoria

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those torches will not be extinguished till every remnant of nobleness and state which this city possesses, be extinguished with them."

"It is but too true, sir," replied the maiden, "those within the tower have understood the fearful menace more readily than I did. The torches are shaken in defiance, but men yet pause before committing so barbarous a cruelty. Have they who command the stronghold any orders to authorize their surrender in case of extremity, or to hold out and perish?"

The Duke d' Arcos replied mournfully, "all men think for themselves in times like these, and leave their neighbours to God's keeping, and their own devices. He who commands the campanile will act as he deems safest."

"The doubt is solved, sir," replied the lady, bitterly, a white flag is waved from the battlements, the tower is surrendered,

and with it the precious muniments you spoke of, and cannon to batter Naples into ruins. Alas! my father, I can deplore all these things with you, but you refuse to listen to the counsel that might have prevented this mischief, that might even now, perchance, have influence with this mad people. Now that they whom you have advised with acknowledge that they can no longer guide you, you might at least listen to the counsels of a daughter who has no wish to outlive your honour."

The Duke d'Arcos made her no reply, and she continued: "There are yet nobles who have the good will and good opinion of the people, men whose words pledged to them might gain credence; not such as you have hitherto tried, the friends of Tiberio Caraffa, men whose most sacred oaths are heard with derision, not less by the very rabble than by yourself; why not send for the Cardinal of Naples and for——"

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“For the Duke di Maddaloni you would add,” said her father, “whither should I send, Victoria? He comes not near us, and waits, I doubt not, but to see matters a little more ripe for his purpose, in order to proclaim himself the redresser of their wrongs, and to offer himself as the king who will govern so magnanimous a people without taxes, and content himself with such obedience as they may be pleased to tender.”

“These, my lord, are the calumnies of the Prince of Bisignano,” replied his daughter warmly; “A man who never yet uttered truth of his noble brother, and they are more fitting his lips than yours. The Duke di Maddaloni can have no interest in common with this senseless populace. He was their protector when grasping nobles trampled on them, and if you want help at this hour of your peril, you must condescend to solicit it from him. Send him to the square of the

Carminc, and unless the Prince of Bisignano, arch traitor as he is, be not as deep in the people's counsels as in yours, I will answer for his success."

"I know nothing of his abode, Victoria," replied the viceroy, "God knows our pride is near enough to its prostration, and it costs less to humble ourselves to a noble than to this senseless herd."

"If your grace will consent to use my mediation," said the maiden, "I will at least endeavour to persuade him to make the attempt." She remained silent for some moments and then added, with a tone less firm than it had been, "we are suitors with an ill grace, my father, for we have to solicit new services before past ones are acknowledged; would it not be well to offer some word of thanks to the person who protected my flight and your own hither?"

The Duke d' Arcos was far better skilled in reading the meaning thus obscurely im-



plied, than in answering to solicitations urged with the frankness with which his daughter had spoken.

"Surely, Victoria," he answered, "I will seek fitting opportunity to do so. The young Caraffa shall be summoned hither, and will accept excuses which the events of each hour have made but too valid. If he consent to bear our prayer to his father, let him tarry for one moment at my chamber."

"Are you going hence, my father?" she inquired; but the Duke d' Arcos was already gone; she turned and rested herself against the parapet in the same position as that in which he had surprised her. The whole expression of her countenance underwent a change, her glance was beaming and glorious as ever, but its fire was tempered to a mild and tremulous radiance. Her brow, usually so calm and imperious, assumed an expression of doubt and trouble, but though embarrassed she was still determined; she turned her



glance again from the battlements and looked down upon the thickest of that toiling revolt ; the square of St. Lorenzo had undergone a speedy change. She could perceive a calm amongst the crowd, the fortress had mounted a black banner, the ensign of the people. Its portals were thrown open, and the mere handful of Spanish soldiery, who had till then defied the tens of thousands who assailed them, marched forth from the citadel ; deafening shouts received them, but a lane was opened through the throngs, and they were permitted to take their departure whither their captain chose to lead them. They turned their faces towards the Castel Nuovo, and continued along their entire route distinguishable from the mass.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH the contemplation of such scenes might have absorbed the senses of the high-spirited being who looked down upon them, there was a feeling busy in her bosom which robbed them of much of their interest. The door through which the Duke d' Arcos had taken his departure again opened, steps traversed the terrace, and though her cheek became suddenly pale, her heart bounded as she saw the young Prince Caraffa approaching her, and concluded that it was her own offer to her father that had evoked his presence. Upon his noble fea-

tures she read the unwelcome writing not of embarrassment, not of surprise, but of sorrow and of displeasure. He returned the courtly salute that was offered to him, and then took his place calmly by her side, and looked first over and into the subject city, and then out upon the waters of the bay. As his glance continued long busily engaged in that direction, he more than once passed his hand across his eyes as if in doubt ; but finally satisfied in his search, he turned to the lady by his side.

“ Most deeply do I regret your father’s position, lady,” he said, “ but they who make use of traitors should expect to be served treacherously. Can you see yonder small sail standing on and off, as if in doubt whether to approach the land or turn outward to the open sea ? ”

The Princess d’ Arcos followed the direction to which he pointed, and perceived three vessels of no mean size, manœuvring

as if utterly undecided what course to pursue.

"I know them well," he continued, "they are Genoese vessels, and were till lately in my father's service. They will be found to have armed soldiers on board entrapped into treason; if those men do land in Naples, the Prince of Bisignano may aspire to more than his brother's inheritance. But mark, lady," he continued, "the vessels have attracted other notice than ours; see you not men hurrying breathlessly from the Torrione of the Carmine towards the shore? Well for them, and for us all, if they have the energy to drag a few of their guns to the coast!"

"These are times that turn women into consellers, my lord," said the lady, "and my father has permitted my forwarding through you a prayer to the Duke di Maddaloni. I was a favourite once with his grace," she added with a colouring cheek, "and until

evil counsellors,—you see I speak frankly, —stepped between your father and mine, he would have needed no mediator with him. With the differences of statesmen on whom devolve the interests of a kingdom, it were unseemly and presumptuous in me to meddle ; but against the evil tongues that have breathed their venom between me and the companion of my childhood, that have slandered the feelings of a heart which, as God knows, is sincere and upright, that have robbed me of the brotherly love that I valued, and did nothing to forfeit, I may surely complain ! And that calumniators have done this it will be vain to dissemble, until your frank brow become tutored to the cunning of theirs.”

The Prince Caraffa fixed his glance on the animated features of the speaker, but hesitated in his reply, and she continued,

“ That this has been done is palpable, or

why this assumed restraint between us who have been as children of the same parents? why this cutting coldness in a meeting after so long an absence? why is it that the very names we bear are to be stifled on our lips? Our parting was not after this fashion. If all this were the effect of separation, I should not murmur, but I have become wise in the conduct of courtiers, and I know that the calumnies I have heard, and scorned when uttered against you, have been busied about me, and I fear have gained credence."

"Victoria," replied Caraffa with some embarrassment, "evil tongues have been between us; and there is little wonder, for the air of your father's court is infected, and those who have been employed as spies between the Capo d'Orso and Naples laboured busily in their foul vocation. They were paid to lie, and there was a necessity to earn their wages. I came hither prepared to accompany my father a second time to a

state prison, but you have said well, such matters concern us not! We were friends in childhood, and if the petulance of a hasty temper offended you not then, we may still be as we then were. Believe me, Victoria, through many trials, much persecution, continued indignities, I have never figured to myself your image amongst the unworthy crowd who people the viceroy's palace. I have never thought of you but as high-minded, and holy, and one whose friendship it were a treasure to gain, a calamity to lose."

He held out his hand towards her as he ceased to speak, but the glance of the lady was cast down; the tears came to her eyes, and when she extended her hand to meet his, there passed an expression of deep sorrow over her countenance."

"Alas!" she replied, "these are eloquent professions, but the tone in which they are uttered is not that which has dwelt in my



memory. I spoke truly; there is a charm broken between us, Giulio, we are become strangers to each other. It were better that I at once turn my thoughts to my father's request. I was bidden to thank you for the services you rendered yesterday to him and to me, and I offered, unenlightened by the chill lesson you have just taught me, and dreaming of the love the Duke di Maddaloni once had for me, to bear or send through you a prayer to him for help."

"Willingly would I assure you, Victoria, that you are still as high as ever in his grace's estimation; one thing I can certainly affirm, that if I am the mediator you propose to use, you would do better to try your own influence unaided. The evil counselors you spoke of have poisoned my father's mind against me, and were it not that I would rather couple the name of death than that of the Prince of Bisignano with



"My father's wish, I would recommend the Duke di Arcos so transmit his wishes through that most persuasive of advisers. It would have surprised me less to have learned from you that my father was about to return his ancient quarters in this fortress, than to receive a petition from the Duke di Arcos."

"I will do so," replied the lady mournfully. "It was an unjust deed, consented to in a evil hour, and bitterly has it been repented; but let me not any longer urge my feelings as motives to influence my father's actions. I would unwillingly be made to say that the Duke di Maddalon had sacrificed at his country's ruin, and was too vindictive to make an attempt at it."

"All power to be useful has been taken from me," replied the youth; "but I will convey your wishes, and I will convey them to my father. May the message not fare the worse."

because he who bears it is under the deep misfortune of his father's displeasure."

The Princess Victoria paused for some moments in painful musing, she then raised her glance sorrowfully to his countenance, and said, "Alas, Giulio, is it even so? My lips return to a theme upon which it were perhaps better to be silent. If enemies have indeed been between a parent and his child, between two minds so noble, so confiding, so exalted above falsehood and its wiles, I may not murmur that they should have done me the evil office of blotting out the memories of other days! I had presumed upon old recollections with you, and I have found my error: I had thought that one hour's conversation with the Duke di Maddaloni, on the terms on which we used to meet of old, would even now avert much mischief."

"Seek it not, lady," replied the youth; "my father is, and feels that he is, the first

noble in these realms, that he has been treated as the last and least ; and though he has at times allowed the influence of his situation to pass into other hands, there are moments when he views with a sudden jealousy any semblance of encroachment upon his authority, I have too often obtruded my impetuosity upon his seeming inertness, and it has been fully as much my fault as misfortune that I have incurred his distrust. Spies and slanderers have been between us, but woe to those who have done this mischief, that they may the more securely intrigue for his ruin ! they may yet find that they are digging pitfalls for their own steps."

"The times are perilous," replied the lady ; "and I like not the meeting of plot by plot. It will be better that the good duke step forward to save his country, for thus he will best defeat the dark schemes that have been plotted around him."

"We speak and reply in mysteries, Vic-

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toria," said Giulio; "declare your wishes plainly. I am ready to do your bidding."

The device of the daughter of the Duke d' Arcos for arresting the fury of the people was now told in few words; how it sped we shall shortly have occasion to show. In the meantime their discourse had been interrupted at intervals by wild bursts of clamour borne upward from the city, and whilst Giulio Caraffa was meditating upon the request made to him, he had approached nearer to her side, and to the embrasure whence he commanded a better view of the busy scene below.

"It is scarcely an inviting scene into which to send my father," he said, "but you have spoken truly: if any noble in Naples can arrest this mad multitude, it is He, and I will do your mission. I must now, Victoria," he said after a pause, "become the suitor in my turn; there is a person very dear to me, whose safety con-

cerns me far more than this temporary delirium of the people, for whom I would humbly crave your kind offices. Permit me to say it in all sincerity that were she my own sister, there is no one within this kingdom to whose protection I would so confidently entrust her."

The cheek of the Princess d' Arcos became for a moment crimson, and it paled as suddenly, as she replied, "you speak of your cousin? Most willingly will I introduce her to my mother, who will afford her such protection as remains to us all, for I fear she is in a position of great peril; the Prince of Bisignano is pursuing a tortuous and dangerous game, and he will fail in his object."

"Let me explain myself clearly, Victoria," said Caraffa; "it is not the protection of the Duchess d' Arcos that I would solicit for her, but yours, for she has many trials in store, and you, lady, may receive a confi-

dence which she would reluctantly impart to any one else, for she is familiar with your name, the only one in this polluted court that I have from her childhood, held up to her as a model. From the ruder shocks of the times I can myself shield her, but she may have sorrows in which my aid would avail nothing. May I presume to crave so great a service from you?"

The princess was about to reply when a shout from the toiling city below, sudden and crashing, but prolonged and universal, startled them ; they gazed anxiously towards the spot most densely thronged, to ascertain its cause. It was getting dusk, and the movement of the crowds was becoming confused, but at that moment the whole space below appeared to have started into one general blaze ; torches innumerable flashed against every building, bringing into startling relief the wild groups of agitated mul-

titudes, and the melancholy shells of ruined palaces.

The long street of the Toledo was marked out by a stream of dense smoke, broken here and there by the glare of simultaneous conflagrations. The royal palace stood aloof from these fires, majestic and gloomy, but farther away, where the aristocratic Chiaja spread out its series of noble mansions, the fires were already commencing. Many of the buildings written down on Massaniello's fatal list were situated in that street, and thither the principal rage for destruction now appeared to have directed itself.

A sudden consciousness flashed painfully over the mind of the young Caraffa. His uncle's palace was one of that princely range, and although his family was judged to stand favourably in popular esteem, though he knew, more intimately than he cared to reveal, powerful reasons why the

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mansion of his uncle might well be considered safe from attack, he remembered that his cousin was within its walls, and that should it escape intentional conflagration, the most trifling rising of the breeze might waft over its roof, from the buildings blazing about it sufficient material to involve it in their fate.

Nearly at the same moment that this fearful possibility occurred to him, there started up heavenwards first a dense volume of smoke, and then a broad sheet of flame, which ascended far above the topmost tower of the very building on which his gaze was fixed, then sunk as suddenly, and when it next broke forth, came in gushes horizontally, from windows and terraces, filling the air with brilliance. Shouts which reached even to the remote spot on which he stood welcomed each burst of the raging element, and sufficiently proved that it was no result of accident that caused this new conflagration.



The check of Giulio Caraffa might at that moment have revealed all that had been mysterious in his mood during his interview, he became suddenly pale, and his limbs trembled. Losing all memory of the scene below, the Princess d' Arcos rose and extended her hand unconsciously to offer him support, but he shrunk from her, and said almost in a whisper,

“The intriguer is caught in his own snare, that flame is too surely bursting from the Palace of Bisignano !”

Without a word of farewell the young Caraffa sprung away from the terrace, and within very few minutes he had darted over the drawbridge of the fortress, which had been lowered by order to let him pass, and plunged into one of the narrow streets leading from the Largo di Castello to the street of the Toledo.

## CHAPTER IX.

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THE scene to which Giulio Caraffa was hurrying was one of a truly appalling character, terrible to the very crowd who had caused it, and were exulting over its progress. How much more awful to the young and timid female whom we have described as residing within the walls of that palace! When the first noise of the thundering at the portals of the building had caused her father to rush so abruptly from her, Eleonora sunk back into the contemplation of her own sorrows, little heedful for some

time of the uproar without. The very few hours that she had spent beneath that roof had familiarised her with alarms similar though less near, and in the vague knowledge she had of the popular movement, she could form no idea of any impending personal mischief.

Her father did not return ; the uproar increased both within and without the precincts of the palace ; shout followed shout with increasing frequency and fury ; the very building trembled with the violence of the assault against its doors ; and then she began to weary of her solitude, to form a more correct idea of the true character of the proceedings. She quitted the house, hurried forth into the terrace which overhung the street, and then every single exclamation of the enraged mob without, and the fierce reply of the defenders within the court, reached her. The voice of her father, terrible to her at all times, now rose angrily

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above the tumult, demanding to know wherefore a peaceful residence was thus assaulted ; the only reply of the assailants that reached her was not directed to him, but to each other in encouragement to fresh exertions.

"Take warning, you unruly rabblement," thundered the exalted tones of the Prince of Bisignano, "if you retire not, my followers shall fire their arquebuses amongst you."

"The door quivers," exclaimed a voice distinct above the tumult, "one more such charge and the panels must be dashed to pieces."

That voice spoke truly, the solid portals cracked, and split, and groaned upon their hinges. It was only astonishing that they had been able to resist so long ; for the mode of attack was by a ponderous beam, the spoil of some ruined palace, which was born by a score of athletic assailants who retreated some yards backwards after each

charge, returned with a quick pace, and brought the extremity of this tremendous weapon against the frame work. After the last threat, and the insulting defiance that answered it, the rioters had fallen back to renew their attack, when suddenly the sharp report of musketry rung loudly above the tumult; the beam was thrown forward by the impulse it had received, but of those that bore it more than half the number dropped instantly to the earth.

The groans of their last moments were drowned in the general scream of rage and execration which followed; the beam was not again taken up, but a voice was heard to cry out "Forward with the torches!" Passage was made through the crowds, and the lights came leaping to their glad office: but not for this did the haughty spirit of the Prince of Bisignano waver; volley followed volley of deadly musketry, and Eleonora heard his voice calmly and sternly

filling up the pauses that ensued between shout and musket-shot.

A strong smell of burning, a volume of smoke, and then the reflection of flames that burst from the lower story of the building, too truly revealed to this unfortunate girl the fate that menaced her. No further attempt was made upon the gates of the palace, but the multitude drew back from the immediate vicinity of the now burning pile, and waited and watched with augmenting triumph the progress of the fire. The unflammable material of which that vast structure was built, made it long before the flames could make any impression on the upper stories. Vast jets of crimson light were from time to time spouted up above the terrace, and darted over its parapets in forked tongues, as if yearning for the destruction of the pale and trembling being who had sought refuge there.

Eleonora had more than once turned into

the house, and rushed through its empty chambers; she screamed, but her voice was lost in the universal uproar. The heat and the smoke within the house became stifling and insupportable, and not venturing to seek the lower apartments of the building, she rushed again out upon the terrace, which she had scarcely reached, when a noise like thunder, and a shock that was felt through the whole palace, gave tidings of the fall of the ponderous portals which had till then withstood all assaults. Unconscious of the extent to which the fire had spread, she expected that a general rush of the populace would have followed, but instead of this the interior of the palace seemed to become more tranquil.

In fact the void left by the fall of the portals had produced a change too sudden and fearful in the appearance of the building to encourage any one to approach it. The air rushed through the opening, and



the flames were forcibly driven inward into the very heart of the palace: the wings which joined each end of the terrace were already in flames; and every chance of escape, for those who might have lingered within, seemed now cut off.

The fire hissed greedily beneath, around, and above her: bewildered and helpless, Eleonora remained fixed in hopeless inaction. More than once it seemed to her that she heard her father's voice calling her by name, but with her the time for exertion was past, she sunk upon her knees, and all intelligence was rapidly leaving her, when suddenly, bounding through the very flames, every step planted upon bending and half burned beams, there sprung on to the terrace and to her side the figure of a man masked, and habited in the black garb worn by the confraternity of the Misericordia, a common disguise amongst the leaders of the populace. The tones in



which he uttered her name brought back a quick perception of her situation, while it enabled her to recognise the person who had ventured thus desperately to her rescue. She sprung up, and in an agony of mingled joy and terror, threw her arms about his neck.

"Dear Giulio," she exclaimed, "you have thrown away your life, may God reward you, for your escape hence is hopeless."

"Fly, Eleonora, fly," he exclaimed hurriedly, "the stairs rocked as I ascended them, if they fall our death is inevitable."

Scarcely had he uttered the words when with a crash that seemed to bring down half the building with it, down thundered the vast stone staircase. The palace trembled from its roof to its foundation, the terrace upon which they stood was split from end to end, the parapet crumbled away in ruins, and fell in a shower of fragments into the street. Then, for the first

time, did this poor girl behold the grim array of the populace, frantic with excitement. Giulio Caraffa, forgetful of the doom which his own lips only a moment before had pronounced inevitable, staggered back for an instant, and then recovering his presence of mind, rushed with a sudden impulse to the edge of the terrace and waved his hand towards the crowd. The din was hushed for an instant, and every creature below gazed upward with awe and wonder. He rent off the coarse linen garb that had served as his disguise, and with the rapidity of thought, tore it into shreds, knotted the ends, and then sprung to the side of his trembling cousin.

"Eleonora," he said, "let life be dear to you for my sake, take courage; you may yet escape."

He fastened the end of his fragile cord to her dress, and even in that moment threw his arms about her and kissed her cheek, he

then swung her over the edge of the wall. Passing through smoke and flame in her descent, she was within eight feet of the ground, when the cord that sustained her had reached its extreme length, and he who held it paused for a moment doubtful what to do, for if he dropped it, his own hope of a descent by similar means was gone. A fresh gust of flame decided him ; he let go the cord ; Eleonora fell unharmed to the pavement ; and before she recovered her footing a heavy body dropped to the earth beside her. The fire completed its joyous ministry ; crash after crash followed ; the terrace, from which Giulio Caraffa had the instant before flung himself as the last chance of escape, fell inward ; and the palace of the Prince of Bisignano was a heap of ruins !

This singular feat of bravery, performed before the eyes of the populace enlisted every sympathy of their rude natures in admiration and pity ; and the crowd rushed

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about them, uncertain whether one or both could have survived this hazardous experiment. Bewildered, and scarcely conscious of any thing that passed before her eyes, the lady was carried somewhat apart from the throng, water was thrown upon her temples, and when her intellect had partially returned, she perceived, bending over her, the same dark garb that had stood by her on the burning terrace.

"Hush," said a voice in the lowest whisper, "be silent and follow quickly."

Eleonora trembled for a moment from head to foot, and then springing up to obey the summons, hastened after the disguised figure as he pushed his way through the crowd.

"The palace of the Prince of Satriano is the next," he exclaimed loudly: the populace broke away, and Eleonora found a passage open readily before her.

To her surprise the masked figure made

his way directly towards the viceroy's gardens ; he paused for a moment to see that she was near him, and then taking a key from his vest, opened a gate, and when she had entered, closed and locked it after her. Taking her hand he conducted her straight across the garden to a small flight of steps leading down to the water's edge, and Eleonora there perceived an empty boat, into which her guide stepped, and placed her on a seat by his side.

" Giulio, Giulio," she exclaimed. But her companion started, placed his finger to his lips, and then suddenly pushing the light boat from the shore, he directed its first flight not above two hundred yards out to sea, and then turned it swiftly in the direction of the Mergellina. Flames still threw up their lofty columns along the land, but the shouts reached them more distantly and faintly, and as the boat sped onward, the whole city, with its terrors and its confusion,

was left behind them. As they shot past the Pie di Grotto her guide raised his oars, and paused for a moment to listen, the boat followed its impulse, and the calm rippling of the waters that it displaced was all that sounded near them.

He again resumed his course, and after creeping along about a mile, within a stone's throw of the coast, came suddenly in sight of a light that seemed to burn upon the water's edge. There was light enough in the heavens to show to Eleonora that the building to which she was approaching was a mere ruin. A series of low arches or cavernous chambers half filled with rubbish, stairs suspended by the accidental direction of their fall, the dim entries of passages piercing apparently into the very bowels of the earth, offered their gloomy features in welcome, seemingly more appropriate to the dead than to the living. The starlight gleamed over the mass of dilapidation, and

Elconora watched the boat shooting under its arches without a fear, for it was a relief to her, under any terms, to know herself thus remote from the scenes then acting within the city.

In the mean time the light vessel grated against the walls, her guide secured it by passing a cord through a ring fastened in the masonry, and pointing to a narrow and steep flight of steps cut in the rock, invited her to land. Eleonora obeyed without hesitation, and after ascending a few steps found herself on a small open space, cumbered with various fishing implements, beyond which she saw the door of a cottage.

Uncertain of her fate, yet all confident in her guide, had he even pointed to her a path through the deep waters of the sea below, Eleonora pushed open the door of the building and entered: a light burned upon a table before her, but no step moved to meet her: she and her guide appeared to



be the only living creatures within the cottage.

"And now, dear Giulio," she exclaimed, "throw aside that disguise, that I may embrace and bless you."

A pause of some seconds ensued, during which the individual she addressed appeared embarrassed and in doubt.

"Giulio!" she again exclaimed impatiently.

The figure before her started, and in a voice whose tones, though subdued and tremulous, thrilled through her senses, as if the dead had spoken, replied,

"I am not your cousin, lady, I am not the Prince Giulio Caraffa, though not less interested in your safety than he is, and one who is far more effectual to save you."

So saying he threw aside his disguise, and displayed the flushed and agitated features of Marco Vitale. Scared and confused by the suddenness of her amazement,



Eleonora staggered backwards without the power to reply. She was pale and her limbs trembled, yet was there a sudden and soft radiance in her glance when she ventured to raise her eyes to his agitated features; but the expression of those features was of a character so novel to her that her gaze fell abashed to the earth. Vitale sank down upon his knee before her.

"Lady," he said, in tones of deep feeling, "fear nothing from me, for as God is my witness, I would do thee no violence, nor would I by word or deed do aught that should make thee blush at feeling thyself alone with me in this solitary cottage. I have risked my life this day to save you, and I chose this spot for your retreat, because it is remote from the horrors that are raging throughout Naples."

The tones of his voice, like the power of an incantation, kept the senses of his listener suspended; when they ceased she

raised her eyes to his countenance, and her glance seemed to kindle with a portion of the fire that beamed so brilliantly from his.

"Do I still dream?" she replied faintly, "was it you or my cousin Giulio who saved me from the flames and ruin of my father's house?"

The long lashes drooped for a moment over the fiery orbs of Vitale; he hesitated to reply, and his cheek was pale, as he at last answered, "It was the Prince Giulio Caraffa who thus nobly, thus heroically defied the raging of the flames, the falling of those formidable walls, the menaces of a furious people; his haughty spirit is formed to trample, not less upon dangers, than on the neck of his fellow-mortals."

Eleonora listened to this extorted tribute to the daring of her cousin with her hands clasped, her eyes beaming with triumph; but when the voice of the speaker ceased, she covered her face with her hands,

and her tears flowed without restraint. "He is truly," she replied at length, "a glorious, but a fearful being. Does he know of my flight hither? I thought," she added, and her words hesitated as she spoke, "I thought that some coolness existed between you and him."

A light was slowly breaking over the mind of Vitale. No one could read more readily than he did, the many sources of embarrassment which make the cheek pale and the voice tremulous, and his heart bounded with the conviction which was forcing itself upon him.

"He would have gibbeted my limbs like those of a common malefactor," he replied, "had your noble father permitted it. I am little likely to choose Giulio Caraffa as a confidant. But he is safe and unscathed. It would have been to me a far easier task to have this day meted out to him the doom he had intended for me, than to bring you hither."

"I am grateful to our Lady," replied

Eleonora, "that Giulio is safe, for I would rather have sunk beneath that burning building than have his blood on my hands. But to you," she added tremulously, "how can I prove my deep and earnest thankfulness?"

"By believing, lady," replied Vitale, warmly, "that one of a lowly station, one little better than a slave in the world's esteem, is yet of the same flesh and blood as these proud and contemptuous men; that he can feel as keenly, act as daringly, and love as devotedly." He raised his flashing eyes to the cheek of Eleonora as he spoke, and remarked that that cheek each moment varied its colour. It had been crimson, and her eye had sparkled; it now became pale, and her glance downcast. Vitale felt that his words had moved her, and he ventured to seek the solution of many years of a wild and presumptuous passion. He stepped nearer to her side, and though every limb

trembled, though his blood had become so iced and tremulous as scarcely to retain sensation, he took her hand and was about to raise it to his lips, when he saw that she shrunk from him.

“Listen to me, Eleonora,” he said in tones as gentle as it is given to the human voice to utter, “I seek not to persecute you ; listen to me before you despise me, as others of your race have done. I have shared the same roof with you for years ; I saw your slight form as it day by day grew into beauty ; I heard your voice musical and gentle, making the prison of a gloomy fortress happy ; I have seen tears spring upon your cheek when an angry look has cast its cloud over any one around you ; I have seen your power over hearts cased in arrogance as in adamant ; and oh ! oftentimes when the despised scribbler has been sneered at or distrusted, I have heard your sweet voice plead for me ; I have heard you warn

those whose station privileged them to scorn me, to be slow in judging evil of one who was friendless and helpless, for that distrust was wounding, and turned innocence to guile, as effectually as it withered up intellect and energy. I have seen you weep over the rebuke which this gentle mediation has brought upon you, and for this have I endured for years a slavery of mind and body. I have been silent when my heart was bursting; I gave up for years the energies of a proud spirit for the wages of a slave, that I might, on any terms, dwell under the same roof that you did; that I might feed my eyes on your gentle form, even by glimpses and at long intervals; that my bruised spirit might dream away its hope and its aspirings near you. I have endured all this with patience, I have lived, suffered, schemed that I might love you; that some moment like this might

be given to me. Answer me in pity, Eleonora, for all this shall I be cast from you?"

Eleonora remained for some seconds mute and passive, her hand was raised to his lips, and then her eyes, tearful yet elate, were raised to reply for her. His emotions were no longer within his control, and he pressed her unresisting form to his bosom. And then was poured out the treasured passion of past years, the doubt, the watching, the jealousy, the madness; and he was listened to with tears, yet with a bounding heart that might also have made its own revelation; she could have whispered of feelings that had crimsoned her cheek, that had peopled her dreams, sent her into solitude, and made happy many a starlight vigil beneath the tower that he inhabited.

Hours fled away, and were uncounted by the dreamers in the sweet delirium of an acknowledged passion. Vitale led her out into the starlight; they leaned together

against the lower parapet which overhung the waves, and then for the first time there came a momentary shadow over the cheek of Eleonora, for she remembered how nearly similar, in external circumstance, had been her last interview with her cousin at the Capo d' Orso. Scarcely twenty-four hours had passed since then, and his image came so vividly before her, that a shudder passed through her frame, and she clung to the arm of Vitale for protection. To him, far more than to her, did this sudden and joyous scene appear rather a bright dream than a possible occurrence. That a creature so beautiful, so elevated above all hope, above his most presumptuous aspiring, should have loved him long and secretly, that he should have carried off such a prize from one whom, whilst he hated him with the most deadly hate, he considered raised above him in all things,



in station, in beauty of person, and in abilities, seemed to him utterly beyond credibility.

“Beloved one,” he said, “you have rescued a proud spirit from its ruin; you have made generous and gentle a heart that was about to purchase vengeance at any cost; and the avowal of this night shall lead me to a career of glory. I will strive to be not less worthy of thee than he would have been. I will watch over his safety for thy sake. Think you that the haughty spirit of Giulio Caraffa would have considered you as aught else than a toy for his capricious intervals of condescension? a trembling and passive slave, during his moody dreams of tyranny and insatiate quest of power?”

“Speak not his name thus loudly, dear Marco,” she replied, “for in his gentlest moods he is terrible, I know well the power

of his glance, of his deep tones when he is angered. I would rather sleep beneath these waves, than meet his countenance again."

The proud spirit of Vitale rebelled against the sway which the mere name of her cousin possessed over her, but he suppressed the reply that had risen to his lips "Wend we in, beloved," he said, "for it is growing late, and I must, for a brief while, leave you. This poor cottage must be your prison ; it offers little more than calm and safety."

This first parting came bitterly and too suddenly upon a heart still beating with its recent avowal. Light was in the heavens before Vitale loosened his boat from the rock, and pushed out on his return towards Naples. The white dress of Eleonora was visible as long as the space between them would allow him to distinguish anything.

She then turned to hide a blushing cheek, and a brow radiant and burning, in the retirement of the cottage.

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## CHAPTER X.

THE fearless conduct of the disguised individual who had ventured so opportunely to rescue a beautiful female from an appalling death, had for some moments enlisted the sympathies of the mob in his fate, and diverted their attention from the object of their attack. But the flames still rushed on to their conquest, and the handful of retainers who were cooped up within the blazing building, seemed resolved to perish in unyielding defiance.

When the portals of the palace of the

Prince of Bisignano were splitting with the flame, that noble had given order to pour another and a last volley of musketry amongst the crowd. He himself looked out eagerly to watch its effect; and when he saw numbers of the assailants cut down in the midst of their frantic gestures, he smiled contentedly, and then turned to his retainers and bade them follow him.

“The gates will fall in a few seconds,” he said, “and it were small wisdom to leave our bones beneath them.”

A place of meeting was whispered to one amongst them, and the rest were bid to seek each man his safety till times were quieter. He then led them through the back premises of the building, saw them fairly out into a narrow street which was empty, and himself plunged again into the courts of the flaming palace. Like one familiar with the pathway through the fiery element, the Prince of Bisignano trod the

area before him swiftly yet fearlessly. The principal staircase which led to his daughter's apartments was still standing, and whilst meditating whether to venture their ascent, a masked figure rushed past him, and sprung rapidly upwards. The solid stone rocked beneath the tread of that reckless venturer, and the Prince of Bisignano calculating calmly even in that terrible moment that his own additional weight must infallibly bring down the whole mass in ruins, but that the slight form of his daughter might yet pass over them, sent his voice loudly through the building, and called again and again to his child to come down, or her retreat would be cut off. No voice answered, but the fire roared around him, the smoke blinded him as it was whirled about in circling masses, now driven upwards as the currents of air rushed from the courts below, and now

ascending in gusts from some falling flooring in the smaller chambers above.

Though scorched by the flames, and nearly stifled by the smoke, he was not to be driven from the spot on which he waited to learn his daughter's fate. Each instant made her position more desperate. He had placed his foot on the first step, and was meditating the mad hazard of their ascent, when the whole mass shrunk suddenly, split and then thundered downwards. Amid a shower of blazing ruins, he was thrown to the earth, and before he could gain his feet, the vast terrace which connected the ends of the building, also fell in fragments. Yet of all this fearful ruin no stone injured him.

Bounding from the heaped rubbish, he passed again through the courts, and in a few minutes was in the open streets, and clear of the burning mass, when he paused, wiped the moisture from his blackened

brow, and turned with a quick step to fly, though apparently without any direct object; for after advancing a few paces, he suddenly stopped, gazed about him to recognise the part of the city he was in, and then turned in an opposite direction.

It is little to be wondered at that the scenes of the night had thrown the wary spirit of the fugitive off its habitual guard, and made him forget the peril of walking at such an hour through the open city. He continued his flight through the principal streets in the direction of the Castel Nuovo, regardless of the crowds that were abroad, and of the wild howling that followed him, until, at the corner of the Toledo, he came rudely in contact with a small knot of frantic rioters. They occupied the pathway that he would have chosen, and when he was abruptly throwing them aside, the insolence of a triumphant mob broke out in cries that speedily recalled his attention to



his position. He was surrounded, rude hands were laid upon his dress, and though a quick effort sufficed for his instant liberation, it showed the necessity of a prompt attempt for his safety.

“It is the Prince of Bisignano,” said a voice, “seize him, he is the people’s enemy!”

Caraffa dashed his way through them, and in the darkness was enabled to gain the main street of Toledo, and plunge amidst the dense multitudes that were moving upwards and downwards in such clamour and confusion as to render the loudest cries inaudible. At this period men’s minds were turned rather to the exciting display of conflagrations, the assaulting of public buildings, and the ostentatious contempt of ancient authority, than to the cruel and sanguinary hunt after the heads of nobles. Hence the Prince of Bisignano was more easily enabled to secure his retreat through the crowds. The cry that would a day later

have directed thousands in pursuit, was soon lost in the more popular exultations over some burning palace, and the fugitive was unheeded.

The house towards which, after numberless windings through tortuous and dark streets, the Prince of Bisignano directed his steps, was a low, squalid, and crazy building, consisting of a single story raised above a deep cellar, which appeared to belong usually to a different tenant from the one who inhabited the house above, for it had a distinct entry, formed by a sort of trap-door projecting into the street, from which descended a narrow and steep flight of steps. This door was closed down, and the street itself was empty and silent. Turning the corner of the alley which opened into that in which the house was situated he had met, at intervals of forty or fifty yards, men loitering about, whom, despite their apparent indifference to his movements, he

instantly recognised as scouts. A brief signal of intelligence was exchanged between the parties, and he was allowed to pass.

On arriving at the tenement we have described, the whole of the upper part of the building was in utter darkness; a few rays of light forced their way dimly up from the splits in the boards which covered the mouth of the cellar, but were insufficient to attract the attention of the Carraffa, who directed his steps to the door of the building itself. Against this he threw himself with a violence which threatened to burst it from its fastenings. The sound passed harshly through the street, and was succeeded by a murmuring and ring of arms. Presently a fierce and stern command directed some one within to open; the trap-door was raised and flung back, a stream of light poured upward, and a man of a frame and statue well competent to defend its

aperture, sprung up into the street. The light streamed full upon the person and features of the Caraffa, and after a moment's scrutiny, the man uttered a peculiar signal within the cellar, and beckoned his visiter to approach.

"This way, Illustrissimo," he said; "you are ever welcome; you may enter, and I will keep watch without."

Without deigning a word of reply, the Prince of Bisignano pushed roughly past him, sprung down the stairs, and the door closed above his head. The cell into which he entered was black with damp, and the stains of smoke and filth accumulated from time out of memory; it was arched over head, and the wine-stains that soiled both walls and ceiling, manifested that in its day it had not been without its interludes of joviality, in the career of that human misery for which it would seem the most appropriate home. The single individual in that

cavern when Caraffa entered, was seated, and leaned with his elbow on a table, the lucerna or brass lamp by his side, pouring its unsteady and troubled radiance upon his features, as he raised them to receive his visitor.

Not less wide was the difference between the sunny slopes of Amalfi, and the tomb-like melancholy of this cavern, than between the Perrone, the haughty and dashing robber, who trod those hills as their monarch, and the Perrone who was now seated, in sullen solitude, within this retreat. Still arrayed in the dress of his own mountains, his gun rested against the wall within his reach, and he was equally prepared, now as ever, for scenes in which his life depended on his own arm; but the light of conscious power was dimmed within his sullen glance; the quick impulses which every muscle of his active and powerful frame so quickly obeyed, slumbered within

him ; he was sullen, desponding, and ill at heart.

The rage which had smouldered in the bosom of Caraffa, through all the trying scenes of that night, now broke from him in uncontrollable vehemence ; every feature was excited ; his eyes flashed, his lip quivered, every limb trembled, and for some moments he was incapable of utterance. The calm look of astonishment with which the robber regarded him added to his passion. He stamped his foot upon the ground, and struck his clenched fist upon the table till it shook under the robber's elbow. Roused by this vehemence, Perrone raised himself from his seat, and drew a step nearer to his arquebuse. The intent of this movement was unnoticed by Caraffa, who continued to gaze upon him with a look which indicated a temporary insanity.

“ What means this ? ” he at last exclaimed fiercely. “ Traitor and felon ! what means all

this? Are you playing double between me and this rascally rabblement?"

Perrone gazed calmly on his excited countenance; a moment's a flush had come over his own cheek, a fierce light into his glance; but both had quickly passed away, leaving but a deeper shade of despondency and a paler hue in their place. The mood of Caraffa sympathized little with the robber's depression, nor did he pause to weigh the chances of a patient submission to his furious vituperation.

"False and accursed traitor!" he exclaimed again, but in tones more subdued and ominous, "have you no lie ready, no syllable of excuse? Has my palace been burned to the earth without your knowledge? Has your howling mob chased me hither without instructions? Do you take Tiberio Caraffa for some beggarly broker, some whining merchant, for safe game for you and your handful of cut-throats? Speak,

fellow, or you shall go to the grave with the lie stifled in your throat!"

The lip of Perrone quivered, and once during this fierce invective, he deliberately took a pistol from his belt; when the voice of Caraffa ceased, he as calmly replaced it.

"These are hard words, my lord," he replied, "and addressed to one on whom you must well know they are bestowed idly. There have been times, and I have even now moments, in which prince or peasant would repent using such language to Domenico Perrone. But because you have been tried sternly I will do for compassion what I would not do for menace. I will answer your angry questioning with truth, and calmly. All this means, my lord, that Domenico Perrone has been used, and tossed aside; friends have conspired against me, and their chief agent has found a fitter tool in the mad fisherman."

"You knave!" replied Caraffa, scornfully. "Say that you are turned coward, and fear



the shouts of the herd whose torches threaten to lay the whole city in ashes, and your language will be at least intelligible."

"Were I to say so, my lord," exclaimed the robber, calmly, "I should belie myself, and utter a wilful and incredible falsehood, as you do when you address such words to me. Nay, storm not at me, my lord," he continued; "if you have come hither to gage your life against mine you shall see how far I am a coward; but if you seek to learn the agency that has defeated plans that were laid with sufficient skill, and intrusted to hands that have sufficient energy, you have done well to direct your quest hither."

Caraffa's lip curled scornfully, but he did not take his glance from the calm and resolute brow of the speaker, nor did he interrupt him.

"As far as the attack upon your palace was concerned, I heard it read out in the market-place from a list furnished by Marco Vitale. I urged him, and afterwards Mas-

saniello, with no measured language, to remove it. Vitale curled his lip coldly as he heard me. Massaniello, in his boyish insolence, bade me be silent and beware! There were a hundred thousand listeners, and above all there was the withering and snake-like eye of Genuino fixed upon me. My hand was upon my dagger, but (believe it or believe not, my lord) my sinews were withered, my very spirit felt blighted as I had felt it twice before."

"Ay, the Malocchio again!" exclaimed Caraffa, in a laugh of fierce derision.

"Ay, the Malocchio, the evil eye," replied the robber, mournfully; "if it has no power over you, gives me the spell that secures your freedom, and I will bring you that old man's head before sunrise. But I tell you that it is no subject for mockery. Never yet have I felt its glare upon me, but the demon's curse has followed me. It has withered the strength of my limbs, it has foiled every scheme however secret, it has

pursued me with misfortunes, it has rendered me, as you now see me, broken in hope and spirit."

"And it has raised up the heart of a half-idiot fisherman above the leader of seven hundred bandits," replied Caraffa, jeeringly. "A truce to such dreaming! I tell you that there is a demon in my bosom that shall trample this old man and his silly tool into powder. They shall die; they shall die before dawn to-morrow! and there are others of a far different rank and blood that must die with them."

"Were he dead," replied the robber, and his eyes again assumed their customary glare, "I would undertake, on my salvation, to work out the matter as we agreed; but understand me, my lord—if you count on me to slay them I answer distinctly that I will not raise my hand against Giulio Genuino! choose another to despatch him, and the rest, be they who they may, I will undertake to deal with!"

"And to tell me when your heart fails you, or your blow miscarries, that the eye of that old father of all villanies was upon you?" replied the prince. "By my soul! I know not how further to trust you. Idiocy has come over every living creature within this city."

"Speak your wishes without further mockery, my lord," replied the robber; "there are men whom I have already marked out for speedy reckoning, and whether your list be added to mine or not, it will signify little. Whose blood do you covet?"

The question was a plain one, and was asked frankly; its very abruptness startled the unscrupulous Caraffa, who cast his glance to the earth, and remained for some moments silent. Perrone could plainly see that the crime on his heart was of a nature too deadly to be readily avowed.

"Who headed the mob against my palace?" asked the prince, musingly.

“I have understood perfectly, my lord,” he said, “and you shall be well served. Scenes will follow that will soon blot out from men’s memories so small a matter as a little bloodshed in a church. If you have nought else for my hearing at this moment, I will pray you to leave me, for the night’s work will crave some small preparation.”

The Prince of Bisignano smiled at the singular coolness with which his agent dismissed him, but without further hesitation rose, mounted the stairs, stepped out into the street, and quickened his steps towards the fortress of the Castel Nuovo. When again in solitude Perrone sunk into the seat which he had formerly occupied, and gave himself up to deep thought; he bent his head into the palms of his hands, and was long silent. After a while his heavy breathing, and the occasional tremour of his limbs, betrayed how violent was the agitation that his spirit wrestled with: he groaned deeply and then murmured,

“ I have loved the boy through his whole life, I played with him in childhood, I have shared sports and toils with him in manhood, I have owed my life to him, and must I now slay him? Fiend as Caraffa is, calmly dooming his own flesh and blood to the assassin—even he did not name him. Alas! Maso! thou hast done unwisely in thus thrusting an old friend from thee! But he too has fallen under the spell of that accursed one; our destinies have crossed; he distrusts and suspects me; it is plain that his blood or mine must flow!”

## CHAPTER XI.

A second day of Massaniello's revolution was drawing to its close. From the first moment that the authority of the laws had been thrown off, a continued tumult agitated the entire city; the whole population streamed continuously hither and thither through its streets, the voices of multitudes were never for a moment hushed; no pause betokened an interval in the delirium of the public fever. If men lay down to rest it was by groups of tens and twenties in the open air, on the steps of palaces and

churches, ready to start up when any fresh trampling of throngs passed near them, or any sudden burst of clamour broke over them.

If there was a partial lull at any period which betokened exhaustion, it was during the blazing hours when a July sun shot its noon splendours amongst them; but even then there floated above the topmost eminences of the city a confused murmur which showed how troubled was such rest. And so it was destined to be for months.

In the mean time something like an intelligible and practical system was developing itself amongst the movers of this seeming chaos. There was speedily found to be occupation and responsibility enough to be shared amongst those who had hitherto aspired to the first authority in the new order of things. Before sunset the self-appointed rulers had distributed the offices of the state amongst them, and steps were



taken to inform the people that there were still to be laws, and that they were to obey them.

Towards dusk workmen were seen busily employed in erecting in the front of the wretched hovel of Massaniello, in the market-place of the Carmine, a structure which, as it advanced, sufficiently explained its purpose. An area of some thirty or forty yards was marked out with a railing of woodwork, consisting of stakes about ten feet high, sharpened to a point at the top, and bound together by beams which secured from intrusion the space within. For what purposes these stakes were intended the reader will too shortly learn.

The centre of this space was occupied by a platform, the summit of which was brought to a level with the upper story of the house against which it immediately rested, and was about thirty feet above the ground. Around this platform there pro-

jected a ledge or gallery, sufficiently wide to admit seats for about twenty people, and separated from the platform by a balustrade which was continued down the rude stairs which served as its approach from the market-place. At this fabric workmen had been employed since midday, and by dusk it was ready for the startling use to which it was to be applied.

The first novelty connected with it was the placing against three sides of its outer fence the first edicts issued by the new leaders of the people. It was instantly remarked that there were but three signatures to these notices. The first informed his dearly beloved people, that Massaniello accepted the trust of captain-general of the people, and would keep his faith to them till death, and that he had named as his counsellor, the people's friend, the Padre Giulio Genuino. The signature attached to this document was a rude cross, and below

it was signed “Marco Vitale, secretary to Massaniello of Amalfi, captain-general of the people.”

The second edict, which, like all that followed it, had the signature of Genuino in addition to those above mentioned, announced the abolition of all taxes, and fixed the price of bread. A third contained a long list of the enemies of the people, whose houses and effects were doomed to the flames. It concluded with a warning to the people, like that given by Samuel to Saul, to go and utterly destroy all that they had, and spare them not; and the penalty of transgression was not less terrible.—death to any one who should lay hand upon money, jewels, or furniture, or property of any kind destined for the flames.

Genuino throughout this day had been busily occupied in the endeavour to simplify the machinery by which the operations of

traffic and public order were to be conducted. At the desire of Massaniello he had transferred his habitation to the cavern or cellar underneath the house where he resided, and which was in all respects similar to the lurking-place occupied by Perrone. When once this wily counsellor found with what amazing rapidity his views were effected, through every corner of the city, by the youth whose apparent apathy had the night previously overwhelmed him with a sense of misgiving in the great enterprise in which he was compromised, a complete change had come over his aspect and his energies; his keen eye flashed, his lofty forehead was imperative, his utterance clear and decisive, and his general presence instilled awe into all who approached him. From that wretched cell, surrounded by men who questioned nothing, but who sprung to instant obedience, he scattered his mandates through the remotest corners of

Naples, for the destruction of the palaces he had marked out, in communication with Massaniello ; he had emissaries every where, even in the ante-rooms of the Duke d' Arcos.

But though thus apparently the master spirit in the direction of this universal tempest, that old and practised intriguer felt that there was one whose personal energies and popularity raised him above him, and for whose elevation he was thus toiling. He knew also that the emergency had kindled in the spirit of the young fisherman talents and a genius equal to the times ; and the communications he hourly received through that day, from Massaniello, taught him to wonder and be wary.

Such were the reflections that late in the day caused him to give ready admission and secret audience to a masked figure, who solicited a moment's interview on matters demanding great secrecy. The person introduced to his presence was Giulio Caraffa.

His stay was brief; and when, his visiter left him, Genuino sent word to Massaniello that the true charter of Charles the Fifth was at last brought to light, and that it would be sent with an honourable deputation, headed by the Duke di Maddaloni, to be read aloud in the church of the Carmine, by the Cardinal of Naples.

To this communication Massaniello returned no answer, but soon after dusk appeared himself, unannounced, in the presence of Genuino. His associate rose from his seat and embraced him. The manner of Massaniello was much altered since they had last met. His mood was distant and haughty, and his voice raised when he spoke, so that it might be heard by those who crowded about the cellar. Genuino was a skilful searcher into the thoughts of those with whom he laboured. His keen eye, whose glance was so remarkable that thousands like Perrone believed it to have

a mysterious and fatal influence on the health and fortunes of those on whom its malign ray settled, was now fixed in anxious scrutiny upon the features of his youthful associate : but that frank and fearless countenance baffled his penetration.

The cheek of Massaniello was untinted by agitation, its clear olive was unclouded, his dark full eye was yet enabled to hide the deep secret that was within. It required a glance influenced by another feeling than that of suspicion, to read the mournful truth which was nevertheless already traced out upon his brow, in characters which a woman's eye read instantly. His mood was somewhat flurried, though every now and then thoughts cunningly suited to the changes working without poured fluently from his lips ; these were succeeded by a fiery outpouring of hate and rage against the nobles of Naples, which lasted till the foam stood upon his lip from

excitement and exhaustion. Every word he uttered was passed from mouth to mouth through the thousands who thronged the square, and when he ceased to speak, the air trembled with the universal shouts of "Long life to Massaniello!"

The sound of his name thus re-echoed from the old buildings around, seemed to give him new strength, new dignity. He would gesticulate strenuously, though oftentimes his parched lip refused further utterance to his words. A trifling circumstance afforded a momentary solution to what had perplexed Genuino. Struck by his manifest exhaustion, a bystander had offered him food. Massaniello thrust it from him and called for wine. It was offered, with the little ceremony suited to his and their previous habits, in a flask; Massaniello raised it to his lips, and continued to swallow long drafts without taking breath. He with-



drew the vessel from his mouth with reluctance, and then offered it to Genuino.

The old man looked up into his countenance, and the expression he encountered prevented him from refusing it. At that moment there was a stir at the entrance of the cellar, and leave was asked for Domenico Perrone to enter.

“Ay, ay, Domenico,” replied Massaniello, hurriedly, “come down; cold friends have been between us.”

The robber descended the steps and stood before them. His colour wavered as he encountered the glance of Genuino, but Massaniello failed to notice any difference from his customary address. He threw his arms about him, his embrace was returned warmly for an instant, and then the arms of Perrone dropped to his side.

“Cold friends have come between us, Domenico,” said Massaniello; “whispering

that thou wert jealous of thy old playmate because the people's choice has fallen upon him, and not on thee, to lead them. If I have believed this of thee may God forgive me! We have been old and true friends, and adversity has tried us, and never more than now did I need thy cool brain and bold heart to aid me. There is room in this city for thee and me. An hour hence the viceroy sends his nobles to meet the people's delegates; will you stand by my side whilst they give up to us the charter they have so long withheld from us?"

The brow of the robber was abashed, and his glance would fain have sought the earth, but it was arrested by the scrutinizing gaze of Genuino. "You have distrusted me, Maso," he said at last; "you have preferred friends of yesterday to the friend of your whole life; was this done wisely or kindly? There is but poor support in the heart that has been slighted and wounded.

It were better that I guard the square than that I go with you within the church."

The evil eye of Genuino was again raised glitteringly upon his face, and the robber sunk a pace backwards and was silent. Massaniello approached and offered him his hand in all frankness. "He who has spoken evil of thy faith and friendship to me," he said emphatically, "and he who has pretended that I gave credit to him, has lied. Will this appease thee, Domenico? Are we good and true friends again?"

Perrone started, with all the vehemence of his native clime, from an extreme of gloom to gladness. "I will be true to thee, O Massaniello!" he exclaimed with an oath; "I will ward off danger from thee with my own bosom, and he who plots against thy life shall die by my hand! If I keep not this oath with thee may the people tear me limb from limb, and may demons have my spirit, as a traitor and a slayer of my brother!"

At this moment a loud and sudden outcry was heard in the square above their heads, and a confusion of voices in which Perrone, to his horror, recognised that of one of his own band, partly in entreaty and partly in anger with a determined populace.

“Drag him along, drag him along! it is Massaniello’s orders! see to the edict!” clamoured a thousand voices.

“Spare me!” cried the robber,—“I am one of seven hundred true friends to the people; Domenico Perrone is Massaniello’s friend.”

The purport of this sudden violence reached the ears of Massaniello, for every cry rung through the chamber towards which the populace was hurrying. The effect upon the brow of the young fisherman was instantly to dispel the gentleness which had so marked his manner towards Perrone a minute previously; his glance resumed the wildness, his lip the decision, that had made even the heart of Genuino quail;

as he sprung up the steps and stood at the mouth of the cavern. He raised his hand—an instant silence fell over the whole multitude, and he found himself immediately facing a captive, habited in the garb of the robbers. His dress was much rent by struggles with a rough mob, and his face, though pale with terror, was not devoid of a sullen and dark purpose that brooded within him.

“What has this man done, my people?” inquired Massaniello.

“He has committed a theft in the palace of the Prince of Bisignano,” replied the multitude, in distinct and uniform response.

“Then away with him! he dies,” replied the youth, “he has had fair and timely warning; Massaniello has sworn before God to do justice, and he now swears it again openly before you all.”

His voice ceased, and as a dead stillness pervaded the multitude, there rose up from

the culprit a piteous and tremulous prayer for mercy ; but Massaniello stamped his foot upon the earth, exclaiming loudly and fiercely,

“Hence, robber! such men bring shame upon the people’s cause. Torches, my people! to the block!”

The captive wrestled violently, disengaged himself from those who held him, and flung himself at the feet of his young judge. “Spare me, Massaniello,” he cried, “and I will tell thee of a scheme of treason ; Domenico Perrone—” he whispered, and the accents hissed through the chamber below, “has plotted with Tiberio Caraffa to murder thee!”

“Liar!” thundered the excited tones of Massaniello, “away! hence! thy soul is perjured!”

He raised up the forefinger of his right hand, and passed it horizontally through the air before him. A loud shout followed, the

robber was seized, swung from his feet, and pinioned by the muscular limbs of dozens of his captors ; a score of torches threw their glare into his face, and he was hurried to the base of the platform we have described as built in front of the hovel. No further ceremony attended the wretched man's exit from that troubled scene ; his head was struck from his body, and placed upon one of the tall stakes which formed the fence about that platform, and the trunk was cast amongst the mob. Such was the first bloody trophy of the power of Massaniello, and a solemn earnest of the manner in which it was his determination to use it.

When Massaniello descended again to join his associates he found both of them pale as death ; the glance of Genuino, terrible as it was to others, was cowed and bent earthward. The brow of Massaniello had again assumed an expression of dubious import, between abstraction and calm.

“An hour hence I will meet thee, Domenico,” he said: “till then, take thy rest here or elsewhere, as best pleases you. And you, father,” he said, addressing Genuino, “take good heed that the nobles out-wit us not.”

Thus saying, Massaniello quitted the chamber, and made his way to the uppermost story of the house. Genuino breathed deeply when the step of the young fisherman was no longer heard above them.

“These are sharp measures, Domenico,” he said in a tone so low as scarcely to reach the ear of the robber; “we have chosen a youth of good courage for our leader! It were well if you profited by the lesson he has just taught you, to root out the tongues of those of your men who belie you as that knave did, or mischief may follow it.”

“He lied,” replied Perrone, suddenly, “and has paid the forfeit.”

“Doubtless he lied,” answered Genuino,



“but if Tiberio Caraffa should fall into the hands of the people, think you not that the words of the knave may prejudice his highness?”

The cheek of Perrone grew again pallid, and his lip quivered. The glance of Genuino searched deeply into his very spirit, till no doubt remained on the subject of his suspicions. “Perrone,” he said solemnly, “we have toiled together, and I would not willingly see a sad fate overtake you so suddenly. Your secret is told—that traitor spoke the truth—and if you hesitate, your head will be the second to ornament the tribune of Massaniello. You must fly or——”

“Slay him,” added the robber desperately.

“Even so,” replied Genuino; “who shall stay his finger when uplifted? think you that your seven hundred, minus one, are a match for his two hundred thousand of this mad populace? You have brief time for

doubting. If this deputation of the nobles do homage to him as they will do, his foot will be as firmly planted upon their necks as upon ours, and thenceforward his rule will be absolute amongst us. You must learn to read a little deeper into the meaning of his words. He has assured you of one hour's mercy. Is not this as intelligible as if he had said fly or perish?"

"I will not fly to become a laughing-stock to the wide world—a fair mark for every coward's dagger!" exclaimed Perrone, fiercely.

"I urged not thy flight," replied Genuino; "thou hast a band that is brave and numerous, though not over trusty; thou hast a powerful friend in the Caraffa. I know not how far such means may place thine own destiny and that of this unsettled city in thine own hands."

"He has thrown us from him too soon," replied the robber; "the folly is on his

own head, and so be the consequences! Where is Vitale?"

"I know not," replied Genuino; "but he too must be looked after. I doubt not he will be in the church of the Carmine with the rest; if either quit that church to-night, no earthly power can save you; and be not surprised if my voice joins in the general cry that will clamour for your head."

"And may the block have it," answered the robber, fiercely, "if they do!"

Genuino without rising from where he sat, without any emotion of visible joy, held out his wrinkled hand, in token of fellowship in this accord of blood. Perrone felt his very heart shrink from this proffered touch, but as if in spite of himself, by an attraction that was irresistible, his arm elevated itself slowly, and he took the cold withered palm of Genuino into his hand. No further word passed between them, but Perrone turned and left the chamber.

## CHAPTER XII.

LONG and tearfully had the young wife of Massaniello watched for his return, on the day whose events we have nearly recited to their close. The secret source of the terror which oppressed her she scarcely dared to whisper, even to her own heart; yet there did it lie like a burning mystery, defying removal and solution. It was now dusk; she had listened throughout the day, to the jarring of saws and hammers, and had marked the erection of the tribune, whose platform was on a level with one of the two

chambers of which her poor habitation was composed ; she had watched the changing scenes of that tumultuous square, and her heart died away with the terror of her own troubled forebodings.

The sudden and appalling shout that had attended the execution of the robber had brought her to look out again upon the multitude, and she had witnessed that fearful scene to its conclusion. Sick at heart, yet holding all terrors as of little account compared with the single dread that lay coiled up like a sleeping snake within her bosom, she went again inward, to resume her anxious watching for the coming of her husband. His step so long listened for did at last sound upon the stairs ; she dried her eyes ; a forced smile lighted up her features, she threw herself upon his neck, and with accents of a strange joy, welcomed him.

Her embrace was returned wildly and passionately for some moments, when sud-

denly he drew backward as if some thought had stung him. His wife gazed up timidly to his face, and too well did her eye mark the ravages which only two brief days of excitement and fatigue had wrought in it. A deep black circle was round his eyes, but the orbs themselves had no longer the lightsome and gay sparkle that had hitherto defied fortune and her frowns. A wild unsettled radiance had succeeded it, which gave to his features an expression of doubt and vagueness; his cheeks were thinner; his limbs had a tremulous and starting movement; he gazed around the chamber, and when his glance fell again upon the cheek of his wife, into which the tears had struggled in spite of all her efforts to subdue them, it fell to the earth as if rebuked.

“What sought you, dearest?” she asked in tones of gentleness that well knew their way to his heart. “You are come, I trust,

after so many hours of unrest, to seek repose with your poor wife?"

"I sought food, gentle one," he answered, but it matters not. Have you wine?"

"I have neither, my husband," she replied sorrowfully; but I have loving arms to invite thee to rest, which has oftener in times past restored thee than food."

"Have they left thee here, poor girl, since daybreak, whilst thy husband toiled for them, without a crust to pass over thy lips?" he asked angrily.

His wife threw her arms about him and pressed her parched lips to his forehead; "wert thou with me, my husband," she said, "I would need no other sustenance; I have learned long abstinence; famine has lost its terrors for me, but thy absence kills me!"

Massaniello sunk back into a rude seat, and pressed his hands to his forehead. Pre-

sently his sobs filled the air about him, and his frame trembled with the excess of his grief. Pallid and immovable as a corpse did his young wife stand over and watch him, making no effort to interrupt this outburst of overwrought feelings; for, with the innate and tender knowledge of a woman's love, she felt that such tears would bring relief.

“Ursula!” he said at length, “this whole city shall be thine; thou shalt go out from these wretched walls, and nobles shall serve thee. Thy cheek is pinched and worn, beloved one; yet a little more patience and the trial shall pass over us. Have voices told thee that thy husband's life is in jeopardy? Believe them not! my people love me; all men love Massaniello: the hand would perish that was lifted against God's champion!”

“I fear not that any arm will be raised against thee, my husband; but, forgive me



if my words trouble you,—your health will break down with many more such days as this. For this night at least leave me not alone. No suffering could make my lips murmur, but this solitude peoples the very air about me with hideous phantoms.

“I will come back to thee at midnight, Ursula, for till then may last the solemn ceremony of the proclamation at God’s altar of the people’s liberty. There will be the Cardinal of Naples, the Duke di Maddaloni, and Genuino, and Perrone, and your husband: thus would men honour me! and they shall do homage to thee too, beloved one.”

“Oh, beware, my husband! listen to a woman’s counsel,” she replied. “There are still good men in this city, who may help thy inexperience with such learning as the times need; but why choose the two men thou hast named? Believe me they are not honest! far sooner would I seek counsel

of his Eminence, or of the noble Duke di Maddaloni! proud as they are, they would scorn treachery. But I speak foolishly," she added, for she marked the cloud gathering upon his brow—"you know all these things far better than I do. Go, if thou so willest it, I will pray on my knees for thy safe return! Hast thou the scapulary, dear one? It has saved you from many perils. May angels watch thee, my husband! at midnight thou wilt return? Two more hours of solitude and darkness! but I will not murmur, since it is thy will!" Drawing aside his rude vest to see that the image of the Virgin hung there, she received his last embrace, and he departed.

For some minutes she moved not from the spot in which he had left her; her eyes gazed fixedly against the void before her; the tears which, with an admirable self-command, she had controlled till now, burst forth freely, and she sobbed aloud. No pen

may describe the terrors of the dark thoughts, the darker forebodings that passed through her mind during the first moments of this fresh vigil. She shook away her tears, for she fancied they dimmed her vision, and gave the colouring of death to the frank bright countenance of her husband, which she seemed still to see upon the threshold of the chamber. It was a relief to feel assured that the space before her was a void; even then her eyes sunk to the floor as if in search for the traces of his feet. She shuddered as some darker fancy succeeded to those she had chased from her, and then threw herself on her knees to pray for his safety from the dangers which her excited imagination and affectionate forebodings had conjured up.

“I could have seen his frame shrinking,” she murmured, “health fading from his cheek, his beauty, and youth, and strength perishing, and I could have borne it! but

alas! his fine intellect is shaken. In a few more days he may not know me; he will gaze upon me as a stranger; the tones of my voice he will have forgotten. Oh, holy Mother! how shall I bear this? spare him, spare him! turn aside this affliction from him and me! Wicked men have got him within their snares, they have laid on him a burden beyond his strength. Like the best beloved of thy Son he is a simple fisherman, unused to the guiles of designing men; they have made the love that all men bear him a snare to his feet; they have persuaded him that he has the wisdom to rule a kingdom; that knowledge is given him to heal the wounds of a suffering people; and he sees not that his cheek grows thin and pale, that his limbs tremble, that his mind wanders in this fatal delusion. Oh, God, just but most terrible! spare him, for he has hitherto worshipped thee through his whole life, cheerfully and truly; spare

his reason, and let those who have misled him bear the weight of thy displeasure."

A sound like the rustling of heavy garments at her side startled her. She sprung to her feet and beheld the tall form, the evil countenance, of Perrone, the robber, standing with his arms folded, his head bowed down, and watching her. A dark suspicion of the motive of his coming flashed instantly through her mind, as she stepped forward and stood fearlessly before him; but he made no attempt to meet or to avoid her; her glance rested for a moment on the deadly weapons in his girdle, and then sought his sullen features in anxious scrutiny. His cheek was pallid, his lip tremulous, and his brow contracted as if with sudden suffering. "Whom seek you, Domenico?" she asked, in her customary gentleness of tone, "such visit is unusual, and your coming needs not such studied caution of step and movement."

Perrone lifted his eyes for a moment, and gazed intently into her cheek. A slight blush tinted it, but her glance shrunk not, nor did the slightest tremour of her frame betray any emotion of personal fear.

“I sought your husband, Ursula,” he replied; “the position he now holds as the people’s ruler must make his home open to us all!”

“He has but now left me,” she answered, “and is gone I know not whither. Is there aught in which I can serve you?”

Perrone was silent and embarrassed, and as that young creature, after a lengthened scrutiny of his features, laid her hand upon his arm, the rude frame of the robber trembled through every limb.

“Domenico!” she said in a low and unsteady voice, “you found me upon my knees. I was praying to my Maker to spare my husband’s reason through these awful scenes, to restore him to us as he used

to be. He loved thee, he has been thy friend when others strove to warn him against thee. I have heard men say, Beware of Domenico Perrone, for he is a traitor! and his answer has ever been, that if thy speech were hasty, thy heart was loyal. And now that danger is on all sides of him wilt thou not stretch out thy hand to save him?"

"Ursula," replied the robber, "thy husband may have told thee that I loved thee before he knew thee; he stepped in between us, and drove me an outcast upon the world. What can he have since done to shake the bondage in which my spirit has been bound to him through life? Though he deeply injured me, though he trampled out the only feeling that might have saved me, though there was more of pity than of affection in his heart for me, yet he alone of the whole race of my fellow-creatures loved me! thinkest thou he still does so?"

“He is changed, Domenico,” replied that poor creature, tearfully, “oh ! how changed within a few days ! He is changed to me, his wife ;—wonder not if his mood seems altered to others ! Surely he would again love thee were his mind at rest. But his bright intellect wavers, and if these troubles last, his heart must break, or his reason leave him. Crafty men are goading him to madness, for their own dark purposes ; men like Genuino and Vitale are calling out for blood.”

“His own heart thirsts for it, Ursula,” replied Perrone ; “before many days are past the market-place will become foul, like shambles, with human blood. He has this day made a beginning, and his victim has been chosen from amongst his friends. My head may fall next, and if his madness lasts, so too, Ursula, will yours.”

Ursula staggered at the ghastly apparition conjured up by this terrible prediction.



“My life,” she replied, “is even in his hands; he may take it when he will, and God knows how readily I would lay it down to rescue his from the dark fate that overhangs him ! But no, no, poor Maso may lose health and intellect, but he will never raise his hand against me ! Is madness, think you, more bloodthirsty than famine ? and this we have suffered together, and our love has strengthened. My voice would control his worst fever more easily than does his slightest beck the thousands of this furious populace.”

“Be it so, Ursula !” said Perrone,—“God protect thee in the hour of thy trial ! Let a friend counsel thee ; keep thy chamber ; go not to the meeting in the church of the Carmine, for he will be busied and unable to protect you from the violence of the unruly crowd.”

The glance of the robber was cast down, his voice tremulous as he uttered this cau-

tion ; and having uttered it, he turned without a word of farewell, and quitted the chamber.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WERE we to seek spots made memorable to posterity as the scenes of those sudden bursts of enthusiasm which, from time to time, have poured the radiance of great glory over the annals of mankind, our search must be not less varied than are the characters of nations. Inscribed on solitary rocks, rugged as the spirits of their frequenters, on the damp walls of natural caverns, gloomy as the purposes that were whispered within them, should we find the

records of the early meetings of their country's liberators. Such, amongst the sterner spirits of our race, have been the spots chosen for the conspiracy, the battle, and the triumph. But turn we to the annals of softer climes, of more impetuous actors—to Italy and her fiery sons—and we find the great movements of the people, not originating in the bosoms of a few reflecting and gloomy spirits, but in the sudden and simultaneous impulses of a whole nation, which sought no solitudes, but hurried fearlessly before God and his saints, to make them the witnesses of the hardships they suffered, and of the fury of their resentment. Hence would it be impossible to point out any event of a national character unconnected with their cathedrals or popular temples.

The venerable church of our Lady of the Carmine had witnessed many such scenes, and it was now decked out as if for the an-

niversary of the *fête* of its patron. All the pomp of the opulent brotherhood to which it belonged was lavishly produced, to add splendour to the solemn ceremony about to take place within its walls, and which was destined to form an epoch in its annals memorable for ever.

It has been incidentally mentioned that the first money afforded to equip the leaders of the popular movement had been furnished by a brother of that monastery. The sum was insignificant, but the circumstance may serve to show that the spirit of the friars inclined to the popular feeling. It is supposed that many of them mingled in the crowds, and assisted in scenes little suited to their professional calling. The frequency of disguised figures mixing with the people, might have favoured their doing so; and the splendour which their superiors determined to diffuse over the ceremony appointed to celebrate the triumph of the people, had no tend-

ency to discourage the political excitement which had found its way amongst the confraternity.

Rich hangings decorated the walls, massive silver candelabra were placed about the altar, thousands of waxen torches were already lighted, banners waved through the church, and the eye encountered the startling novelty of seats clustered round the throne of the cardinal, and tables with writing materials upon them in the very sanctuary. Every bell in the convent sent forth its sounds over the city, calling all men to witness the solemn ratification before God's altar of a new compact between the nobles and the people. The doors of the church were still closed, and hundreds of thousands were waiting impatiently for admittance. The names of Massaniello, of Maddaloni, of the Cardinal, and the Duke d'Arcos were on the lips of all men; they felt that their triumph was complete, and

that the scene in preparation was the first step to the return of order. Great agitation in the mean time pervaded the councils of the Duke d' Arcos, and the Castel Nuovo exhibited scarcely less bustle than the market-place of the Carmine. This wily statesman, who had gained courage as his counsellors lost it, who suited his conduct, from the first moment of the revolt, to the circumstances, which none studied more acutely, and none understood better, was about to hazard a new and most daring experiment upon the credulity of the populace.

Finding that the outcry for the production of the charter of Charles the Fifth, which regulated the taxes and other matters of interest, gained ground hourly, that his continued asseverations of ignorance of the very existence of any such document were treated as wilful falsehoods, he had at last caused inquiries to be made amongst the learned in antiquities, touching the possible

discovery of this charter, and the source whence the people derived the knowledge that it still existed.

He was told that during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Ossuna, Giulio Genuino had had access to the public archives, and that he was the most likely, of any man in the kingdom, to furnish information respecting it ; that it was not, however, difficult to conjecture, from the tone assumed by the leaders of the mob, the general purport of this imaginary document. Half-persuaded that some such charter might be mouldering amongst the muniments of olden times, he had caused diligent search to be made for it ; but when all efforts for its recovery had proved fruitless, little doubt remained in his mind that the whole story respecting it was a fiction of Genuino, and he watched anxiously to see the use that was to be made of this popular delusion. The first fruits of the outcry had been the attack and



capture of the Torrione of St. Lorenzo, and the same demand afforded the only answer with which each succeeding attempt to treat or pacify was met.

His doubt thus confirmed, the Duke d'Arcos saw plainly that all that remained to him was to make terms with Genuino, and secure his forbearance, before hazarding any further experiment upon the people. When this was accomplished there remained but to satisfy the outcry for the charter; and this a slight exercise of ingenuity and effrontery effected: the people were informed that it had come to light;—not the document that had before been offered to them,—modernised and modified editions of charters which time had corrupted,—but the real and true charter, with the sign manual of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, copied in letters of gold, and with the picturesque Gothic characters of the time. A parchment of venerable and antique tint, blazoned with

the armorial bearings of Spain, had been submitted to the examination of Genuino; the eloquence of the viceroy prompted the convenient memory of that aged politician; and after mature pondering, he declared that it was the same precious document that he had known of old, and that he would give his conscientious testimony to its authenticity.

It had been appointed that this sacred record was to be produced in the church of the Carmine, in presence of the cardinal and the delegates of the people, by the Duke di Maddaloni, the only noble who yet retained any shadow of popularity. The moment for the hazardous scene of this solemn mockery was at hand, and the Duke d'Arcos summoned his council, that they might attach their signatures with his to the deed, swearing in the sight of God to maintain inviolate the people's rights, as therein enumerated. To give additional respectability to this im-

posture, all the great functionaries of the state had been convened, and after the Cardinal Trivulzi, the governor elect of Sicily, had bestowed his benediction upon it, it was handed to the Duke di Maddaloni, who was charged to read it aloud to the assembled people, and then to swear upon the Gospels, for those whose names were appended to it, faithful observance of its contents, or to such portions of it as might be adopted into the new charter which the people had declared their intention of forming upon it. When this previous ceremony was concluded, the Duke d' Arcos stepped forward, and addressed the princely messenger who had undertaken this embassy of peace and peril.

“ Duke di Maddaloni,” he said, “ it is known to all men that a coolness has been some time between us, and if I have misjudged of your intentions in times past, I beseech your pardon ! You are going on a

solemn mission as mediator between our king and his faithful people. Inform them, we pray you, as we will ourselves inform His Majesty King Charles, that we give true and sincere belief to their professions of loyalty; that we are willing in all things to lighten the burdens which the necessities of the state have made heavy upon them; and that what shall be this night sworn to shall be maintained, as these knights and barons value their oaths and honour, and as we all hope for salvation. The love the people bear your grace is well known to us, and we trust the matter with all confidence to your loyalty. Let the past be forgotten between us, and the future shall prove how the state can honour its most faithful servant."

The Duke di Maddaloni received the document, without reply, from the hands of the Duke d'Arcos, and prepared to quit the castle. Giulio Caraffa had stood by his father's side during the performance of this

pompous comedy, no feature of his countenance revealing any trace of the awful scene in which he had that evening been engaged, or of the peril from which, as if by a miracle, he had escaped. A sneer, tempered with a passing smile, had passed over his countenance, as the voice of the Viceroy became more emphatic in its delivery, and when it concluded, he prepared to accompany his father from the castle.

Small time was wasted in preparations; a few personal friends of the Duke di Madaloni volunteered to attend him; and seldom did knight or noble sally forth on more hazardous adventure. Giulio Caraffa was about to follow his father across the drawbridge, when one of the Spanish soldiery slipped a paper into his hand. The young man started as he received it, gazed for a moment into the features of the man, tossed back the paper in his face, and passed on.

The spectacle offered to the eyes of the

Duke di Maddaloni, as he that evening rode through the city, has been related by an eyewitness, and in his words we will give it to the reader.

A cloud of smoke ascended above the blazing roofs of the noblest palaces, the furniture and ornaments of the most sumptuous chambers were in a blaze, and the treasures collected by the ancestors of the noblest families of the kingdom, through a long series of generations, were in a few hours consumed by the devouring flames. A people, ragged and barefoot, clustered about these conflagrations, as if in assistance at a sacrifice of expiation. Not so much as a pin was stolen from such heaps of riches ! At every step were met hands of the populace, rushing in all directions, offering themselves boldly against the host of Spanish soldiery who had gained fame in the most celebrated battles of Europe, ready to meet them face to face without fear, and not only to resist, but to con-

quer and capture them. Even the very women were armed, and forming themselves into companies, like the men, they renewed amongst us the example of the ancient Amazons. The horror of this spectacle was increased by an uproar which it was difficult to imagine. Guns fired incessantly, drums were beaten, every bell in the city pealed out its loudest, and above all, pouring out from the gaping throats of hundreds and thousands came shouts, shrieks, and uproar. Certainly, any one dropping unexpectedly into the midst of the city at this moment, would have said it was peopled by devils, and not by men.

Such was the aspect of the city in its earliest, but by no means worst stages of delirium ; such it was as witnessed by the Duke di Maddaloni and his companions, as they made their way, with what order and speed they could, towards the square of the Carmine ; but far different—far grander, was

that spectacle, seen from the terrace of the Castel Nuovo, whither the Viceroy and his daughter repaired, to watch their progress as long as they were distinguishable from the chaotic elements that surrounded them. The vast floating volumes of smoke which were wafted in currents through the streets and squares were scattered as they mounted into the upper air ; the din of so many strange sounds became also less stunning before they reached the distant eminence on which they stood ; but the bright sheets of flame that cut through the horizon, the gorgeous explosions in which numberless articles of combustion were whirled in thousands of different shapes through the air, lost none of their splendour from remoteness. So multitudinous were the fires which blazed from the corner of each street, in addition to the burning palaces, so countless were the torches that flashed like meteors about the city,



that every part of that strange spectacle became as visible as it had been during daylight.

The brow of the Lady Victoria d' Arcos had undergone a change since she had last stood by her father's side on the same spot. Every feature of her fine countenance gave evidence that her haughty spirit had been humbled, and that her heart, elevated as men judged it, above the usual feebleness of her sex, had been deeply wounded. She gazed abroad upon the scene before her in silence. As long as the cavalcade of the Duke di Maddaloni was within view she leaned forward over the parapet to watch them. As the last torch was lost by a turning in their direction she drew back, a tear stole down her cheek, and from that moment her features betrayed little interest in what passed before her.

The mind of the Duke d' Arcos was too

much occupied with his own thoughts to notice the impression produced on the feelings of his daughter.

“ If this notable scheme fail, Victoria,” he said, scarcely removing his glance from the direction which the cavalcade had taken, “ what can human ingenuity have recourse to next ?”

His daughter made him no answer : the purport of his question seemed not to reach her perception. “ Think you that the Duke di Maddaloni will deal sincerely by us ?” he asked.

“ It is useless searching into my thoughts,” she replied sorrowfully. “ You take counsel of men whose schemes are so tortuous and terrible that they defy the intelligence of all who reflect honestly. They will outwit you, and God grant they may outwit themselves ! I take no further interest in these matters ; I warned you as long as I thought warning useful ; henceforth I have bitter

food for my own thoughts, without mingling in such counsels."

The Duke d'Arcos turned his glance in compassionate yet deep scrutiny to the features of his daughter. A silence of some moments intervened, and he then replied sorrowfully, "It is with you, my child, as with us all; you see far more clearly in the affairs of others than your own. Think not that I wish to hurry your confidence, Victoria; but remember that a parent's counsel is likely to be a kind and a sincere one, and that a vigilant eye has generally little to learn in matters that regard a child's happiness."

Victoria d'Arcos bowed her head, and the tears took their course freely. The hour was not yet come for her proud spirit to own its weakness, and to seek sympathy even from her father. Her mind was not one readily to bend to its trials, or to seek to pour out its confidence, and least of all would she

have selected the cold, calculating heart of her parent for a tale of lacerated feelings. The very words she had just listened to, though probing deeply to the source of her sorrow, and sounding like an invitation to her to seek solace, were considered rather as a proof of his skill in detecting her secret, than as evidence of his sensibility ; and she was not surprised, when she raised her eyes to his countenance, to see that he had relapsed into reflections upon the probable success of the mission of Maddaloni. He quitted the terrace, and retired to his cabinet.

Once more alone, Victoria d' Arcos strove to recall, not the purport merely, but the words, the very tones of her conversation with the young Caraffa, and her cheek became crimson when she contrasted her own frank and vehement pleading with his guarded replies, his unimpassioned manner, and his cool evasions ; and then followed a remembrance which drove the colour from

her check, and stilled instantly the hurried beating of her heart. "It is too true," she murmured, "a fairer image has chased away all recollection of me and of the past. I have pleaded to him in tones that he will judge sternly and cynically, as I have heard him judge others. He has forgotten his boyish vows, the tears he shed at our separation, and he will esteem my words unmaidenly and bold. I have abased myself, and been repulsed. He retains just feeling enough for me, mingled with the pride of his own reckless nature, to plunge him into the snare laid for him and his father, to urge him to his ruin in haughty defiance of an insane mob. But he shall not perish thus ignobly."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and after a few minutes her brow regained its composure, and her features the proud serenity which so rarely left them. She too quitted the terrace, but for a purpose very different from her father's.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE cavalcade appointed to attend the Duke di Maddaloni, was such as would seem far more in character with the high standing of that noble, and the monarch whose interests on a great emergency were intrusted to him, than with the strange assembly to whom he was commissioned. Every effort had been made by the Viceroy to impart splendour to his final mission, with the hope that even yet the eyes of the poor fisherman might be dazzled, and his courage shaken. Orders had also been sent to the

Cardinal of Naples, to add all that ecclesiastical pomp could supply for effecting the same purpose. But accident, with a singular opportuneness, furnished a spectacle of the people's power and their leader's activity, which effectually convinced Maddaloni, and those who accompanied him, of the futility of hopes based upon the *prestige* of ancient lineage and glittering appointments.

The cavalcade was yet remote from the Piazza of the Carmine, when the heralds who preceded it were brought to a stop. It was in vain that they claimed "place for the noble Duke di Maddaloni, on business of moment from the Viceroy;" equally useless that they varied their style for an appeal more condescending, and prayed the good people to make way for "the golden charter of Charles V. and the friend of the people, on a message of love from the Viceroy."

They were listened to without any mani

festation of impatience ; on the contrary, there broke forth now and then, from those of the crowd who were nearest about them, a few *vivas* for the Duke di Maddaloni, but this applause was not general. The cause of the stoppage soon became apparent, for to the astonishment of the nobles they perceived that the customary outcries that accompanied every movement of the throngs was hushed, the paved street shook with the heavy dull tramp of barefooted multitudes, and a continuous stream of people, stepping together, began to approach them. It now wanted but an hour to midnight; but time was no longer matter of interest to the actors in this great national spectacle; the hours of day or night had ceased to divide the business of life into portions of toil and rest; system had entered into the proceedings of the crowd, and they executed them in unison. The scene that now succeeded to a long day of successes was the mustering



of all their forces, and their passing in review before the eyes of their youthful leader, in order that he might divide them into separate bands, thus rendering their labours more effective, their masses more disposable.

Massaniello had found this division a matter of little difficulty, from the mere nature of the force. The city had been hitherto divided into Ottine, of which there were twenty-nine, and it was found advisable in order to save time, to adopt the same division in the organization of the great national force. In doing so the apparatus and mechanism were ready for his hand. The Duke di Maddaloni perceived that the ancient banners of each Ottine, the men who had been attached to them, their leaders who on days of solemnity had been charged with maintaining order amongst them, had fallen at once into their places without delay or confusion. Accident con-

spired to give the scene its full effect on the mind of the Emissary, for he had scarcely reconciled himself to the stoppage as unavoidable, and turned to watch the arrival of the crowd, when the head of the column came in sight. A blaze of light accompanied it, rendering distinctly visible every appointment which attended it. There was not yet any attempt at uniform of dress or arms; the foremost thousands, however, were all selected from the craft of fishermen, and a truly formidable appearance they presented. They were bare-legged and bare-armed, with slight linen garments scarcely hanging about them, and red caps on their heads, from which fell long tangled masses of hair; their flesh was blackened with smoke, their features wild with long watching, excess and excitement. It was easy to perceive from their demeanour how fully they appreciated the pre-eminence which

their young leader had achieved for his class.

At the head of this column had hitherto marched, barefoot and clad like the commonest of his followers, the youthful champion of this resolute array. As he approached the spot occupied by the Duke di Maddaloni, some one stepped up and whispered to him of their presence.

“We would willingly believe that the Duke is the people’s friend,” exclaimed Massaniello aloud; “bid his Grace step in front.”

A pathway was opened with the speed of thought, amongst the densely-packed masses, and the Duke di Maddaloni found himself side by side with the young fisherman.

“Our faithful people,” said the latter, “are bound to the church of our Lady of the Carmine, to judge their own cause, to see with their own eyes the sacred charter of Charles V., and to declare their rights before the world.”

his own hovel. It was a pardonable vanity in the youth who had raised himself to this giddy and perilous eminence, to desire to pass under review the formidable array he had called into being, and it was a slight satisfaction to the fond and fearful wife who had mourned over the sacrifice of her husband's health and peace, who clearly foresaw the doom that awaited him, to witness this proof that a whole people shared the same perilous enthusiasm, and that whatever the forfeit might be, he was at that moment the ruler of the entire city. The window of the upper story of Massaniello's house was thrown open, and he led out his young wife, as yet free from terrors, upon the platform. A single skull, gory and horrible, was planted upon one of the stakes that surrounded it; but it was not visible from the summit on which he now placed the trembling Ursula, in full sight of his vast array. An extended ocean of agitated people

of death. They had selected for themselves the title of "The Società della Morte." It is with pain we must add, that amongst this terrible brotherhood was enrolled the illustrious name of Salvator Rosa; and it is but a poor satisfaction to know that in this character he failed to obtain the celebrity which attended his exertions in all of the many other extraordinary pursuits to which he gave himself.

Strange as it may appear, this corps was composed entirely of men dedicated to the fine arts, men eminent in poetry, music, architecture, and chiefly in painting. It requires a familiarity with the disgraceful history of the court intrigues and party tyranny which signalized the artists of those days, to solve this sanguinary enigma. These men were enabled, by the wealth received from the royal treasury, by the munificence of the princes whose palaces they lived in, to equip themselves in far different guise

from their associates in revolt. They were well, and in many instances even splendidly armed ; and if their patriotism was proof against any partiality for the palaces in which their own works existed, it will not be suspected of any weakness in favour of the nobles whose wealth had enriched them.

But there was, besides the " *Società della Morte*," a body of men forming also a part in this menacing procession, who, disdaining any masquerade, however imposing, formed not the least formidable part of its array. It was the band, seven hundred strong, of the robbers of the Abruzzi. At their head was Domenico Perrone, famous for many deeds of daring and cruelty, but chiefly remarkable amongst the Neapolitans for the success with which he had held at defiance, during many years, the attempts of successive viceroys to capture or destroy him. With what intent he mingled that night in the ostentatious array of Massaniello's followers

the reader is already acquainted. Every man of this well-appointed corps was armed with a gun and dagger, and habited openly in the costume of his calling, which was not as yet looked upon with distrust.

No one was better aware of the important part he was about to enact in the scene in contemplation than Massaniello. What the multitudes regarded merely as an imposing display of their own numbers, he viewed as a triumphant completion of his mission, and it remains to this day doubtful whether, had not the events of the night been interrupted in the treacherous and bloody manner they were, he would not, as he declared, have laid aside his yet unstained sword, and retired to his boat and his fishing-nets, to earn as hitherto his daily bread. When the opinion of Genuino had been conveyed to him of the unquestionable authenticity of the charter so suddenly brought to light, he paused for a moment in reflection, a cloud

settled upon his countenance, and it was thought some vague suspicion had flashed through his mind. His answer was judged remarkable, for one who was so unlearned and simple that he was even unacquainted with reading or writing.

“Let the people judge of it,” he replied. “It is a matter of too great moment for such as I am to decide upon. If the writing contains a protection against their rulers’ injustice, and secures to them such rights as they are in arms to gain, I demand no more; we will swear to maintain it.”

He then named such as he chose to accompany him to the church of the Carmine to receive the charter. Amongst them were Genuino, Perrone, his relations and personal friends, and the leaders of the Società della Morte, including Salvator Rosa. As soon as the immense mass of the people had marched past his dwelling in review, to the number it is said of one hundred



and fifty thousand men, he took leave of his wife, and declared his intention of going to the church. To his surprise he found that young frail girl resolutely bent upon repairing thither also. He offered no obstacle, but when they stepped into the square, he beckoned to those nearest to him to accompany her.

“Place me where my husband will stand,” she said. “I have stood by his side at our Lady’s altar before now, and he will do his duty not the worse for having the eyes he loves best upon him.”

As she ascended the steps of the Carmine the crowds for some moments blocked their passage. The force of Perrone had taken possession of all approaches to the church, and were busily employed in thrusting back the multitudes who pressed too eagerly forward for admittance. The attendants of Ursula met with as scant courtesy as others; the butt end of a musket was

pointed against her bosom, when one of her attendants, an old fisherman from Amalfi, roared out with a voice of thunder—

“It is the wife of Massaniello, Ladro Infame! stand back or thy head may seek company with thy fellow thief on the stakes of the Tribune.”

At the mention of this name a rough hand thrust the robber aside, and Domenico Perrone himself stepped forward to offer his aid to clear a pathway. Even at that moment the quick perception of Ursula, fearful of all things, detected symptoms of unusual agitation on the countenance of the robber. She gazed fixedly into his features; they were pale and troubled, and his bold and fierce glance sunk abashed when it met hers. She paused, and her first impulse was to force her way backward to seek her husband, but the people had closed in a dense mass behind her, and no way was open but the one before her. “May God and our

Lady and all good angels preserve him!" she murmured audibly, and then suffered herself to be led into the church. The blaze of lights dazzled her for a moment, and her spirit quailed when she saw the imposing display before her.

On one side of the principal altar was the throne destined for the Cardinal Filomarino, but that throne was yet empty, for the good old man, charged with the chief responsibility of the approaching effort to pacify the people, was on his knees at the altar. Torches blazed around him, and the sacred Host was exposed above him. On the altar lay the book of the Gospels, on which both parties were to pledge their faith to God. On the right-hand side of the cardinal, also kneeling and occupied in prayer, was the Duke di Maddaloni, and near him were grouped the remainder of the nobles, with faces whose usual arrogance was in some measure subdued by the solem-

nity of the scene. The countenance of the young Prince Giulio Caraffa, however, was sorrowful and stern, and his eyes were fixed upon the majestic figure of his father. There were not during all this time above five or six hundred persons in the church, the greater part of whom were the followers of Perrone. A sudden clamour in the square, and the vociferation of the name of Massaniello, produced a stir through the whole building. The cardinal rose from his knees, and was conducted by the Duke di Maddaloni to his seat. At this moment the doors of the church were thrown open, and a general rush took place amongst the populace to procure entry. Some hundreds did secure admission, but after a few minutes the doors were again shut, by order of Massaniello, to exclude the noise which irreverently filled the church.

Attended by Genuino on one side, by Perrone on the other, Massaniello, still in

the ragged garb of a fisherman, with a drawn sword in his hand, advanced with a light quick step, a flurried and pale countenance, up the centre of the church, towards the throne of the cardinal. His garments brushed against the kneeling figure of a female as he advanced; it was that of his young wife, but Massaniello observed her not: fervently did she pray to Heaven to aid him at that moment, and never did mortal stand in greater need of Heaven's aid.

It was a strange spectacle to remark how the eyes of all men, of the nobles, prelates, and populace, gazed into the features of this boy champion, sole arbiter of the destinies of so many thousands, as he walked up the nave of that ancient temple, upon an occasion so solemn.

When he reached the altar he threw himself prostrate before the host. A dead silence, suspending the very breath-

ing of the assembled multitudes, lasted whilst he lay upon his face in prayer. When he rose his features were elated with the thought of the scene he was then acting in the sight of angels and of men. His followers declared that a radiance, descending visibly from the sacred elements that were exposed upon the altar, had settled upon his brow. He gazed for a second down the body of the church, and then walked with a firm slow step to the side of the cardinal. Seats had been prepared for him and for Genuino, and a table was spread, and writing materials were placed upon it. At this moment a slight confusion ensued in the church, and Marco Vitale, with a face pale as death, an agitated step, and limbs tremulous and faltering, forced his way to the place that had been left for him. Silence then ensued, and the cardinal turned and took from the hand of Maddaloni the fa-

mous charter whose mysterious characters were to work the miracle on which the peace of the kingdom depended.

THE charter was unrolled, its golden characters displayed, and then Massaniello gave earnest of his sincerity in the scene. He raised the sword which he held above his head, and turning towards the people who occupied the lower parts of the church, exclaimed in a loud and clear voice,

## CHAPTER XV.

THE parchment was unrolled, its golden characters displayed, and then Massaniello gave earnest of his sincerity in the scene. He raised the sword which he held above his head, and turning towards the people who occupied the lower parts of the church, exclaimed in a loud and clear voice,

“Behold, the charter is found ! our good pastor has brought and offers it to us !”

A suppressed murmur followed his words, and then was heard a voice which was not traced, exclaiming—



“That is not the true charter of Charles the Fifth, but its shadow!”

The countenance of the aged cardinal became pale with terror, and he turned and whispered eagerly into the ear of Massaniello. When he ceased that youthful leader again raised his voice so loud that its tones rang through the whole building.

“Fear not, my father! this misguided people knows how to distinguish the bounty and honesty of soul of your eminence from the wiles and dissimulations of the Duke d’Arcos; but I am here ready to bear testimony with my blood to your candour and innocence; and if in defence of your sacred person it were necessary to turn this sword against my own people, I swear that out of love to you, I would do so with good will.”

“My son,” answered the good cardinal with tears in his eyes, “believe me this is in truth the veritable charter of the Em-

peror Carlo V.; but that the people may be persuaded of the sincerity of my proceeding, let those who are delegated by them for this purpose examine narrowly the document, and I am well content not to move hence until they are persuaded of the truth of my word. I lean not more to the cause of these nobles than to yours; but as your pastor and common father, I am ready to give my blood and my life to save my country from the abyss into which it threatens to fall."

A deep interest had attended this striking scene, and the nobles had drawn nearer about the person of the cardinal. Massaniello stepped a pace in advance of his companions, and had thereby placed himself immediately next to Giulio Caraffa.

Unobserved by all parties, the young wife of Massaniello had mingled in the group. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the scene, and the sacred character of the place, a

foreboding of evil had crept into her heart, and she had unconsciously drawn nearer to the side of her husband—so near that young Caraffa alone stood between her and him. When the voice of the cardinal ceased, she perceived a look ominous and stealthy pass between Perrone and Genuino: the face of the robber, though desperate, was pale as death; whatever meaning that look conveyed its purpose evidently staggered him, and he appeared embarrassed and reluctant.

No one had watched the scene before him with more interest than Giulio Caraffa. He remembered well the gentle features, the fairy form of the young bride whom, a few years before, Massaniello had brought in triumph from La Cava to Amalfi; he had not seen her since then, and he was touched by the ravages that sorrow had made upon her sweet cheek and gentle form. Her eye had more than once met his, and he was struck by the conviction that some cause of

suspicion was agitating her. Suddenly she recollected him, her dark eye flashed with instant confidence, her lips moved, and though no sound passed them, that look sufficed to direct his glance to the features of the robber, between whom and Genuino he had marked a mute intelligence that convinced him of some meditated treachery.

Massaniello turned his back upon the robber, with intent to beckon Genuino forward to receive the document, and at that instant Perrone, bringing his gun to his shoulder pointed its muzzle with the speed of light at the person of Massaniello, and its report rang sharply through the church.

The shriek of Ursula was as sudden and far more startling; but that wild cry was suspended. Massaniello stood pale, indeed, and scared, but unharmed! the hand of Giulio Caraffa had struck the deadly weapon upward, at the very moment of its discharge, and his grasp was upon the

throat of Perrone. But the death signal of several thousands had been given! A band of seven hundred desperate bandits was compromised: they had possession of the church, and despair made them resolute. A rush was made from all parts of the building towards the altar, every gun was fired with more speed than precision, the shots whistled over the heads of the nobles, and fell in showers upon the altar.

The shout of "Tradimento! Tradimento!" now rung loudly through the building. Massaniello burst away towards the entrance: the explosion of this treachery had reached the populace without, who rushed as one man against the doors, dashed them to atoms, and filled the church. The scene that now ensued defies description, and might make the blood of the reader curdle. Genuino alone stood composed in the midst of the uproar. Death to the bandits became the general cry, and those wretched beings,

offering such resistance as one man might offer against hundreds, were trampled, beaten down, stabbed, torn limb from limb, and in the course of a few minutes the pavement of the church and the steps of the altar were strewn with corpses. One man is reported to have climbed upon the very altar, and clung to the crucifix, when one of the long knives of the maddened multitude struck him to the heart, and spilled his blood upon the very vessel which held the host.

Roused from the momentary stupor which succeeded his failure, Perrone struggled violently for his life, and he was far more powerful than the youth who held him. Giulio Caraffa, who was soon shaken off, finding all effort to detain him hopeless, placed himself by his father's side, and took no further part in the fray. Perrone, to whom every portion of that building and of the monastery attached to it were

familiar, bounded past the altar and disappeared. Maddened by this deed of treachery, and urged on by Massaniello, furious at the attempt upon his life, the populace, calling out loudly for blood, the blood of the assassins and perjurers, rushed with one accord upon the group of astonished and terrified noble who stood around the person of the cardinal. They had no weapons with which to resist, and it would have been hopeless amidst such confusion to plead for compassion.

Massaniello was the foremost to lead on the crowds that were now rushing against them ; his eyes flashed with rage, the sword he held was bloody to the hilt. When he waved it above the head of the Duke di Maddaloni, that noble quailed not, nor did his cheek grow the paler ; but it was not a moment when dignity of brow or composure of courage could avert the blow of

men in such delirium : the sword was raised to strike, when young Caraffa bounded between them.

"Strike me first, madman," he exclaimed. "My arm saved your life; my death would be a deed more worthy of such as thus pollute God's temple."

"Spare him, spare him, my husband!" exclaimed a voice which even at that moment had the power to disarm his fury. "He says truly; his hand saved you."

Massaniello lowered his weapon ; one wave of his hand hushed the storm about him ; a guard was placed to protect the nobles ; and the youth then called aloud for Perrone. As he turned again furiously on his search, his glance fell upon Genuino.

"Stay here, Massaniello," he said, "or these men will be slain, to the great scandal of a good cause. I will find out the murderer."

Numbers hurried after the steps of



Genuino, who without hesitation led them through the choir behind the altar, and thence into the monastery. Perrone in the mean time had rushed towards the cell of a poor monk, the kitchener of the brotherhood, whose slender purse had furnished forth the meagre contribution to the equipment of the boyish rabble who had undertaken the first scene in this revolt. The poor man was at his devotions when the robber burst into his cell.

“Save me, father!” he exclaimed—“men seek my blood! save me!”

The monk whose privacy was thus suddenly invaded was not of a character to risk his own safety for that of any one. Seated at the small window of his cell, with his breviary in his hand, a lamp upon his table, and with the more cumbersome parts of his monastic garb laid aside, he was passing his time between a dreaming recitation of his office, and listening to the

mingled cries that loaded the heated air: The abrupt entry of the robber, a personage known less for good than for evil, even to those who were most partial to the popular cause, roused him effectually from his musing. He turned with the ever ready benediction, but the scared countenance of the intruder suspended the words upon his lip. Little explanation was needed to render fearfully manifest the evil service that the fugitive had rendered him. At the moment he would as willingly have seen the livid pestilence rush incarnate into his cell.

“I am no person to protect thee, my friend,” he exclaimed hurriedly; “fly hence in God’s name! what help can these withered old limbs offer to any one? this cell has no hiding-place; if you need an asylum, fly hence and seek it in the sanctuary!”

A loud clamour, the trampling of hurried feet, and fierce bursts of execrations, coupled

with the name of the robber, drowned any answer that Perrone may have made.

“God help us !” exclaimed the poor friar. “your enemies are on your heels.”

He looked about the cell in despair. It contained, as he most truly said, no nook of refuge; but painted upon the white wall at the foot of his bed, was a picture of the crucifixion, and with the impulse natural to one of his profession, he spread himself along the wall, and extended his arms in a devout embrace of the sacred effigy.

Perrone sent his gaze in rapid search around the chamber, but it was in quest of some weapon with which to protect himself. There was none of any kind, and he folded his arms with the calm of despair, and fixed his eye upon the door. In another instant that fragile barrier was dashed open, and the doorway blocked up by his pursuers. Mad as the attempt would appear, Perrone sprung forward to force his way through

them. The foremost of this furious mob were borne back for an instant, and the robber succeeded in making his way into the corridor into which the cell opened. The sight of hundreds beyond them, and the yells of fury that met him, showed how utterly hopeless was his attempt. He turned and rushed again into the cell, his pursuers followed him, their knives gleamed around him, the very warmth of their breath was on his face, when, to the astonishment of those who were nearest, he sprung with a fierce and determined bound clean through the open window.

His body fell heavily into the court below, which at that moment was empty, and to one acquainted as he was with the thousand of retreats which that building, like all similar ones, contained, there might have been yet a chance of escape; but the wretched man had struck his head against some stone projection in his fall, and lay insensible. When

consciousness returned, he found himself utterly powerless; both his legs were broken, and the blood streamed in torrents from a ghastly wound above his temples. While he glared wildly about him, and presented an aspect that might have excited the pity of any heart in which such sentiment had dwelling, the roofs of the colonnade, surrounding the quadrangle, were speedily peopled with the seekers of his blood. It is little wonder that senses bewildered by terror and intense pain should conceive the idea that his spirit had passed to the expiation of his evil deeds, and that the shrieks, savage and terrible, that rung in his ears, were uttered by the fiends to whom such ministry was intrusted.

Perrone had raised his head, and lay leaning upon his elbow; he continued to gaze upwards, but answered nothing to their threats. His respite was of short duration, for the multitude found their way into the

cloisters, and a band already stained with the blood of recent massacres, and headed by Genuino, surrounded him. For the last time the eyes of these two accomplices met, and in death as in life the malocchio of the priest retained the power of its fascination. Perrone glared up into his countenance, and though nearly blinded by the blood that deluged his face, he recognised him, raised his hand, and beckoned to the old man to stoop down over him;—but Genuino exclaimed with an aspect of well-affected horror—

“ Away with him ! death to the assassin ! let his head be a warning to all traitors ! ”

Historians mention that he received numberless stabs and gashes, but it was the long knife of a butcher which at last despatched him. He died with the secret of his foul associate untold ; his head was hacked from his body, and within a few minutes was placed upon a stake, and carried forth into the market-place.

In the mean time the scene that ensued within the church was one of not less bloody atonement. The cry raised was "Death to the banditti, and to the nobles who have deceived us! Death to the foreign soldiery!" And the measures taken by the order of Massaniello were such as to promise a fearful accomplishment of this sweeping sentence. The city gates were shut, and for the first time orders were issued that no one under penalty (with Massaniello there was now but one penalty, that of death) should pass outward or inward without the written permission of Genuino. Every individual wearing the dress of the bandits, one up to this time associated in the minds of all men with fidelity to the people's cause, was massacred without mercy: they fled away in all directions, seeking their customary sanctuaries, but were struck down even at the altars of churches, the usual refuge of the worst criminals.

In its outset this revolt had been bloodless, for the mind of its leader was by nature merciful and gentle; in a few instances only had he taken life, and then it was to punish crime and to secure order. But from this time forth the disposition of Massaniello, and the character of his government, underwent a fearful change. The streets speedily became strewn with corpses and puddled with blood; every portion of the countless troops that overran the city carried aloft severed heads for their banners; and the leader who had been so gentle in his nature, so simple in his aspirations, that he had associated with children at the commencement of the revolt, and had armed his followers with reeds, became a stern, suspicious, and bloody tyrant. If the remainder of his career is to be described with fidelity, the reader must pardon the frequency of scenes of blood, and remember that Massaniello, though he re-



venged cruelly, had been most perfidiously assailed.

Few situations can be imagined more terrible than that of Giulio Caraffa and his companions. Occupying a prominent position in the church, standing on the same spot which Perrone had chosen for his mad attempt, accused of being the instigators of the treachery, without arms to defend themselves, without a possibility of retreat, they became the natural objects of the popular fury. It was not to be expected, in the scene of wild confusion that ensued, after the flight of Perrone and the arrival of fresh avengers, that the service rendered by the young Caraffa to Massaniello would avail to save him or his party. The first rush of the people had been towards their trembling group, and hundreds of weapons gleamed around them.

The person of the cardinal was respected,

though his voice was raised in vain to arrest the massacre, for some of the bandits were butchered at his knees, and whilst clinging to his vestments. The Duke di Maddaloni, who had been the chief actor in the scene which was now considered as one of premeditated treachery, would seem to be the readiest mark for the weapons of all men; yet in that fearful moment did he and his son find a protector. Several of the nobles were slain around them, but they were spared.

The wife of Massaniello, a feeble and terrified woman, might have been pardoned if amidst the horrors of such a scene she had forgotten the saviour of her husband's life; but it would be ill portraying the generous, the gentle, the most heroic character of that young female, were we to represent her thus unworthily. Without the hesitation of an instant, she threw herself before the young Caraffa, and proclaimed loudly that he had

saved the life of her husband—of Massaniello! Many of that impetuous mob threw their arms about him to embrace him; others growled angrily as a victim was snatched from them. How long the energies of Ursula would have sustained her through that scene, and continued their protection, was a subject of anxious conjecture to such of the nobles as owed their safety to her repeated intercession; for her cheek was flushed, her limbs trembled, and she leaned heavily for support against Giulio Caraffa.

At this moment, to the surprise of all, but principally of Giulio, who instantly recognised him, Marco Vitale sprang forward to their rescue. The storm rolled past them, and in a few minutes, when Genuino returned with his band, and their bloody trophy, the head of Perrone, all hurried away from the church to join in the search and the massacre without.

It was a pitiable termination to a solemn

meeting, convened, we would fain believe, in good faith. That the Duke d'Arcos was cognizant of the intended perfidy, historians have not been wanting to assert; that he loudly and solemnly disclaimed any such knowledge, the reader will not be surprised to learn. His German and Spanish guards were slaughtered wherever they were found, and the Società della Morte, then giving the first proof of the ferocity which had suggested the name they had assumed, scoured the streets with a fury fully equal to that of the lowest of the populace.

The name of their leader, Giovanni Aniello has come down to posterity with the twofold fame of a bold assassin and a skilful artist. In one instance at least he eclipsed the renown of the remarkable individual whose name we have so often mentioned. But the share that Salvator had in the atrocities of this scene may be conjectured from the precipitated flight, the con-

tented humility, and the attempted concealment which followed his flight from Naples, long before the conclusion of the revolt. Many deeds which gave grave matter for reflection and remorse during the hours of his retirement, lie hidden beneath the veil which, happily for his fame, the confusion of the time has spread over all traits of individual conduct.

## CHAPTER XVI.

It is time that we recall the reader's notice to the tenant of the Presepio, the solitary hovel on the sea-side. After the departure of Vitale, Eleonora retired within the cottage; but, though wearied by a series of terrors and fatigues it was not to sleep. Her first reflections were all joyous. Love, that had been timidly hidden so long within her bosom, had waked up to sudden conquest. The blush had been scarcely called to her cheek, the tear had scarcely betrayed her weakness, when all doubt vanished, and

her triumph was complete. Her lips still glowed ; her heart still fluttered ; for the print of other lips, the pressure of another heart, bounding like her own, had left ineffaceably the sensation of the embrace which had sealed the avowal of her love. A soft and glorious light was thrown over the first golden hours of her solitude, as her thoughts glided away from one recollection to another ; contrasting the utter hopelessness of the passion she had nurtured in the pensive solitude of the Capo d' Orso, with its sudden and unexpected triumph. But as exhaustion mastered her excitement, these exquisite musings gave place to reflections of a different and far graver character.

The image of her cousin came again before her, not any longer with the proud brow, the imperious lip that claimed homage and defied rivalry, but with the calm, grave expression that it assumed at times towards others, so seldom towards her. His dark

and penetrating glance seemed to have settled, not reproachfully but sadly, upon her features, and she fancied she heard the deep tones of his voice questioning her. The slight, the scarcely perceptible blemishes of his noble nature were forgotten; the tenderness with which he had watched over her for years, the lofty and high-principled control which he had ever imposed upon each word and look during his brotherly intercourse with her; the frankness with which, whilst he urged on her eloquent and gentle counsel, he laid bare and deplored the infirmities of his own temper, rushed upon her memory with bitter distinctness.

The language of love was become intelligible to her, and she remembered how delicately, yet how constantly his affection had pleaded. His love had been of no sudden or stealthy growth; it had not sprung upon her in a moment of excitement, overpowering judgment by the vehemence of its



profession, but manifesting itself by a tender vigilance over the purity of each thought, a generous forbearance in her moments of weakness, a timid and respectful homage, whose tendency was to elevate in her own estimation, the prize to which he ultimately aspired. And she had now cast him from her for ever ! She had stolen from him the just fruits of his patient toil ; she had heedlessly left him to the bitter discovery of his abandonment, without warning or farewell, and had pledged faith and honour to one comparatively a stranger !

Other apparitions peopled the wretched chamber of her retirement. The noble and grave countenance of the Duke di Maddaloni became distinctly visible before her ; he seemed not aware of what she had done, but bid her go, as was his custom when his son's temper was ruffled, to sooth and bring him back amongst them. She next beheld a countenance which brought a far gloomier

change over her musing; it was the flashing eye, the bent brow, the flushed cheek of her father. The utter scorn with which that arrogant man looked upon such birth as Vitale's, was well known to her; the full consequence of her abasement flashed upon her mind at once; she closed her eyes as if to shut out the vision, and felt her very heart withering away with terror. Utter exhaustion at last brought sleep mercifully to her rescue, and love, whose empire is a dream, whose votaries are all dreamers, reassumed his power; her features became again calm, a smile settled upon her cheek, a world of glorious and soft illusions floated through her brain, and the terrors and regrets of her waking hours were forgotten.

Daylight was blazing around her when her sleep finished, and as she gazed about that desolate chamber, it was some minutes before her recollection of the scenes of the previous day explained her own position.

To her astonishment she found that she was not alone. By the side of a small open window, and busily occupied in making or mending fishing-nets, sat an ancient, deformed, and withered being, who seemed to have outlived twice the ordinary period allotted to human life. The reader was introduced to this individual in the opening chapters of this book. More than ten years had elapsed since the events then recorded, and the interval had not added to the personal attractions, or the mental suavity, of this ancient woman. The few hairs that she had then upon her head having dropped away, leaving her long ears unpicturesquely prominent, she had adopted the expedient of supplying nature's deficiency by a red worsted cap, that fitted tightly over her head, imparting a most extraordinary tint to the yellow skin on all sides of it. Her chin rested upon her knees; her eyes were scarcely distinguishable from the relaxed lids whose folds drooped over

them; her fingers, knotted and crooked, plied their intricate toil, not without dexterity, but sluggishly, as if their movements were directed rather by the visible effect these movements produced, than by any sensation which the touch of the twine imparted to them. Such had been her occupation for hours, and excepting now and then, when she looked out upon the glittering waters of the bay, or turned towards the still figure of the sleeper, her attitude had not altered.

When Eleonora moved on her bed at waking, this aged woman shuffled up from her seat, and approached her. Her vision was apparently dim, for she bent her face nearly to the face of the maiden, as she strove to look into her eyes. But if sight had faded on those aged organs, the small glittering orbs themselves had lost none of the intensity of their brightness. Hideous, nay disgusting as were the mouldering fea-

tures of this living mummy which were brought into such displeasing contact, Eleonora strove to meet them without shrinking.

“A painted and pretty butterfly!” she muttered—“its colours smeared, its wings torn! a dainty toy truly for fingers dabbled in blood—the blood may be of father or brother! Are you not the daughter of the Duke di Maddaloni, child?” she asked querulously.

“No mother,” replied Eleonora in tones of ill-feigned disgust; “of his highness’s brother, the Prince of Bisignano!”

“Of Tiberio Caraffa,” exclaimed the crone, raising the shrill tones of her cracked voice. “Such as you his daughter? You dream child! your silly wits are wandering! sleep, sleep on till nightfall! I shall make you no mirthful company!”

And so saying she turned away to seek her seat, muttering in words that conveyed

little import to the understanding of her hearer. "There was never such a crime without its punishment. I have lived many years, and it is ever so ; crime begets crime, and man begets his own avenger. It has been no deed of mine, and sink or perish, my hands are free from it."

That day was to Eleonora what has been not inaptly termed a "big day ;" its hours were long and dreary ; within their space seemed compressed the duration of many. She rose, and after a few attempts to conciliate the unsocial and unattractive sharer of her retirement, gave herself to a patient and dreary vigil. The blazing noon went by, and night gradually but most reluctantly withdrew its summer glories from sea and sky. She watched its last beams dying away in purple and crimson tints upon the western waves ; she saw the sharp blue outlines of the mountains grow gradually less distinct ; while a haze, like visible darkness

moved towards her its impenetrable and wide column, from the opposite islands of Procida and Ischia.

She still waited, until the chamber became so dim that she could scarcely distinguish the crouching figure of her companion from the other objects it contained, and then ventured to descend the staircase, and seek the open air. She found herself in a small enclosure which terminated on the terrace, raised about thirty feet above the water. The stars beamed gloriously above her, giving light sufficient to enable her to perceive that a high wall enclosed her on the land sides, and that the terrace on which she stood was a tongue of rock advanced into the waves, which spread away into the darkness.

Her glance was sent eagerly abroad into the dark void. There were no longer any torches upon these waters, for the ordinary business of life was suspended by the scenes

that were acting on shore. The murmur of distant voices reached her confusedly, but the ripple of the gentle waves against the rock below, a sound familiar to her from childhood, brought mournfully over her memory the dear friends of past years, and her own act, which must estrange them from her for ever; and she seated herself upon the low parapet, to watch and weep.

Hour after hour had thus passed away. Occasionally, as the night advanced, she had seen distant objects moving upon the waters, and had sprung up in wild delight to welcome them; but each in its turn had shot in its swift course towards the distant city. The tears dropped from her eyes, altering the proportions and tints of all things, and conjuring up a succession of strange illusions, which made her distrust the very objects that most immediately surrounded her.

Wearied out at last with the monotony of



the dull sounds and the darkness, she was about to cover her face with her hands, and so shut out all things from her view and hearing, when a sparkle at the very verge of her glance's limits, like the radiance of torchlight broken upon the disturbed waters, caught her attention. She sprung to her feet, a small dark object lay upon the waves; it bounded nearer and nearer with magic swiftness, and its course was in a direct line to her feet. It was a boat propelled by a single rower, and her very heart fluttered within her bosom when it stayed against the building, and she recognised the form that she had watched for so long—that of Marco Vitale.

Unable to control her emotions, and indeed scarcely to comprehend them, her first impulse was flight. She found that her aged companion had lighted a small lamp, and was standing with her back towards it, looking outward upon the waters,

as if waiting for the coming of some one. The door of a second chamber stood partly open, and before her coming was perceived she had taken refuge in its darkness. Her heart wildly beating with a variety of sensations, in which fear and love were singularly blended, she stood breathless to listen. She heard the cord pass through the ring in the rock, as the boat, after grating its sides was secured; she then heard steps traverse the terrace, mount the stairs, and presently beheld Marco Vitale enter the room in which was the light, and through which she had passed.

Seldom did a more repulsive apparition flash upon the eyes of mortal. He was reeking from the butchery of the Carmine; his hands, his garments, his clothes, his very face was blood-stained. He was agitated, and clasped convulsively a pike that had been snatched from the hand of some slaughtered Spaniard. His eye was wild

and fierce, and its glance shot wildly round the chamber, whose occupant had taken the lamp, and raising it above her head, placed herself opposite to him, busily examining his garments and his features. It seemed to enter slowly into her perception that the shining and wet blotches upon his clothes, the crimson stains upon his flesh, were blood! She passed her withered fingers across his sleeve, and inquired tremulously "What is this, child? Ha-ha!" she added, chuckling with a horrid and insane glee. "Is it blood! He was gentle and moon-faced as a young calf—did I not predict it? then it has come to this? when there are no more palaces to burn, there is life to rob."

"Where is the maiden, mother?" inquired Vitale—"have you let her go hence? has any boat been hither since I quitted you?"

The aged crone again laughed mockingly;

"A dainty attire, truly," she exclaimed, "and an attractive figure to seek the presence of a young maiden! think you that blood smells as sweet in the nostrils of such as she is, as it does in mine?"

Vitale tossed from him with a shudder his bloody halberd, and raised his hands to the light, "Water, mother," he exclaimed, "bring me water for the love of heaven!" The aged woman took the light, and entered within the chamber in which Eleonora was standing, and whence she had witnessed the scene we have described. Terrified by the strange mystery that appeared to exist between them, and sickened by the aspect of Vitale, she had no power to move, and the crone, seemingly unaware of her presence, poured water into a basin, and again left the room. The water crimsoned as the hands of Vitale were plunged into it, and he turned his glance from it in disgust. The dialogue still continued, and though

the voice of Vitale was subdued, its tones did not escape the listener.

“Is this the blood of nobles?” inquired the hissing voice of the female—“or are you already falling, like starved wolves, upon each other?”

“It is the blood of Perrone and his robbers,” replied Vitale, “shed upon the altar of the Carmine; they sold their faith to their old masters, and this has been the forfeit!”

“And the worst robber of them all,” asked the old woman, “he who rifled the honour of a happy home—brought first shame, and then death, upon one not less innocent or fair than the silly bird you have entrapped hither—has *he* fallen? Nearly thirty years have gone by since I vowed over his victim’s corpse to have his blood—to avenge her.”

Vitale made her no reply, but gazed up into her countenance, as if unconscious of her meaning.

“Tiberio Caraffa! child,” she replied fiercely; “Have you dreamed away life with so little purpose? Come hither, Marco, I have a secret for you, that may cure your love-sickness—listen!”

But Vitale pushed past her, and entered the inner chamber, “Eleonora,” he said, “come hence, for my brow burns, and the air of this wretched place is too like that of the cavern I have left in Naples. The bland starlight, such as we were used to see it on the waters, shines over this poor roof, as over the dwellings of rich men. Come forth, and let us spend in the open air the few hours I can steal for happiness.”

But Eleonora made him no reply. As he felt his way to her side, he perceived that her form trembled, and he wound his arm round her waist. She offered no resistance but followed him from the chamber, and the breath of the sea-breeze revived her. Love had triumphed over the timidity of her

character, over the contemplated scorn of all who had hitherto been dear to her, and it was now destined to triumph again. She felt that the vow she had made was irrevocable, and with the desperation which forms so peculiar a feature in the disposition of the timid, she shut out from her memory all that she had heard, seen, and foreboded, clung to his arm, and then with a sudden impulse threw herself upon his neck, and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

“ I had chosen thee a rude and unfit companion, beloved one,” he said, “ but it is only for a few brief days; order is gradually entering into the changes to which I owe the happiness of thus pressing thee to the heart that for so many years had pined for thee. I will shortly lead thee hence into a world that shall honour thee as the wife of Marco Vitale.”

“ Lead me whither none shall know me, Marco!” she said. “ I can love thee, serve

thee, live for thee, but let me not again meet the eyes of those who have known me."

"Be it so, timid one," he replied; "this home was mine in infancy, and the aged being who shares it with thee will be gentle with thee for my sake."

The first faint gleams of light that played over the wavy ridges of Soma and Vesuvius called away Vitale to the business of another day. For all the doubts that had embittered the past years of his existence, and the indignities to which his soaring spirit had submitted, the scene of that moment's parting might have repaid him.



## CHAPTER XVII.

IN the mean time the revolution of Massaniello proceeded. The dark perfidy in the church of the Carmine convinced him that much remained to be done, before the minds of the Viceroy and his party could be reduced to a consciousness of his power, and a fitting state of terror allow him to resume on fair terms a fresh treaty of pacification. To the hatred of the ancient tyranny was now superadded the thirst for a bloody vengeance; all further talk of charters and reconciliation was laid aside, and the popular

voice echoed in savage chorus the cry of their leader for blood. "Ammazza! Ammazza!" slay! slay! rung through every part of the city, and was borne through the inmost recesses of the residence of the Duke d' Arcos. This fierce cry announced to him the first tidings of the failure of the attempt of Perrone, and the fate of his laboured charter.

Two or three only of his splendid embassy had succeeded in finding their way back to the castle, and the tidings they brought were calculated to strike terror to his heart, however indifferent he might be to their individual fortunes. One of the earliest rumours that reached him was that the Cardinal, the Duke di Maddaloni, and his son, had been the first to perish. This was subsequently contradicted, but none of them returned. The few Spanish soldiers whom he had despatched to collect news had been massacred. He then felt that no hand

could arrest the first impulse of the popular fury; and that all that remained to him was to secure his own residence, and wait until time would admit the trial of some new artifice.

The approaches of the citadel were vigilantly guarded, and the world without was abandoned to its fate. And truly terrible that fate was! There was no street, no church, no hiding-place in Naples uncumbered with corpses, unpolluted with blood. No semblance of law attended the execution of the brief orders of Massaniello; his followers were told to slay, and they set about it in their own swift and barbarous fashion. Troops were met in the more open spaces of the city, trailing through the mud the headless and naked bodies of the slaughtered soldiery, or dashing with mad speed in pursuit of some poor wretch who fled for his life. Others marched with a deliberate pace, howling their licentious and ribald triumph

up into the faces of the grim and gory heads which they bore aloft upon stakes. These various bands passed each other's course incessantly, and their salutation was invariably the brief mandate of Massaniello—to slay! There was no hope for those who fled, no mercy for those who were captured, no pity for those who were thus barbarously butchered.

But it was the market-place of the Carmine that presented the foulest aspect, for thitherward, from every street and square of Naples, rushed the ministers of revenge, with their horrid trophies. A brutal fancy for decorating with appropriate ornaments the tribune of their leader, the altar of popular vengeance, added fresh inducement to the quest of blood; every stake that formed the palisade about it bore each its head, to most of which was attached a cartel, with the name, purporting that it was the skull of a traitor to the people.

As if the popular rage required additional incitement to massacre, placarded rewards, varying in amount, were offered for the capture of such citizens or nobles as had become most obnoxious, and in all instances higher for a living captive than for a corpse. But remarkable above all these notices, for the name it bore, and the startling magnitude of the reward, was one on which was inscribed—

“Oh! bring me hither Tiberio Caraffa! He who brings him alive shall have eight thousand crowns—dead, four thousand!”

Beneath, on the surface of this sea of blood, there was an under current, flowing deeply, to which Genuino, the dark deity of that stygian region, gave direction with a method and regularity which threatened to perpetuate his reign of terror. Orders were conveyed to every one, whether citizen or noble, to send, for the service of the people, all arms or accoutrements they might pos-

sess, under pain of death. This mandate was rigidly enforced, though the answer too often transmitted by the owners of smoking palaces was, that their swords and their lives were all that was left them.

New companies were formed; new and more effective subdivisions were introduced into their militia. Requisitions followed for every horse and beast of burden to be given up, and an inconceivably short space of time saw the squares and streets crowded with cars converted into gun-carriages; preparations were making for forming regiments of horse; one hundred and fifty ensigns were added to those already enrolled; and some show of discipline began to be infused amongst them. Every house had to place lights at its windows from dusk to dawn, and a certain space about the centre of the city was trenched and barricaded. All this showed an increase of knowledge of their position in

the leaders of the people, and of energy to meet their wants.

But not for a single hour did such cares divert the mind of Massaniello from the recollection of the treachery used against him, nor from the duties which his imagination figured to him as demanded by his faithful people. His character had assumed a sudden and fierce change. At first he had been remarkable for a fluent and winning eloquence, a mild and sunny aspect; and his delight was to take his post upon his rude tribune, to administer justice after a domestic and prompt fashion of his own; arbitrating in the petty concerns of litigious neighbours, solving with wonderful promptitude all cases brought before him, and soothing with the sprightly sallies of a wit, reared and polished in the market-place, the disappointment inevitable on such decisions. All this was now altered; a cloud rested on his open brow, a fire flashed from his eyes,

which made men tremble as they stood before him; his cheeks were becoming hollow, their colour was ghastly, and every limb had acquired a tremulous movement, from the excess and duration of his excitement. A foam often rested upon his lips, which were parched and split, for he never lay down to sleep, and it was rumoured that he refused food and drink from the fear of poison. He spoke little, and the tones alternated between sorrow and rage. What passed within the privacy of his own poor hovel none knew; but it was observed that he returned from it elevated in mien and spirit, with his brow milder, but never less determined.

The prayers and exertions of the cardinal had succeeded in restoring something of calm into the minds of the people and their leaders; messages were borne from the viceroy to the cottage of Massaniello; professions of all courtly sentiments were transmitted, through various avenues, to the ears of all



who were supposed to have influence with him; and the result of all this manœuvring was the re-opening at last of a treaty of pacification. Massaniello, or rather Genuino, was invited to draw up his own terms, for the Duke d' Arcos was willing to purchase the peace of the faithful people at any cost.

Articles of agreement were accordingly prepared and sent to the viceroy. The bearer, a certain Giuseppe Fattoruso, described as a plebeian in heart and manner, was received with all the courtesy of which the Duke d' Arcos was preeminently master. The collateral council was assembled to meet him; and in the presence of this august audience, the deputy of the people proceeded to read aloud the demands of his party. As long as these demands were confined to the abolition of taxes, he was listened to in respectful silence; no objection was offered; but when the document

claimed an equal number of votes in the Sedile for the people as for the nobles, one of that arrogant order broke abruptly on the lecture, and exclaimed impatiently that such demand was unreasonable and insolent. The reader paused, and for some moments his astonishment prevented his utterance; when he did reply, the only words he uttered were,

“ My lord, so has Massaniello willed it ! ”

“ It is well,” was the instant and courtly reply of the viceroy; “ be the pleasure of Massaniello followed to the very letter.”

No further interruption was offered, the document was read to its close, signed, and borne back to the people. The whole populace was again summoned, by beat of drum, to repair to the church of the Carmine, to receive this charter of liberties that were to be sacred for ever. Massaniello once more trod the pavement of that church, whence the corpses of those who had but

a few hours before attempted his assassination had been removed, though the stain of their blood was recent over every stone beneath his feet. The good friars, indefatigable in their arrangements for a festival, had again arrayed their church in all the finery of tapestry and mirrors; they had erected by the side of the altar a gorgeous canopy for the cardinal; and when the last of a thousand torches had been lighted, and every bell of the convent gave out its joyous peal, the doors were thrown open, and the populace was admitted.

Massaniello took his place again at the right hand of the cardinal. He had not yet made any change in his garments; they were the same in which he had led the people in their first outbreak—in which he gave audience to the various emissaries of the viceroy—in which from his tribune he administered justice. Genuino was as heretofore at his side, and the chief part of that

day's display was apportioned to him. A public notary ascended the pulpit, and read out to the public, article by article, the compact which had been dictated to the viceroy. When this was finished he descended, and his place was taken by Genuino.

“This charter,” he exclaimed, “has been the desire of the people from the days of the Duke d’ Ossuna until now; it has been kept from us; but at last have God and our Lady of the Carmine conceded it to us; let us therefore with one voice sing their praises!”

He then drew near to the side of Massaniello, and the organ thundered out the Te Deum. Never was this triumphant hymn chorussed by voices similarly attuned to exultation! The cardinal threw himself on his knees at the altar, and when the last notes of this sacred music had ceased,

he arose, and opening wide his arms, bestowed his benediction upon the assembled multitudes. He then turned to the young champion of the great cause that had triumphed, and after gazing for a moment on his pallid and worn features, the tears stood in his eyes.

“Now go home to your dwelling, my son,” he said, “your mission has had its fruits. Surely the good faith of the Duke d’ Arcos may be relied upon. Your friends inform me that, for these last five days, you have taken neither food nor rest, and your features too truly confirm this rumour. Such power as yours, my young friend, is dearly purchased. But think not so badly of the faith of christian gentlemen as to suppose they would thus foully steal away your life. Send hither your food if you still distrust them; my own mediciners shall taste it; I will myself bless it: but go in God’s name

and seek refreshment; the agitation in your frame is a deadlier poison than any that can be drained from drugs."

Massaniello remained for some moments without replying, and then answered sorrowfully, "I will seek my poor home, my lord, for the cause of my people has triumphed. Whether the cunning of the Duke d' Arcos will avail against my life or not, is now matter of less moment, and I will take food. Not that I have the more confidence in the nobles, for I know them well; but for the sake of the kind words your lips have uttered."

"You have an arduous duty yet before you, Massaniello," replied the cardinal, impressively; "you have conducted this people through an ordeal of terror, setting aside, by God's permission, the authority of those whom God appointed over them. You have now to lead them back to a docile submission to peaceful laws, and rightful autho-

rity. If you fail in this, you will have been but an instrument of Heaven's vengeance in scourging this people, and your name will go down to posterity execrated by all good men. My aid shall not fail you; seek me again at sunrise, and in the meantime I will pledge fame and character for your safety; but you need rest, and food, and calm."

"I do need them all, my father," replied Massaniello, "and I shall never know them more in this world. You see my face pinched, my eyes wild, my limbs tremble; but you do not see how my brain burns and staggers, nor how my heart beats and bounds as if it would burst from my bosom, and then how suddenly still and dead it feels within me. You see not, as I see, how the eyes of all men glare upon me, how evil spirits follow me and mock me, how they pry upon me through the eyes of my associates and friends."

"I see not all this, my young friend," re-

plied the cardinal, "but I can see clearly into the suffering mind where these gloomy imaginings have their birth. Remember that you have scarcely outnumbered the years of boyhood, and the pursuits in which you are now engaged demand energies of mind and body which are sought for, not in individuals, but in the assemblies of sages and councillors. You have placed on your own shoulders the burdens usually apportioned amongst the elders of a whole people; I wonder not that the load weighs heavily on mind and body. But such as it is you must bear it till your ministry closes!"

"With the help of our Lady of the Carmine, I will bear it, Eminenza," replied the youth. "I will not be found sleeping or feasting, when my people want me. Give me your blessing once again, holy father, and I will go hence to my home."

The heart of the cardinal was touched;



the secret of the mind which a few words had thus laid bare before his eyes, involved a dark prospect for the fortunes of a whole people. He gazed after the retreating form of the young fisherman as he quitted the church, and then hastened to send a messenger to the Duke d' Arcos.

END OF VOL. II.

**MASSANIELLO;**  
**AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.**

**VOL. III.**



# MASSANIELLO;

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# MASSANIELLO.

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## CHAPTER I.

MASSANIELLO had but few steps to make in traversing the square, when he found himself at the foot of the tribune which occupied the front of his abode. Though tiers of skulls, hideous and gory, surrounded it, and naked corpses cumbered its approaches, his glance passed heedlessly along these terrible trophies, till it rested upon the head of Perrone. The tears then came into his eyes, and he paused as he contemplated it.

“ Thus was I served by those who loved me !” he said; “ how will my enemies do when the hour of their triumph comes?”

Suddenly his impulse varied, his eye flashed, he clenched his teeth, and then, with the sword he bore, striking it again and again as if contending for his life, he sprung away up the stairs of the platform, and entered his dwelling.

That dwelling was occupied by a gentle and beautiful girl, the tender and guardian spirit of his existence. Alas! how had a few days changed her! Pale and exhausted, the very flesh and sinews of her frame seemed withering on her bones. There was no longer any tear upon her cheek; the fountain of such relief seemed also perished; but a perception less preoccupied than her husband's would quickly have discovered that the great struggle of her generous spirit was to conceal from him, under a forced calm of aspect, the secret of her wasting

health and her deep misery. Her step was slow to meet him as he entered; she knew that all elasticity had quitted her limbs, and with all the heroism of such love as was consuming life, she had recourse to some ready artifice to conceal her feebleness.

Keenly though stealthily did her glance seek the features of her husband; the fact that his overstrained intellect was hourly tottering into lunacy was already known to her; and the glance of an instant served to convince her that this fearful malady was rapidly advancing. Yet did her countenance betray no symptom of such knowledge, nor did word or act escape her which could indicate alarm. She folded her arms about his neck, and bent her head till her face was hidden by her long hair. Her embrace was returned warmly for a minute, but feeling his frame tremble as it leaned against her bosom, she drew her form erect, and stood before him with a hue of such



deadly paleness, that her husband made an effort to spring from his seat to support her.

“I have waited your return, my husband,” she said, “to eat our evening meal as we used to do of old. Danger no longer surrounds us; my Massaniello is guarded by his people’s love; he is honoured of all men, and through it all his heart is faithful to the playmate of his childhood, the wife of his early choice.”

“Surely we will eat together, gentle one,” he said; “bring me wine, and I will take it from thy hand; my lips are scorched, but my heart is getting each moment colder and colder; for two days nothing has touched my lips; for five I have tasted little but a crust snatched in the street. We will eat, this night together, and no one shall disturb us, Ursula. I will stay with thee till sunrise.”

The lips of his poor wife moved, but she

had no words to give utterance to the joy she felt at that moment. "We will talk of the blue waters of Amalfi, beloved one," she said after a while, "of the purple and rosy hills of Capri, of the walks we have had together in other days amongst the vineyards of La Cava. And oh! happy will it make my heart and thine to remember that soft evening in June, my Massaniello, when thy light boat had borne me to the coast by the bay of Salerno, and we landed and walked upon the sea-beach in the moonlight. The heavens beamed more gloriously then than they have ever done since—than they ever will do more. Do you remember that soft sweet evening, my husband, when our lips met for the first time, and our hearts beat together? Oh! God knows we have kept faithfully the vows we then made, to cherish and love each other."

“I remember it well, Ursula,” replied her husband, “it was in an evil hour that we quitted such scenes—that I brought to this city my sweet and tender bride. I have bartered her comeliness and her beauty, and my own happiness—for what? Never more shall my swift boat dart over those bright blue waves—never more shall we revisit the silent caves, and their mirrored waters along these coasts of our birthplace! Those days and nights, Ursula, are fled, and they have borne the peace of our spirits with them.”

“The rocks and their caverns yet remain, beloved,” said that gentle creature, with a smile and a tone musical and mirthful as in infancy, “and the soft starlight will shine on them for ever. We will go forth again from this troubled city, and the memories of our love shall help to bring back for us the days that we are pining for.

To those days—days dawning in the blessed future—I will pledge you in this cup of love, my husband.”

Barely did her lips touch the goblet she had raised, but it sufficed to tint her pale cheek with a sudden flush. She then offered it to Massaniello, who rose and took the cup from her; but his mind was for the moment wandering, his eyes were fixed intently upon her countenance, and after a moment's scrutiny, he turned from it with a shudder.

“It is blood, child,” he exclaimed, “your blood and mine mingled!” and he threw it from him, covered his face with his hands, and burst into a paroxysm of tears and sobs. The poor girl folded her arms about his neck, and pressed his head upon her bosom, for she knew how ghastly are the visions that the mind in such moods can conjure up. The sudden chill that came over his brow struck through her, his limbs underwent a

violent shuddering, and then relaxed, and he fell prostrate upon the floor of the chamber.

His young wife shed no tear, nor did she for a moment think of seeking the aid of others. She knelt over him, parted his long hair from his face, bathed his temples, and moistened his lips with wine. The time had been when hunger had parched his lips before now, and she had tendered her soft ministry to induce him to take the nourishment which she herself as much needed; but now their home abounded in all things; her husband's will disposed of the resources of the entire city, and though he had not ordered for their sustenance as much as a crust of bread or the cup of wine that he had wasted, his followers, from their own store, from the abundance measured out to all men, had provided for his frugal board. Yet had the food remained hitherto untouched, and the wine-cup offered to her hus-

band had been the first of which her lips had tasted.

Excitement, want of rest, and intense fatigue under a burning sun, had done their work more speedily on the frame of Massaniello than on hers, and the bitter fruits of his perilous eminence were before her. More than an hour did Massaniello thus lie on the bare floor of his cottage, without sense or motion, with every appearance of death. Darkness was still around them when his eyes opened.

"Bring a light, Ursula," he said ; " I feel cold and weary of life ! The glazy and fiendish eye of Genuino is upon us both. He wishes us no evil, but his terrible glance withers me." Ursula lighted a small lamp and aided him to rise and seek his couch.

"We must sleep, dearest," he continued, "and take nourishment. His eminence has sent hither food blessed by his sacred hands. There is no deceit in him. Make no mis-

take in the loaves," he continued eagerly, "his are marked with the holy cross, and I would not die poisoned."

For the first time since the evening of the eighth of the month did Massaniello take food amply. His meal revived him, and was succeeded by a deep and quiet sleep, which lasted until dawn. His wife watched over him; for her, with a mournful and secret knowledge in her heart, there was no sleep; she stole that opportunity for weeping, and through the many long silent hours that followed she sat motionless by his side. The light that fell upon his cheek gave to it a brilliant and snowy whiteness, and at times his heart beat so faintly that she could imagine his struggles to be over.

The first gleams of dawn found their way into the chamber, and with them came the murmur of waking multitudes. Massaniello still slept, but was becoming restless; his dreams were troubling him, and his flesh felt heated and feverish. The tramp of multi-

tudes below his windows increased, and their impatience for his appearance began to manifest itself by louder murmuring, and at last there broke forth a cry of "Massaniello, wake, wake! there are messengers from the viceroy!"

The windows of his crazy tenement clattered with these vociferations, and Massaniello started up on his couch.

"My people want me," he exclaimed; "I am here, I come! Haste haste, Ursula," he continued, "help me hence. May God pardon me that my first thoughts are not heavenwards! you, sweet and gentle one, will pray for your husband."

He sprung to his feet, and though his limbs tottered for a moment, his glance instantly acquired the flash and fire so familiar to it. His parting with his wife was more hurried than it had ever yet been; the fiend within him had waked refreshed from slumber, and he rushed forth, in the



arrogance of his madness, without deigning further notice to the astonished and weeping wife.

## CHAPTER II.

THE clamour that ensued when Massaniello appeared amongst the crowds made the brain of Ursula dizzy ; but sensitive to all danger that menaced him, she distinguished, after the first salutations, voices that made her heart fail her.

“ Other messengers from the viceroy,” exclaimed the crowd, “ attended by the secretary of the cardinal.”

“ Lead them hither,” she heard the excited tones of her husband answer ; “ the viceroy is the people’s friend.”

Accordingly, one of those sumptuously appointed deputations, headed by Don Diego Carriglio, the captain of the duke's guards, was led through the crowd to the door of the hovel. "What does his grace seek of us?" asked Massaniello. "Speak it out, that my people may hear it."

"His grace sends brotherly greeting to your excellency," was the reply. "He would tender you his thanks, as he has already tendered his homage to God and our Lady of the Carmine, for the happy pacification of this city. He invites you to visit him in the royal palace, and has sent hither these rich garments, as fitting to one in the high place you hold in his esteem. His eminence the cardinal is also prayed to bear you company."

A deep and brief stillness succeeded this unexpected proposition, and then Massaniello, raising his voice till it reached to the limits of the square, exclaimed, "What

says my people? shall Massaniello visit the viceroy?"

A confused and clamorous scene ensued, and replies of the most contradictory nature assailed him.

"Trust him not—go not!" exclaimed many. "He seeks your life now, as he sought it but two days since at our Lady's altar."

But there were others who answered differently, and amongst these there was Giulio Genuino. "He dare not harm thee, Massaniello," he whispered; "go and speak face to face to these proud men! the people's cause has triumphed and shall triumph. We will go, the whole people shall go with us, and they shall see that we have system in our rule, and the hearts of the multitude with us."

"Be it so," replied Massaniello, "and let his Eminence accompany us, that he may bear witness how we answer for the people, whose cause we uphold."

The tidings of Massaniello's resolution were borne swiftly to the archiepiscopal palace, and the Cardinal Filomarino, without a moment's delay, repaired to the marketplace of the Carmine, to take his part in the extraordinary procession that was to accompany the Captain-General of the people to the palace of the Viceroy. With the eager desire of mediating between the hostile parties in the state, this good man betook himself to that historic spot; but so startling was the change which a few hours had brought over all things, that he might have doubted whether his memory or the place itself was altered.

The squalid hovels which surrounded it were no longer recognisable, but ranges of buildings, covered with costly silk and velvet hangings of all bright colours and pictured tapestry, seemed to have taken their place; the house-tops were peopled with children and women, and the square itself was filled

with armed men. Banners, to the number of one hundred and fifty, floated before him, and as the shouts of the multitudes announced the arrival of his coach, behold ! a horseman, arrayed in cloth of silver, with a Spanish hat, from which floated lofty white plumes, spurred through the opening crowds to meet and give him welcome.

The eyes of the cardinal gazed for some minutes at this splendid apparition, with so feeble a reminiscence of having ever before seen it, that he remained in conjecture which of the Spanish nobles it might be, until he was addressed in tones but too familiar to him of late, and then recognised the travestied fisherman of Amalfi.

“ We are going hence, Eminenza,” he said, “ to visit my Lord the Viceroy. Our people wishes it.”

“ Let us go, my son,” replied the cardinal ; “ it will be a visit of peace. We will take with us the articles agreed to between the Duke

d'Arcos and the people, and his grace will swear to them in person before you all, and in God's hands be the issue !”

To the surprise of the cardinal he found that the leaders of the rabblement had already established the order of their march, and as a preliminary, thousands were already busy in sweeping the streets, along the whole line by which they were to pass. Massaniello himself moved from throng to throng, forming them under their respective banners, apportioning to each the order of their advance, and the spot they were to occupy on their arrival in front of the palace of the Viceroy.

When satisfied that all was in a state of sufficient readiness, he again approached the carriage of the cardinal, and made his final arrangements for his immediate attendance. His Eminence was appointed to precede him; then followed in a gilded chair Giulio Genuino; and after him Massaniello himself,

arrayed as we have described, and at his side, habited in the common dress of a fisherman, walked his brother Matteo d' Amalfi. The procession was about to get into movement, when a momentary scene ensued, which unimportant in itself, served to show the readiness of mind and the decision of this youthful leader. A voice within a few paces of him called out—"Massaniello, you are betrayed! unless you get possession of the keys of the castle of St. Ermo, you will return to your home no more."

A confused cry and every symptom of a tumult followed this ominous warning. Massaniello turned round upon the throng, and held up his finger above his head, when a dead silence instantly fell upon the whole people.

"Bring hither," he exclaimed, "the keys of the Torrione of St. Lorenzo!"

The keys of that captured tower were presented to him on a silver tray. "And



now give me up that ribald disturber of our peace," he continued.

A masked figure was dragged before him, and Massaniello, snatching up the heavy keys, struck him with them, with no trifling force. "Take that, speaker of evil omen," he said. "These keys will do as well as the keys of St. Ermo!"

The man was allowed to shrink back from his anger, a loud cry of vivas followed, and the procession got at last into motion. Every building along its route was decorated, like those of the Carmine, with festive draperies; thousands, hundreds of thousands of lamps and torches were ranged from the foundations to the roofs, in preparation to light its return, which it was thought might not be till dusk. This solemn and simultaneous movement of a whole people was conducted with impressive stillness. One hundred and fifty thousand men are said to have accompanied Massaniello on that

famous visit ; twice that number lined their path ; they extended from his hovel, in compact masses, up to the palace of the Viceroy. When Massaniello arrived in front of that building, this immense throng halted, and made way for him to pass.

The palace presented an appearance that might have daunted one conscious of the part he had acted, and of the post he then occupied. The whole area in front was entrenched, one single pathway remained open, whilst every window seemed ostentatiously guarded by Spanish soldiery. Cannon were planted about the approaches, and men holding lighted matches in their hands, stood as resolute as if all question of life or death were beneath discussion. The spectacle was not without its effect on the mind of Massaniello, who reined in his horse, raised himself in his stirrups, conspicuously in the face of the multitude, and beckoned

to a herald, who instantly stepped forward and exclaimed,

“Viva il fedelissimo popolo, e Massaniello d' Amalfi !”

Loudly and long was this proud exclamation echoed; a single sign from the finger of their leader hushed the cry, and Massaniello then exclaimed in a firm and calm tone,

“My people, if I return not to you by one half-hour past sunset, leave not a stone upon a stone of this building.”

After having relapsed for some minutes into deep thought, he again raised his voice whose tones, this time, were plaintive and tremulous.

“If I die, my people,” he said, “promise me you will, in charity say one ave for my soul.”

He then urged his horse to a gallop, and dashed at once up to the gates of the palace. He was followed by the cardinal, by Genuino, and his brother; none other were

allowed to accompany him. The tumult, that ensued without, as he disappeared from the square, baffles description. Massaniello, meanwhile, and his companions mounted the stairs towards the chamber of the Duke d' Arcos. That noble, who with admirable coolness, and knowledge of the character of the people over whom he reigned, had bent every energy of his mind to sooth and to conciliate them, hastened with his nobles to meet them. Massaniello was the first person on whom his glance rested. He was bounding up the marble steps, and the viceroy was holding out his hand to welcome him, when, to the alarm of all parties, the youth staggered for a moment, and then fell prostrate without speech or motion at his feet. The duke stooped and helped to raise him. His face was pale as death, his limbs were stiff. He was carried into the chamber of the viceroy and laid upon a couch, and many minutes of most painful

suspense ensued, for the palace was in the possession of the mob, and the violence of the uproar without shewed how distrustful were the multitudes of the duke's intentions.

"I call God to witness, my lord cardinal," he exclaimed, turning towards the ecclesiastic, "how innocent I am of this mischance, and how much I lament it." He then whispered to one of his attendants, "Speed and bring hither a score or two of Germans, and let them defend this door at all hazards and to the death: let none enter and none depart."

He then turned and bent over the motionless body of Massaniello, and his face became pale as death as he watched the convulsive working of his features, the grinding of his teeth, and the foam that frothed his lips.

"He is too surely passing hence," he muttered. "Go, my lord," he again said, "and show yourself at yonder balcony to

the people. We must gain time—even minutes—for if he dies the palace must be defended.”

The cardinal threw open the window, and stepped out upon the balcony, where he was greeted with exclamations of discontent, and a loud cry for Massaniello. It was in vain that he declared that their leader was then engaged with the viceroy, that he exhorted them to patience, to reliance on the good faith of the duke. His voice was overpowered by the uproar, “Massaniello! Massaniello!” thundered through the air, till the very palace shook with it.

The faces that surrounded the couch were to the full as colourless as his who was stretched out on it. Between the pauses of the popular cries a dead stillness reigned in the chamber; never was the dying couch of human being watched with more intense interest! Presently the measured tread of

soldiery was heard, as a detachment of the palace-guard was ranged about the entry of the chamber. The sound of their arms made all turn with eager curiosity to the countenance of the viceroy, who had taken aside the cardinal, and one or two of the nobles, and was in apparent consultation with them on some resolution which was listened to reluctantly. The bursting forth of another fierce and deafening cry from the square carried with it a solution of their doubts, for it shook the spirit of Massaniello from its stupor; he gazed about him in momentary surprise, and then with the impetuosity of a disease already ripe within his frame, though partially controled, he sprung at once to his feet. The mood of the Duke d' Arcos varied as suddenly, and his solicitude gave place to demonstrations of joy and tenderness. The uproar from without had arrived at such a pitch that

the voices within the palace became utterly inaudible, and the apprehensions of the duke now attracted the notice of Massaniello.

“ We will quiet the voice of this faithful people” he said. “ If your Highness will accompany me to the balcony, you may witness that their gentleness is like that of lambs.”

The Duke d' Arcos was in no mood for mirth, yet this fanciful similitude, applied to the howling multitudes below, brought a momentary smile to his features. Following Massaniello to the window, the same from which he had witnessed his power at the beginning of the revolt, he was destined now to behold an exhibition of the prompt obedience which the few days that had since elapsed had matured and perfected. As soon as they stepped forth on the balcony, the full force of the illusion caused by the rich and strange dress, the laced hat, and its long white plumes, on the person of one who, till



now, had been never seen but in the rags, squalor, and half nudity of the Laceri or Lazeroni of the market-place, was manifested by a loud enthusiastic cry of “Long life to Masaniello d’ Amalfi !”

The youth had shewn himself professedly to hush the tumult, but that cry, ever grateful music to his ears, came at the moment with a peculiar welcome. On that day, says his historian, moralizing mournfully over the feebleness of his kind, were sown the seeds of court corruption in the simple character of the people’s champion. When he put on the sumptuous apparel sent him by the Viceroy, he had exclaimed calmly — “They are palace braveries. Masaniello will return to his rags !” — Nor was it until these mingled cries of attachment to his person, of admiration of his appearance, reached his ear, that he felt the power which the infirmity of mortal vanity, dormant in his nature till now, possessed over him. A smile of

complacency, a sudden shade of future change, broke over his countenance; he then raised his hand, and silence followed.

“Your Grace has heard that this poor people is stiffnecked and wicked,” he observed. “Can our Lord the King thus govern the people of Madrid? Now mark!”

He again raised his hand and waved it horizontally, when the whole multitude got into movement without a murmur, and in a few minutes the area in front of the palace was empty. This lesson was not lost on the mind of the Viceroy; they returned to the chamber, where they found already assembled the members of the collateral Council, and the business of the day was proceeded with.

Genuino produced the charter already ratified, and himself read the few articles to which it was finally reduced. The first was the abolition of all taxes imposed since the days of the Emperor, Charles V.; thus, by

one sweeping erasure cancelling nine-tenths of the yearly revenue of Naples ! The next article stipulated, that for the time to come no new taxes should be levied, on any cause or pretext ! and then came the most unpalatable concession which had been granted, because, to use the plain spoken words of the people's emissary, "Massaniello so willed it !" It stated that an equality of votes should be secured to the people with the nobles in the sedile ; and, lastly, that until these terms should be ratified at Madrid, the people should continue armed.

Article by article of this new contract was sworn to by the whole council, and then commenced the blandishments of the Duke d' Arcos. The excess to which these are reported to have been carried may excite as much pity as surprise, if we bear in mind the national character, the high position, the haughty blood and the little sincerity of the person by whom they were

lavished. Throwing his arms about the neck of Massaniello, he addressed him as the saviour of the nation, the true consoler of the people; he wiped his heated brow with his own handkerchief, and kissed him many times on the mouth. He then placed round his neck his own chain of the order of the Golden Fleece, confirmed him in his post of captain-general of the people, and finally, turning to one of the nobles in attendance, said,

“It is fitting that this young hero should bear hence some further testimony of our love, some distinction more worthy of the high place he holds in our people’s confidence. Your grace of Torrecusa may well share one of many honours. Massaniello! we declare thee, like ourselves, a noble of the empire, and let men know thee henceforward as Duke of St. George!”

Not even here did the condescensions of this memorable day terminate; for when

Massaniello and his company had taken their leave, to return with the same pomp that had marked their coming through an illuminated city, the viceroy got into his carriage, and proceeded to the church of the Carmine, to offer his thanks to God, before all the people, for what he affected to believe the happy conclusion of all feud. As his carriage passed near the humble dwelling of Massaniello, at the window of which stood, anxiously gazing forth upon the multitude, the slender form of the fisherman's wife, he instantly uncovered his head, and saluted her with every token of homage.

From the hour of his return from the palace of the viceroy, poor Massaniello was an altered man. He did indeed lay aside, as he had promised, the gay garments of that fatal festivity; but the poison of courtly flattery had entered into his blood, and made his brain whirl with constant dizziness. The

seeds of the fatal disorder, visible at first only to the searching eyes of his gentle wife, now shot up with the notable energy of the giant's bean-stalks, darkening and destroying alike intellect and health with the venom of its deadly shadow. His sway, which, since the attempt of Perrone, had been stern and bloody, became now incomprehensible, and intolerable; while every word and action was glaringly stamped with insanity. New proscriptions were sent forth; palace after palace was ransacked and burnt; and human heads were borne in heaps to the feet of his tribune, till he wearied of their incumbrance. A block was now raised in the centre of the Toledo, and an emissary appointed to preside over this second scene of butchery.

The scorn of the nobles was now effectually subdued; a deep gloom settled on the hearts of all men, and the friends of the viceroy moved about his fortress in silent

despair. Even that dignitary himself began to despond. There had been a moment when a gleam of hope shone upon the fallen fortunes of his party. They had descried a fleet at sea, standing inwards towards the city. It was recognised as that of Giannettino Doria, stationed off Mola di Gaeta. But the people had also seen it, and the Duke d' Arcos was instantly called upon to sign an order to the commander, to obey in all things the pleasure of Massaniello. A boat was accordingly sent off to the admiral, with orders not to approach within a mile of the land. Their plea of failure of provisions was met by a fleet of barks laden with bread and meat, and the viceroy had the bitter disappointment of seeing the ships gradually fading in the dim horizon. The nobles began one by one to steal away in various disguises from the city; if they were captured in the attempt, their heads fell without trial or delay.

Thus was the whole city of Naples abandoned to the unsettled mind of Massaniello. He himself appeared from dawn to dusk, sometimes throughout the night, upon his tribunal. But the aspect of this spot was changed, like all things else. He was surrounded with notaries and legal practitioners, who wrote down his decisions, conforming them, with professional usage, to the law of precedent. He no longer mingled jests with his arbitration, but sullen, irritable, capricious, and sanguinary, his own agents trembled at the very sound of his voice, and when they saw that the sword, blunted on the necks of nobles, was again sharpened for those of the populace, they in their turn thought of flight.

As yet, however, no voice murmured against him. Silence had succeeded to enthusiasm, but, to use the words of Giannone, he continued to murder by signs, and to raise conflagrations by a look. During these



awful scenes his own mind was solacing itself by insane trifling. His conversation was of little else than sumptuous liveries and rich appointments for his attendants. He gave orders to the inhabitants of the wretched hovels in the neighbourhood of his own to vacate their dwellings, for it was his intention to erect a palace for himself on their site. With marvellous endurance were all these extavagances submitted to by the populace, and no open murmur gave any indication of the perishing of his popularity. But there is a point beyond which love itself can bear no more ; and to this the fiend within the bosom of Massaniello was fast pushing his caprices.

## CHAPTER III.

LET us not lose sight of the fortunes of the Duke di Maddaloni and his son. His standing aloof from the turbid scene of politics; his open uncourtly, and dangerous declaration that the people were ground down with taxes, and would one day resist; had been interpreted, as it could scarcely fail of being, to his prejudice; and the popularity which had resulted from it had been through life a source of constant molestation, for it marked him out, in the estimation of the court party, as one only watching for the fitting moment to declare himself

openly against the government. The popularity which had occasioned his name to be used as a gathering cry, had forced him upon the fears of the Duke d' Arcos as a mediator.

Had the times been less perilous, or had success crowned the circumspection of the Duke di Maddaloni, his son would have spent his days in the unobtrusive pursuits that offered best refuge from satiety, and in happy indifference to the cares and honours of the head of his family. But as the result had been so different, and the mildness of his father but multiplied his enemies, and his inaction their encroachments, he ventured from time to time to urge on him a conduct more vigorous and more suitable to his station and his interests.

The mind of this young noble, impetuous in all things, was not tardy in tracing to its true source the evil ministry which had rendered all these efforts unavailing, and had even poisoned his father's mind against him

He knew well the character of his uncle of Bisignano, the utter villany of which he was capable, and the particular views which influenced all the evil counsel he poured into the ear of his brother.

But the Prince of Bisignano, while bestowing nearly all his energies on the furtherance of his schemes on the patrimony of his brother, found that danger was growing up around and on all sides of him. The public disappointment at finding Maddaloni stand aloof from all share in the revolt vented itself not against the duke, whose gentleness disarmed all anger, but against him who was known to possess unlimited influence over his mind, and whose character for arrogance and harshness had made him enemies by thousands. The first fruits of this unpopularity we have seen in the burning of his palace. Unappeased by this, when heads began to fall in all directions, his was amongst the earliest that was most

loudly called for. Not only were enormous rewards offered for his capture, but the viceroy was compelled to stigmatize him in common with the bandits known to have been in his pay, and to disclaim all protection of him. The various placards thus setting infamy and a price upon him met his eye as he was skulking through the streets at night, and the torchlight threw a ruddy glare upon this sentence of blood, as he paused, at the imminent peril of his life, to peruse it. From that hour his feelings and his intrigues took a new direction.

Giulio Caraffa and his father had witnessed to its close the scene of butchery in the church of the Carmine, and when the massacre ceased from want of victims, they drew nearer to the side of the cardinal, hoping that the same influence which had saved their lives might obtain them permission to retire under his protection. During the perpetration of the earlier excesses the

wife of Massaniello had retained the position she had assumed between them and the enraged populace; but as the confusion ceased, Marco Vitale whispered a few words to her, and without further thought she sprung away out of the church and left them to his care.

The countenance of the former secretary was no longer, as of old, subdued to a placid submission to the will of others, but was cold and almost contemptuous as he addressed the Duke di Maddaloni.

"The skirts of the cardinal can offer you no protection, my lord," he said; "you must find some disguise within this building, and follow me. If there be within the walls of this city safety for any who bears your name, it will be likeliest found where I will place you."

"We will accept your good offers, Marco," replied the duke, "till such time as we can withdraw from Naples altogether, or find

more fitting asylum within the walls of the Castel Nuovo."

"Trust rather, my father," said Giulio, "to the protection of his Eminence. I know better than you do this man's associates; and the motive of his interference at this moment is less a mystery to me than to you. Let not this warning, I beseech you, be as useless as all others."

"I have little cause to peril my life for yours, my lord duke," replied Vitale, sternly, "and less to give myself much thought for your son's safety, as he well knows. If you prefer trusting to his wisdom to rescue you from your present peril, do so; it will be a care the less on my mind; but if you still cherish life, and are not utterly deprived of common reason, follow quickly within the convent, that we may find means of masking your retreat."

"I will trust you, Vitale," replied the duke; "rather because I have befriended

and trusted you hitherto, than from any appearances of gratitude that you retain for me and mine."

An expression of mingled mockery and scorn came over the features of Vitale as he gazed into the countenance of Giulio Caraffa. "Lead on, sir," exclaimed that impatient youth; "I will accompany my father whithersoever it may be his pleasure to go, and under your guidance I doubt not that it will be my fortune, before long, to follow him to the block."

Without deigning further answer, Vitale led them from the church into the convent; he then disguised them both in the dress of friars, and passed without further hesitation, into the open piazza. The confusion there was at its height, but men were more busy in their fierce search for the costumes of the bandits, than that of the monks of a friendly order, and they passed on their way unheeded. Much to



their astonishment their guide then conducted them to a low and wretched house not fifty yards removed from the abode of Massaniello, locked the door after them when they entered, and left them.

The interior of this miserable building corresponded well with its outward promise: the portion of it appointed to them was the upper story, and consisted of two rooms, one of which looked down upon the formidable tribune and its ghastly trophies; the other was filthier and darker, but offered no such spectacle of horror. One glance at the scene in the square below sufficed to the duke, and he retired with an exclamation of disgust to the inner chamber. Unwilling to believe evil of one whom he had so long trusted, and whom he considered bound to him by so many obligations, the Duke di Maddaloni continued to look each moment for his deliverance; but several days elapsed, and Vitale came no more near

them : the doors of their prison were carefully guarded, and their best hope of safety was to be found in the circumstance of their having remained so long unmolested. They were supplied with food during the hours of darkness, but excepting then no step ever trod the stairs. From dawn till midnight their ears were assailed with all horrible sounds, from the rumbling of the cars that bore the artillery, and the eternal beating of drums, to the piteous cries of some condemned wretch for mercy, the barbarous yell that swallowed up these cries, and the execrations that accompanied the spirit on its flight,

All communication with the world without had entirely ceased from the moment they crossed the threshold of their prison. Hour by hour the spirit of the duke pined and perished ; deep gloom settled upon him, and no efforts of his son availed for a moment to divert his mind from the bar-

barous scenes acting below his windows, which the constant exclamations and screams intelligibly conveyed to him, though he shrunk with disgust from contemplating them.

Very different was the effect produced on the mind of his son. Full of courage, spurning the inaction which had so long fettered him, harassed by the doubt of the fate of his cousin, who he presumed had fallen into the hands of her father, he gazed out on to the bloody scenes below, till he almost preferred the fate of those who perished, to the lingering dread of being ultimately dragged in his turn to the bar of that bloody tribune. He watched narrowly the demeanour of the privileged few who had their seats upon the fearful platform, and the scrutiny laid bare before him the whole secret mechanism of the revolt.

He saw that though the power of Massaniello towered above all other, as did the

pinnacle of that tribune above the ranges of seats about it, the effective control of the destinies of the mob remained in the hands of Marco Vitale, the secretary, and Giulio Genuino, the counsellor-general of the people. Deeper even than this he was able to penetrate, for he detected jealousy and hate between these leaders. But from contemplations of this kind his thoughts were speedily turned to the state of his father. Unable to bear up against the terrors of his situation, the duke avoided all conversation on their common fortunes, and soon altogether ceasing to address or to reply to his son, he sunk into a state of despondency from which no effort could rouse him.

## CHAPTER IV.

VERY different were the scenes which from dawn till dusk were acting in the lower chamber of the very same building in which Giulio and his father were imprisoned. The proximity to the abode of Massaniello had caused it to be selected for the temporary residence of Marco Vitale, who had been chosen his secretary. In him, more than in any agent of the revolt, did the young fisherman repose his confidence. Unable himself to read or write, he was compelled to trust to some one not only for a true

report of the communications of the court, but also for the honest transmission of his own decisions; and except when actually engaged in the face of the whole people, in administering speedy law from the tribune, Massaniello sought the chamber of his secretary, and thence sent his mandates through the city.

These interviews commenced usually before sun-dawn, and then might be seen the calm brow, the lean form of Marco Vitale, bending over a multiplicity of documents, reading, or listening, or consulting. Massaniello, gifted with a singularly powerful memory, with a nervous and fluent eloquence, would pace the chamber whilst he dictated orders and replies. If the voice of Vitale faltered as he read, he would pause and fix his dark eyes in flashing interrogation upon his countenance; and the working of his features, when the lecture was resumed, betrayed how wakeful were his suspicions.

It was dusk on the third day of Giulio's imprisonment, and a single light was burning upon the secretary's table. Marco Vitale was seated, his head rested upon his hand, and whether from emotion or fatigue, his heart seemed saddened. His features, usually so calm and impenetrable, were troubled; printed papers lay in heaps around him, and a page written to its close, and on which the ink was still wet, lay before him. Massaniello was the only other person in the chamber; he had paused in his walk, and stood directly facing his secretary. A dead silence had existed for some minutes between them, and the thoughts of Vitale had wandered to other scenes, but the keen and wild gaze of the young rebel was searching into his countenance.

"Marco," he said at last, and the tones of his voice were so altered, that Vitale started from his musing, "we toil fruitlessly, for we are outwitted; what does it avail thus

wearying intellect in unprofitable writings? The nobles still live to plot our undoing; they must perish. . . It were wiser to give the whole city to the flames, and thus take away their hiding-places."

A smile lurid and ghastly passed over the countenance of Vitale. "The flames have been not sluggish, dear Maso," he answered; "there were sixty palaces on the list I gave you; how many of them remain standing, think you?"

"There are more left, Marco," replied Massaniello, "How is it that the Palazzo-Maddaloní is yet spared?"

"It is the work of Genuino, and not mine," replied Vitale, carelessly; "let him answer to it!"

"And is it the work of Genuino?" inquired Massaniello, "that Tiberio Caraffa, after hiring assassins to murder me, is left to walk at his pleasure through the city? That his brother, his nephew, and his daughter,



are hid away in safety? Is this his doing, Marco, or is it yours ?”

“If I loved your fame better than my own revenge, Maso,” replied the secretary, “the offence of protecting one who saved your life, of screening a young maiden and an aged and respectable man from unmerited misfortune, would have been my deed. But because I hate the race with the deadliest hatred, they owe not such favour to me.”

“It is well!” replied Massaniello; “it is well for you and for them! and now write in fair characters that Massaniello will multiply ten times the reward he had already offered for the head of Tiberio Caraffa; that he will give forty thousand ducats for the traitor’s capture! Write that the palace of the Duke di Maddaloni be burned this very night, and that any one who shall give harbourage to father or daughter shall die!”

Without a word of reply Marco wrote as he was ordered! and when it was complete,

he handed the paper to Massaniello, who scrawled under it a large cross, and then stamping his foot the chamber instantly filled with his followers.

“Let this be read out in the market-place,” he exclaimed loudly, “and then placed where all men may see it.”

The paper was borne away with yells of exultation, and Massaniello resumed his agitated walk.

Amongst the earliest who had been attracted to the foot of the tribune to witness the affixing of this last edict of Massaniello, was a tall swarthy individual, habited in the common dress of a fisherman of the bay. His brown worsted cap was drawn slouchingly over his features, his shirt-sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, his breast and legs were bare, and presented a dusk skin, burned almost black by exposure to the sun. His features, as far as they were visible from a wilderness of black beard, were expressive

of a reckless daring, yet withal of a disposition to joviality and riot.

Pushing his way with little ceremony through the crowds, bestowing many a jest upon the slighter forms that he thus threw aside, he made his way into the foremost ranks of the mob, and after gazing for a minute upon the edict, lifted his voice in a thundering cry of "Long live Massaniello of Amalfi and these merry times! forty thousand ducats for the head of Tiberio Caraffa!" He then burst into a loud and prolonged laugh, and plunged again into the thickest of the throngs. The shout that he had raised was taken up by a hundred thousand voices, and its echoes rolled over the waters of the bay, like a strong tide to the shores of Sorrento.

The individual alluded to had little difficulty in disengaging himself from the crowds. He gradually slackened his pace, and plunged into one of the many dark narrow lanes

with which the square of the Carmine is surrounded, and in which a person, so attired, might naturally be supposed to reside, threaded several alleys, and at length found himself alone. The direction of his route then varied, and he quickened his step towards a building, whose vast front, great elevation, and display of armorial bearings, sculptured in marble, over a lofty arched entry, showed it to have once been a residence of some consequence; while the state of present disrepair which marked its exterior, and the squalid hovels that had grown up around it, familiarly resting their crazy beams against its walls, showed that the day of its consequence was gone by, and that it was given up to some magnate of the marketplace.

Its principal entry was bricked up, its lower windows protected with barricades of iron, and only a small doorway, used in its days of splendour for such only whose busi-

ness was with the courts and offices, gave ingress to its present tenant. Forlorn and abandoned as was the outside of this ancient palace, its interior had shared but partially in the dilapidation; grass and weeds had forced up much of the pavement of the courts, but on the threshold of the staircase, which led to the upper floors, decay had been arrested; as if time, weary and old, had trailed his scythe so far, but had paused and shrunk from the ascent; or that the friendly spiders had spread their dark webs to hide from him the gorgeous frescoes with which the walls and ceilings were covered. Light penetrated with difficulty through narrow and dirt-dimmed windows, but the objects it fell upon were still magnificent and princely. That dwelling would have been an artist's paradise; the being that did inhabit it would have been his glorious study.

In a spacious chamber whose walls were

tapestried, whose ceilings were still bright with glorious colouring, there stood a young female, of about twenty-five years of age, to whose sole use this solitary splendour was appropriated. It might have been conjectured from the character of her abode, and the silence that reigned throughout it, that she was a captive, or that she was without the pale of social intercourse. The expression of her countenance would have encouraged either of these suspicions. In stature she was slightly under the common height; the outlines of her form were full, and in conjunction with the soft mellow fairness of her skin, her large lustrous eyes and their long lashes might have been termed voluptuous.

Her hands were small and dazzlingly white, and her feet diminutive almost to a fault. The carriage of her neck and head was stately and queen-like, and every feature would have been judged noble, but for the expression that flashed too legibly from

her dark eyes, which seemed at one moment the abode of actual fire, and at another of the languor of passion that defied, nay had lost all consciousness of restraint. Her dress was of the costliest materials, and fashioned after a somewhat freer mode than would have found favour in the rigid eyes of the Duchess d' Arcos and her Spanish court.

With an expression partly of melancholy and partly of impatience, this beautiful woman stood to listen as she heard steps ascending the staircase, and then traversing the corridors that led to her chamber. That step trod firmly and heavily, and as its distinctness plainly enabled her to recognise her visiter, a cloud cast its shadow over her cheek, and her lip curled as if in disgust. But this expression was only momentary, and as she raised her eyes to a mirror that hung before her, the traitor-feeling was suppressed. She then turned as the door was thrown open, and welcomed with as bland

a smile as ever lighted up the cheek of woman, the grim foul figure whose step we traced from the tribune of Massaniello.

A fierce yet mocking excitement agitated the face of this unattractive individual as he entered. He swung the door after him, and flung aside his fisherman's cap and a rude pike, without which no man ventured to walk abroad, before he approached the side of the lady. No surprise was depicted upon her features as so singular a costume obtruded itself upon her privacy; but when he had approached her side, and would have embraced her, she stepped backwards and her cheek crimsoned. A sudden flash of a spirit impatient of contradiction sprang into his excited glance, and her discretion was instantly recalled.

"A little water, my prince!" she said in tones that might have pacified the anger of a fiend. "Is such a face," she added, point-



ing to the mirror, “one to present to a lady’s lips?”

The visiter surveyed himself for a minute with evident signs of returning mirth, and then turned his glance to the superb creature by his side. “It is the fashion of these merry times, Livia,” he answered; “I have had some thoughts of recommending it to our Spanish viceroy; but it will not be of long duration, for our friends of the marketplace are becoming magnificent. The rogues have rifled the wardrobe of my princely nephew, and before many days are over, we shall see laced doublets doing butcher’s duty on Massaniello’s tribune. Your munificent brother has offered forty thousand ducats for my poor head. What think you, dear girl—is it fairly valued?”

This question had been asked mirthfully, but its effect upon the countenance of the lady was instantaneous and striking; her

head drooped, the long lashes screened her dark eyes, and a tear stole over her cheek. After a pause of some seconds she raised her glance mournfully to his countenance. "It was agreed between us, my lord," she replied, "that in merest pity for me, my brother's name should never be mentioned between us. There is more of nobleness in Massaniello's nature than in yours, and a gentler and kinder spirit dwells not in this kingdom."

"I meant not to pain thee, bold one," replied the disguised noble. "I know thy spirit well, and that its gentleness is akin to his. There is nobleness, ay, and greatness in the character of thy brother, and I would that I could be his friend, for he would rule this city, nay he does rule it, to better purpose than the silken satraps of the Castel Nuovo. But there are men about him who are driving his brain to madness—men with the villany of Satan, and cunning

that outwits the cunning even of the Duke d' Arcos."

Pacified in some degree by the seeming sincerity of this declaration, Livia regained her calm. "Such as his lot may be," she said, "with the help of our Lady of Mount Carmel, poor Massaniello must encounter it, as I must mine; but once more, I pray you, mention not his name; spare all allusion to him before me. This was our contract long since, and it will be well for both our sakes to abide by it. Have you any tidings of your daughter?"

If this question sounded gratingly in the ears of the Prince of Bisignano, the answer that he made her fell like a death-summons on the spirit of the lady.

"I have not yet found any traces of her hiding-place," he replied; "but I have learned that after her cousin Giulio rescued her from the flames of my falling palace, Marco Vitale took charge of her, that she

followed him without reluctance, and that she is a willing prisoner in some one of the foul haunts that he, and such as he, hide in."

"Marco Vitale!" replied the lady doubtfully—"said you Marco Vitale?"

"Ay," replied the noble, and he stamped his foot in ungovernable fury, "I said Marco Vitale—one of the many menials who eat their master's bread as a condescension—one whom my sapient brother had nurtured and clothed, and who, perchance, thinks to find me as meek and credulous as he has found my brother. You pronounce his name well and glibly, child; what know you of him?"

"I knew him in my childhood," the lady answered, "and his name is hourly shouted up beneath these windows—thus much I know of him!"

"Livia!" replied the Prince of Bisignano, "beware!" He uttered not another word,

but turned and left her. No sooner had the door of her chamber closed on his retreat, than Livia clasped her hands, and her limbs trembled as if some ghastly apparition had occupied the void he had quitted. Her face became pale as death, and for some minutes her very breathing seemed suspended. Gradually, but slowly, the agony of her suspicion subsided, and a fierce demon sprung into its place. She too stamped her small foot upon the ground, her eyes gleamed and sparkled, her nostrils dilated, and her bosom heaved as if the heart within spurned the limits of its thrall.

“It is true,” she muttered almost in a whisper; “nothing escapes the keen quest of this terrible being; he loves her, and for years past he has loved her! If I was abashed before, what has that man made me? Gentle blood, and the snowy cheek of a young maiden, are a tempting prize; but

the lips that would toy with it are perjured.  
God has spared me a swift avenger! and I  
will confess my own shame, Marco, rather  
than thou shalt escape me!"

## CHAPTER V.

SEVERAL days had thus passed away, and the latest change that had come over the residence of the viceroy was that of a dead calm. There might still be seen a few discontented or desponding countenances of the higher nobility; there might be occasionally heard the clang of arms, and the measured tread of soldiery, as they changed guard on the terraces or battlements of the castle; but generally speaking, torpor appeared to have crept over the movements of every living creature beneath the roof of

the Castel Nuovo. Into one suite of apartments in that building alarm had never entered; it was the one set apart for the use of the Duchess d' Arcos and her attendants. In the first moments of the disturbance that lady had collected about her the wives and daughters of the principal nobility, and amongst them no mention was ever made of any scenes which might disturb the serenity of their retreat. The Duke d' Arcos occasionally joined the society of these fair recluses, and no eye could discern any change in his grave features, or his courtly manners. Many of the younger nobles dedicated their time and their assiduities to the courtly contest with the irksomeness of this retirement, but the struggle was ultimately fruitless, and weariness dimmed the brightest glances and hushed the sprightliest voices of those fair prisoners.

Victoria d' Arcos came occasionally to the presence of her mother, but her coming



threw a chill over the hearts of all, for her share in her father's counsels was well known, and an evil augury was taken from the daily changes of her countenance. Her cheek became paler, her piercing glance more languid ; she took less interest in all things ; her very step became less firm, and those who watched her well could perceive that her thoughts were far distant from the pursuits she joined in. She appeared to seek the company of others as a refuge from painful thoughts, and to fly from it abruptly when she found how little unison there existed between their contemplations and her own.

A thousand exaggerated and contradictory rumours were borne to the castle ; but these stories, though discordant in every thing else, seemed all to concur in declaring that the Caraffas, father and son, had fallen. Victoria was by her father's side when this intelligence reached him ; he had remarked

the sudden paleness of her cheek, but no word was exchanged between them, and she retired. Within a very few minutes, disguised and unattended, she had quitted the castle. Whither her steps were bound the reader may well conjecture. She entered the square of the Carmine when the tumult was at its height; the multitudes were pouring from the church, the air resounded with the cry that had been raised by Massaniello, of "Slay! slay! death to the nobles!" Hers was a courage which no terrors could make tremble; she drew aside whilst some wretched fugitive tried his useless flight, and hundreds blood-stained and maddened, rushed after him. She saw many stabbed about her, she saw heads paraded on pikes, yet she shrunk not, trembled not, least of all was she scared from her purpose.

As the great throng abandoned the church she entered it. Heedless of the crush of furious multitudes, of the appalling scene that

was acting around her, she continued to force her way towards the altar; a frail and beautiful woman stood fearlessly forward to screen the person of Giulio Caraffa from the howling ferocity of the populace, as this young noble stood gazing mournfully upon the horrid butchery. He had placed himself foremost of the group who occupied the foot of the altar; for there were moments when the protection afforded to him seemed reluctantly extended to his companions. Men well known to her, trembled around him, but his brow, though sorrowful, was lofty and fearless as ever.

Victoria had marked the arrival of Vitale, and the retreat of the Duke di Maddaloni and his son in his company, within the cloisters. She instantly quitted the church, and before long saw two figures in the garb of monks conducted across the square. The darkness favoured her following them, and she watched them as they passed under the

tribune, and into the abode of their conductor. Once the rush of the crowd had for a moment separated them from her, but she quickened her steps and came unexpectedly to the very side of Ginko Caraffa; and then the heart that had braved so many sights and sounds of horror failed her. She would have spoken to him, but the sound died upon her lips; he was again in movement, he was forced against her, the warmth of his breath was upon her cheek; and he was then as suddenly borne onward in his retreat.

Long after the door of their wretched prison had closed behind them, Victoria d'Arcos lingered about it; the rough greeting of some intoxicated group at last roused her, and she turned to seek her home. She found the Duke d'Arcos pacing the terrace with hasty steps, and every mark of great agitation. He held a small slip of paper in one hand, and a packet of letters, with the

seals unbroken in the other. He stopped instantly as the step of his daughter sounded near him, and his countenance lighted up with joy as he threw his arms about her.

“God has befriended us in our need, Victoria,” he said, and he held out to her the paper he had received but a few minutes before her coming.

It contained but a few lines written by Andrea Doria, who commanded the Spanish fleet, off Mola di Gaeta. He had received tidings of the revolt, and put his squadron in instant motion towards Naples. The perusal of this notice brought no exultation to the features of Victoria.

“It is too late, my father,” she replied; “the sight of these ships may cost many lives; the few hundred men they might land would meet the fate of the Germans from Pozzoli. You will do wisely to send them back, and take some merit for preventing bloodshed. What are these other letters?”

“Despatches from Madrid,” replied her father, mournfully; “I have not yet opened them.”

The letters were opened, and they completed the humiliation of the Viceroy; for after various unsparing commentaries on his past government, they announced His Majesty's pleasure of superseding him in his office, and of sending his well-beloved son, Don John of Austria, as Viceroy to Naples. These despatches contained an enclosure, and the cheek of the Duke d' Arcos blanched as he read the superscription: it was for “the most noble Prince Don Cesare Caraffa, Duca di Maddaloni, &c.” The writing was that of Olivarez, the all-potent minister at the court of Charles IV. Many dark passions flashed over the brow of the Viceroy as he held this letter before him. After some moments of silence, he extended the paper to his daughter, and a smile, whose import made her blood cold, curled his lip as he asked—

“Where shall we find the noble Duke to whom this letter is addressed?”

“In the hands of the bloodthirsty men to whom he trusted himself at your prayer and mine, my father,” replied Victoria, “and where he is perchance in as safe keeping as if he were beneath the roof of this castle. We are plunging from one misfortune to another, and the worst calamity that has yet befallen us has been timed, by God’s permission, at the very moment that powerful friends will be here to proclaim its authors to the whole of Christendom.”

“You are a gloomy comforter, Victoria, but I must look to these things with such judgment as I have, and leave the result in God’s hands.”

Three days had elapsed since the massacre in the church of the Carmine, and nothing was known in the Castel Nuovo of the fate of the Caraffas; constant apprehension had made all men selfish, and few ever thought

or spoke of them. Victoria d' Arcos had reasoned on the probable intentions of Vitale; and had derived hope hitherto from the mystery that seemed to hang over them. She had watched another day to its close, and had ascended to the terrace of the castle to look down upon the city, seeking out as her first object the princely palace of the Duke di Maddaloni, for she clung to the circumstance of its having been hitherto spared, as to an evidence of the safety of its owners.

No change had affected the exterior of that vast pile; it stood gloomily and grandly out, in massive shadow, for the numberless fires that were lighted on all sides of it sufficed to give distinctness and sharpness to the outlines of its vast structure. As she contemplated it the atmosphere above its roof appeared to grow gradually darker, and experience had already taught her the scene that was to follow; the darkness not



only affected the air above the building, but it dimmed the fires that were burning in the streets around it. It was, in fact, the smoke rolling its dense volumes outwards from the lower stories of the palace, to which fire had been placed in every accessible point.

She staggered back, her heart beat quickly, and then seemed utterly to cease its pulsations. In a few minutes the air around the building burst into a glare of ruddy light, and the flames overtopped its summit. She remained for some moments motionless, for her limbs had lost their power; then she placed her hands before her eyes to shut out the vision: but the feelings thus suppressed within her bosom sprung up with a sudden elasticity.

“His fate may be shared, if not averted; I may die with him, though I may not save him,” she exclaimed, as she sprung away from the terrace and sought her own chamber. In a short time, two figures crossed the

drawbridge of the fortress, and passed forth into the narrower streets which led towards the square of the Carmine.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE success of the revolt appeared to have taken the burden of half a century from the mind and body of Giulio Genuino. This contriver and director of the most singular revolution recorded in the annals of cities, though arrived at a period of life in which the aspirings of ambition and the stings of evil passions usually perish with the energies of the frame, still retained the cravings of youth, the powers of physical endurance, of robust manhood. Spite of the many vicissitudes and heavy trials of his long life,

he brought to this final contest a vigour of constitution, an indomitable spirit of endurance, which found wholesome aliment in peril, and refreshment in continued vigils and toil. Keenly did he watch the changeful spirit of the people, the birth of distrust and ambition in the minds of his associates, and the capricious fancies of Massaniello.

From the daily atrocities of the tribune, he had retired at dusk to his own chamber, not to drown reflection in debauchery and riot, as did many of his fellow labourers in the same vocation; not to seek in the society of poets, painters, and mountebanks, a refuge from the excitement that was goading to insanity the chief actor in the revolt; but diligently to study the reports of such officials as were intrusted with the effecting of his schemes, to mark each separate victim of his vengeance, and to prepare new orders in stern sequel for the morrow. His abode was still the cellar of one of the houses in

the Carmine, whence his emissaries were despatched in all directions throughout the city; his door was vigilantly sentinelled, but it was ever ready to open to all comers. He had introduced, within this wretched chamber, some appearance of comfort, which, like the cleaner and decenter dress he wore, were pardoned on account of his age and clerical calling.

Thus had Genuino been occupied for about an hour, when a signal gave intelligence of a visiter. He raised up his keen glittering glance to the entry of his cell, as he heard the sound of a light and hurried step descending the stairs, but the shade that passed over his brow for an instant cleared away before the door opened, and showed him the unwelcome figure of Marco Vitale. The salutation that passed between them was brief and but little ceremonious. The secretary drew a chair to the table at which he was sitting, and pushing from him the

papers with which it was covered, to leave place for his elbow, he fixed his eyes upon the features of the old man into whose presence he had thus intruded, as if in defiance of the reputed power of the glance he encountered.

“ They diminish,” he said at length—  
“nobles and nobility, their palaces and their power. But there are many yet behind, and they must perish to the very last! The axe is growing sluggish, and yet how little of its work is done, whilst the Castel Nuovo, the very nest of the scorpions, is left unmolested, and the city swarms with their abettors. Have you no tidings yet of the Prince of Bisignano?”

“ None,” replied Genuino, returning his fixed glance with equal scrutiny. “ None! nor of the Duke di Maddaloni, nor of his son; it is presumed they have fled the city and escaped us. The orders for firing their palace have been this evening issued; I marvel

that the people should thus long tarry in effecting them."

"They tarry as the axe tarries upon the neck of its victim," replied Vitale; "the house is in flames from the roof to the foundation. But it avails little that we burn their houses, if the tyrants are thus allowed to escape us. Tiberio Caraffa has not quitted the gates of the city; he must be found, or those who abet his hiding will rue it."

A tint, slight and of but momentary duration, passed over the yellow cheek of Genuino. "Who shall penetrate into all the holes and lurking-places of this immense city?" he asked. "There are others besides Tiberio Caraffa who should be forthcoming. It is thought that if the maiden who escaped from his palace could be found, her father might also. But let us leave these matters till the morrow, my young friend; they are in sufficient train and need no hurry.

Our impetuosity is blinding us to the chances of effectually settling the interests of the people. We are wasting, by these conflagrations, wealth which we may one day need; and I doubt whether it would not be wiser to infuse a little democratic blood amongst these haughty families, than wholly to extinguish them. They have daughters and sisters who would make dainty wives for our young men, and I marvel that one so shrewd as you are, should not have turned his thoughts to a plan so simple. I would propose that the person and family of any noble thus allied should be held as pardoned for the past, and incorporated amongst ourselves for the future; or, did the public safety require it, the wealth of such nobles, ay and their empty titles of nobility also, might be conveyed as a dower to any of the people's friends who would hazard thus much for the people's cause. Think of it, Marco! Methinks that our good friend Mas-



saniello is somewhat wearying of the sight and smell of bloody heads. The last orders I heard given were to bear the carrion forth from the city-gates, and give it sepulture, for the sake of the living."

"They are less pestilent dead than living," replied Vitale, musingly. "Massaniello is honest in the people's cause, and they are taken down to make place for others; for the harvest is yet in its beginning. But the night wears apace, and I am forgetting in idle chattering the purpose for which I came hitherto. I want a free pass from the city for friends of mine in the people's service."

He tumbled over a heap of papers that lay scattered about the table, and pushed over a printed form towards Genuino.

"Oblige me," he added, "by filling that up in due form."

Genuino cast his eye over the paper, and then bent down to write.

“ With what names shall I fill up these blanks ?” he asked.

“ Leave them blank,” replied Vitale; “ your signature is necessary ; it is all I ask ; I would not willingly disturb the Captain-General at this hour with a matter of so little moment.”

Without further reply, Genuino signed his name to the foot of the paper, and handed it to Vitale, who placed it in his bosom and took his departure. Genuino listened intently to the sound of his retreating footsteps ; he then called to an attendant who had already resumed his station at his door, whispered a few words to him, and when the man retired, bent down his head upon his hand in deep musing. He had been for nearly an hour thus engaged, when a new summons roused him, and gave intelligence of another visiter.

“ Already ?” he exclaimed ; but presently the sound of descending steps, very different

from those he listened for, warned him that he had not well guessed his visiter. The door of the chamber opened, and two figures, enveloped in a disguise which concealed their entire persons, and which were expressly forbidden by a late edict of Massaniello, stood before him. The old man started at this apparition, for his first fear was one which not unfrequently haunted him, viz., that his life was in jeopardy. The alarm depicted upon his countenance was apparently well interpreted, for one of his visitors made a sign to his companion, who instantly withdrew. He then threw aside his mantle, and Genuino, to his astonishment, saw before him the Lady Victoria d'Arcos. Notwithstanding the ravages of a breaking heart, which were manifest in a stooping figure, a pale cheek, and a humbled brow, she was instantly known to him, as was also her purpose, though for some moments he affected ignorance of both. Her

frank address for a moment threw him off his guard.

“Am I unknown to you?” she asked, and she looked into his countenance with a glance for a moment as imperious as if she had come to confer, not to solicit, a favour.

“We see many fair faces, lady,” he replied ; “and I am growing too old for the beauty of damsels to fasten itself in my memory. You will save time in speaking your name and mission.”

“We have met too often before now, Genuino, though under different circumstances, for my person to have slipped entirely from your recollection. It would scarcely be wise for either of us to mention my name in this place. Once more answer me—am I known to you?”

Genuino bowed his head, and beckoned her to approach nearer to where he sat. Victoria placed herself in the seat which

had been lately occupied by Vitale, laid her elbow on the table, and screened her eyes from the lamps which were so placed as to throw a strong glare upon her countenance.

“I have so far trusted you Genuino,” she said, “because though you avow it not to your associates, you must full well know that the time is fast coming when I can serve you ; nay you must feel that even now you would do wisely to make your bargain with my father, in order that you may save your life from the fate that awaits the misguided and savage men with whom you are associated, and with your life preserve some remnant of the power you hold on such perishable tenure. Putting aside all fear for my own life, I have made my way hither to seek your aid in a matter that may concern you not less deeply than it does me, and I have done so with the more

confidence, because you will in turn require silence upon the treaty you will shortly make."

"You premise a mysterious prayer confidently and frankly, lady," replied Genuino. "I will deal fairly by you, as I value life in this world and in the next. You have said truly, I shall want, I do already want a mediator with your father, and there is none fitter, as there is none abler, than yourself for the office. Speak lady! in what can I serve you?"

Victoria was for some moments silent; she at last took down her hand from her face, and as the light fell upon it, Genuino perceived that her cheek was ashen, that her lip quivered, and her eyes were streaming with tears. "I am humbled," she said; "and my heart is breaking, or you would not see me thus forgetful of maidenly fame and evil judgment, risking all things on a quest which my lips tremble to avow."

“ You seek tidings of some friend whom adversity has overtaken,” replied Genuino; and then suddenly dropping his voice to a whisper he continued, “ You would question me of the safety of the young Prince Giulio Caraffa?”

Victoria clasped her hands, and replied in the same tone, but slowly and emphatically, “ I must hear his voice, I must see him with my own eyes! I have heard such tidings that I can trust no less evidence—I can believe no man!”

Genuino started as if in doubt whether his senses served him correctly. “ Lady,” he replied, “ you little know how impracticable a task you have undertaken. It would be as safe a thing to venture into the den of Massaniello, and seek to wrestle with his delirium, as to attempt this wild scheme. I can tell you that the Caraffas, father, brother, and son, are yet unharmed. Tiberio of Bisignano is at large; the others

are in keeping that it will be no safe task to defy, no easy one to elude."

"Tell me not of peril," replied the maiden. "If I feared death or evil tongues I need not have quitted my father's roof; but I must and I will visit his dungeon, or leave my limbs to the mercy of the mob, whom I but now left dancing around the public gibbet. The hours in which you may toil for your safety are numbered; the insanity of the populace is passing off, as that of your leader is raving to its extreme. A few days more will see other victims on the stakes that parade the city. Beware, Genuino! the service I seek will be well paid with your safety."

Genuino remained for some time in deep thought, and then replied, "Lady this ought not to be; the perils you hint at are possible and likely; the service you demand is little less than certain death to both of us. I should do wisely at any peril to prevent



your acting thus rashly in a matter of so great risk; but I will serve you. Call in your attendant, and let him wait here till we return. We must be speedy, for such is our only chance. I have a more fitting disguise than the one you wear."

## CHAPTER VII.

A FEW minutes later Genuino and his companion, habited in the rough cloaks in use then as now with the fishermen of Naples, emerged from the cellar, and plunged into the midst of the crowds who yet filled the square. Their path lay directly under the tribune and its ghastly trophies; fires were blazing in various directions around it, for the smell of the corpses which lay about exposed to the blazing heats of noon, had rendered this measure indispensable. There was enough to shock stronger nerves than

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those of a young female so delicately nurtured; but the step of Victoria d'Arcos faltered not, nor did her companion feel her frame shudder as she walked hand in hand with him, the better to prevent the crowd from separating them. He succeeded in disengaging himself from the throngs, and as he passed under the windows of a low, mean, house, pointed significantly to a chamber in its upper floor.

Although there was no one visibly keeping watch about the place, Genuino led his companion past it, plunged into a narrow street which ran at the back of the houses forming that side of the square, and after feeling about for some time in the darkness, stopped opposite a low hovel. She heard him place a key in the door, and he threw it open, whispered to her to ascend the stairs, and signified his intention of keeping watch till her return.

“Haste, haste lady!” he said impressively,

“his life as well as yours is lost if you are surprised!”

Up to that moment, through all the dangers and horrors of her path, the courage of that high spirited woman had not failed her. A dead silence prevailed throughout the building, and she trod noiselessly up the stairs, feeling her way through the darkness, and undecided whether she should venture even now to break upon the privacy of those whom she had risked so much to visit. The memories of past intercourse with the young Caraffa were not such as to authorize her doing so; but when she recollected that the Duke had once loved her, that a coolness had arisen between them, and that a heart generous as his would view her conduct with indulgence, she determined to persevere. Her hand was on the door of their chamber, and she was on the point of entering when, as the sound of voices reached her, she paused, and then heard

the subdued tones of the Duke di Madaloni calling to his son, and the reply of Giulio.

“ I am here by your side, my father,” he said, “ I have been seated here since sunset.”

“ All men have forgotten us,” continued the Duke, “ and none care whether we perish in this unknown dungeon, or beneath the axe of the misguided populace. It is surely a lesson to us all that we should deal mercifully with the failings of those whom nature has bound to us by the sympathies of flesh and blood. My stay with you, Giulio, may not be a long one, and I would not leave you in enmity with my poor brother. He has many great and noble qualities. We have loved each other from youth, through many trials, despite the false whisperings of pretended friends. Had nature placed him in my position, we should have played our parts in life better, and the fortunes of our

house would, not be as they now are, trampled beneath the hoof of the brutal rabblement. He has aided me according to his best, with counsel, and he loved me not, the less, that I sometimes listened to your impetuosity, and neglected his warnings."

The voice of the speaker became feebler as he proceeded, and when he paused as if in sorrow that refused further utterance, a dead silence followed. After a while he again spoke, and his voice became much agitated. "You are silent Giulio; has aught of evil befallen my brother? speak, speak, boy, if you would not add fresh wretchedness to my broken spirit."

"My father," replied Giulio, sorrowfully, "I am wholly ignorant of his present fortunes. The populace below still clamours for his capture, and the Cartel offering a reward for his head stands yet in the market-

place, whence I presume he is still at large."

"God grant that he may escape them!" exclaimed the Duke; "most willingly would I give the miserable remnant of my life to secure his. But Giulio, as you value your father's blessing in the hour of his affliction, promise me that all rancour for times past shall cease between you. The unfriendly feeling that I have read in your heart, and which your countenance has been at no pains to conceal from all men, has turned back the current of love I bore you, has fettered the confidence which a father might hope to evince freely to his child. Will you promise me, Giulio—promise me sacredly and truly—to struggle with your unjust feelings towards him, and if you have the grace to do so, to render up to him the accumulation of natural affection due to him for the past?"

“My father,” replied Giulio, “I will promise you truly and solemnly to forget the past; I will judge his conduct leniently in times to come, and when I see aught honourable or noble in his actions, will beyond all men proclaim it.”

“It is well, Giulio!” replied his father, “and now let us turn our thoughts to the fortunes of my poor niece. Have you no suspicion of her captor or her hiding-place?”

“I have not,” replied the youth, mournfully. “She was rescued miraculously from death, but from that hour all trace of her has been lost.”

“She is surely safe, she is unharmed, Giulio,” replied his parent,—“her gentleness, her innocence will be her best guardians. She will venture forth in better times, and then there will remain but one wish ungratified to me in this world. It will be that I may live to see your union with her. Long before this I would have proposed it, but

your feelings to her father would then have entailed a curse upon you both."

"I am not so sanguine, my father," replied Giulio, "of the poor girl's present safety. There are moments when I feel that it would have been a great mercy to have left her to perish beneath the ruins of her father's house. I had placed her under gentle and tender care, but disappointment has met me at every step; the efforts I have made for those I love best have failed invariably."

A pause of some moments ensued, during which Victoria more than once felt inclined to abandon an undertaking which, now that it was so near completion, appeared unmaidenly, and might be unwelcome; but when the voices ceased, she felt that, for good or evil, she must venture onward. She knocked so gently that none but an ear accustomed to long silence could have perceived its sound; she listened for an invi-

tation to enter, and presently she heard the step of Giulio Caraffa as he rose from the seat he had occupied by his father's couch, and traversed the room. The summons was a novelty in his prison existence, and doubtful what change in his fortunes it might harbinger, he threw the door widely open, and stepped backwards to avoid a surprise. The moon poured a full tide of soft light into that chamber, rendering its desolate appearance visible.

Giulio had closed the door of his father's chamber as he left it, and now stood in the centre of the one appropriated to himself; and his surprise may be well imagined when he beheld the stately figure of Victoria d'Arcos. She purposely averted her countenance from the light, conscious how ill it would bear the scrutiny of his glance at such a moment. Astonishment kept the lips of Giulio for some minutes speechless, and



embarrassing as the silence became, a long pause ensued before either spoke.

Deeply penetrated with the heroism of that visit, and fully conscious through how much peril it had been achieved, Giulio, though grieved for the motive to which it was so manifestly attributable, had it not in his nature to repulse her confidence; but terror at the appalling nature of her position kept him fixed on the spot, without power to utter one word of thankfulness. Victoria approached and held out her hand to him.

“Judge me not unkindly, Giulio,” she said; “we were friends in our childhood,—dear friends before evil tongues had come between us, chilling the feelings that were brotherly and affectionate till then. In those days such an act as this would not have surprised you. I could have trusted to time and to your own gentleness to have soothed

these unhappy differences between our parents; but, alas! Giulio, time may not be given us; you are in the hands of cruel and desperate men; and had I waited longer I might have been too late even to share your fortunes."

Giulio was deeply moved, and when he contemplated the blushing cheek, the drooping head of that beautiful woman, and reflected on the cutting disappointment that awaited so much generosity, the tears came to his eyes, and he unconsciously raised her hand to his lips.

"Now, as ever, dear Victoria," he said solemnly, "you have acted from a noble impulse, and this proof of gentle sympathy will cheer my passage to the block when my hour comes; but you have acted cruelly to yourself and to your father, and not justly in God's sight, in thus casting away life and its duties from you. This is no time for intercourse between us: fly! fly, for the shadow

of death already darkens this dwelling! if we meet again in this world, it will be when we are better fitted to know and bear our lot. But, oh! in pity let me not be the cause of bringing the same frightful ruin over you, that is over and around all else who are dear to me."

"It was not without a hope that I might be instrumental in saving you, Giulio, that I came hither. I am accompanied by one who has worldly wisdom enough to see that the power he possesses may be sold at a price equal to its full worth, and that great as it is now, it can be but of brief duration."

The eyes of the young Caraffa lighted up with a flash of sudden hope. "For my father's sake, lady, I would venture much, for he is hourly pining away, and a few more days of captivity, imbittered with the sounds that ring through this building, will, I fear, unsettle his reason, if they do not wholly destroy life. But not even to avert

this will I longer peril your safety. Fly! fly, lady, I implore you! whilst darkness gives hope of your return to your home."

"If I go hence, Giulio," she said, "we must go together. A feeble old man guards your prison, and he dare not, for his own sake, give the alarm. He may barter your escape for gold, or you may go forth without harming him. If we are surprised my resolution is taken."

Victoria forgot that every word of this conversation must necessarily reach the ears of Gennino, upon whose mind its effect may easily be imagined. He felt that he was old, and no match in a struggle for freedom and life with the young Caraffa, singly; but he was armed, and his aged fingers clutched hurriedly to his dagger.

The danger that threatened him was not, however, destined to proceed from the chamber above. Whilst he sat eagerly listening to the conversation we have related, he

heard a step that was well known to him, approaching the house ; presently a key turned in the lock, and an exclamation of surprise informed him that the circumstance of the bolt being already turned back, had excited the alarm of the party without. The door opened with a quick jerk, and Marco Vitale sprung within his dwelling, even before the old man had time to raise himself from the stairs on which he was seated. He bore in his hand a small lantern, and on entering turned its light full into the face of Genuino. His crafty features were apparently unflurried, though stamped with deep meaning, as he placed his finger upon his lips and whispered,

“The trap has been fairly baited, Marco ; the daughter of the Duke d’ Arcos is above, and if your choice is not yet made, the damsel may choose between you and the block without.”

Staggered by this unexpected penetration

into his own dark wiles, Vitale hesitated for a moment whether he should not plunge his dagger into the heart of the spy, and thus rid himself of all fear of revelation, and it was no feeling of humanity that ultimately prevented his doing so. He beckoned Gennino without the building, and after a few minutes of hurried whispering, returned alone, fastened the door behind him, and ascended the stairs noiselessly as the spiders who oftenest trod them.

“Address me not thus unkindly, Giulio,” he heard the maiden reply; “I can encounter fearlessly the evils you picture, but not ungentle speeches. Judge not of my courage as you once knew it; never was my spirit more bowed down and humbled than now that I am braving disgrace and death. The issue of these events is in God’s hands, but the words that you now utter will come back to me as long as memory lives. That I have done an unmaidenly and unwelcome

act, you too plainly show me, but in pity speak not thus coldly and reproachfully."

"Were you once beneath your father's roof, Victoria," replied the youth, "I might address you as I have ever strove to do, knowing that there dwells not in Naples one so highminded and warmhearted as the playfellow of my boyhood; but each word that delays your stay within these walls is a cruelty, an outrage, for it perils life and fame. Fly hence, and my words when we next meet, shall be neither cold nor measured."

"I have said it, Giulio," she answered mournfully; "if I fly we must fly together."

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Marco Vitale stood before them. There was a stern purpose at his heart, but it remained impenetrable; his tone of voice was mournful, but the words he uttered were plain, concise, and instant to his purpose.

“Giulio Caraffa,” he said, “I am come to return good for evil, and I will do it without burdening your pride with any feeling of gratitude. What I do, I do not for your sake, nor for any silly thankfulness for the wages with which your father repaid long and laborious services. I do it for motives of my own, which you will one day learn. Neither am I tempted, lady,” he continued, turning to Victoria, “by the honeyed words which have tampered so effectually with an old hypocrite whose cunning is so subtilized that it outwits itself; nor by the high price with which the Duke d’ Arcos can buy perjury and treachery. You spoke of flight, doubtless wisely imagining that our city-gates are open to give exit to our enemies. Whither would you fly?”

“The daughter of the Viceroy would seek her father’s roof,” replied Giulio, maddened by the sneer with which the plebeian addressed her; “she would seek shelter



beyond the reach of the brutal mob who have made an old and noble city like a butcher's shambles; she would, after perilling her life by an act of heroic pity for old and dear friends, seek again her father's side."

"Be it so!" replied Vitale; "it would have been better fitting her fair fame had she not left it. And you doubtless, noble sir, would seek the same asylum; you would murder an old and helpless man to make your path secure! But we lose time in idle chattering; my dwelling, poor and wretched as it is, wearies of you; you shall go hence; but it must be by the pathway chosen for you. I will myself escort you beyond the gates, if you will solemnly pledge me your word, before this maiden and before God, to take the road to Benevento, and tarry not until your father is within its walls."

"When I have first seen this lady safely under her father's protection," replied Giulio,

"I will pledge you most solemnly my word to fulfil the conditions you offer."

"The lady shall have fitting escort to the Castel Nuovo," replied Vitale, scornfully, "though perchance not that of so assiduous an attendant. Trifle not with your life, young man. If I take your word in exchange for your own and your father's freedom, you may trust to mine in a matter that is of little moment to me."

"I will not trust you," replied the youth calmly, yet with all the obstinacy of his character; "I will not trust her to one whose whole life has been a lie studiously and treacherously premeditated. She has risked much and nobly to tender comfort to my father and to me, and I will rather go hence to the butcher's tribune beneath this window, than confide her to such hands as yours. Whatever your motive may be, upon no other terms will I aid your plans."

In the angry dialogue that followed, Vi-

tale was more than once on the point of abandoning the Caraffas, father and son, to their fate. The obstinacy of Giulio, however, prevailed; Vitale consented to accompany him and the Lady Victoria to her own home; and, before another hour was passed, the party had pushed their way through the populace, and Giulio saw the Lady Victoria enter the Castel Nuovo, and the drawbridge raised behind her. As they parted he bent forwards, and the words of his farewell reached no ears but hers; he raised her hand to his lips, and then turned with a lighter heart to follow his mysterious conductor.

The Duke di Maddaloni had quitted his chamber without uttering a word; his mind appeared in a state of stupor, and unconscious of the purpose for which he was liberated. He had not recognised Victoria in her disguise, nor was it until the party was approaching the city-gates that he seemed to

become aware of the nature of the attempt they were making, and of the danger that attended it. These gates no longer presented the orderly aspect of officials intent upon the estimate of percentages, bartering free passes for a smile from the rosy lips of country maidens, or amusing themselves with the irritability of a harassed peasantry. All these gentlemen had retreated with a prudent precipitation from their leathern chairs; the buildings that had resounded with the clink of tax-money, had been given to the flames, together with the entire apparatus of their craft; and the void was occupied by various groups of ragged and keen-sighted lazzeroni, who found the guardianship of the gates no unprofitable occupation.

Vitale, though furnished with a free pass for himself and his company, had not omitted the precaution of disguising them. They were habited as brothers of the monastery of

our Lady of Mount Carmel. No sort of molestation was offered to them until they stood under the archway of the city-gate. The free pass, duly signed by Genuino, was produced and declared in order; but a deep sigh from the oppressed bosom of the Duke excited suspicion amongst some of the rabblement, and a cry was instantly raised to bring lights and see to the identity of the parties. Torches flashed around them, and a score of ruffians, ragged and bloody, and armed with long knives, placed themselves so as to block their passage. The eyes of these men were made keen by the high price paid for apprehended nobles, and even Vitale trembled at the peril of discovery. At this moment a tall and powerful man, habited like the rest, and similarly armed, forced his way with a fierce exclamation through the crowd. His demeanour seemed that of an escaped maniac; he brandished his knife above his head and shouted wildly—

“Who pass through the city-gates? death to disguised traitors!”

Men made way for him, and he sprung at once to the side of the Duke di Maddaloni. Little less than the instant murder of a helpless monk was expected, yet no hand was lifted to stop him. The torches threw their glare into the pale features of the Duke, as well as into the excited countenance of his assailant, when the aspect of the latter underwent a singular and sudden change.

“May God bless you my poor brother!” he whispered, and then exclaimed aloud, “Oh—Fra Serafino! well met at all hours!”

He raised his hand to his lips, the customary salutation to this holy brotherhood, and then shunk away into the crowd. No further proof of identity could be desired than this recognition by one of themselves; the populace turned away to give them passage, and not a few wished them God’s

benison in their journey. Vitale accompanied them for about half a mile beyond the gates, and then stopped at a small solitary shed situated a few paces off the road, where they found horses ready saddled for instant flight, and a disguise more suitable to horsemen. Vitale stood by, with a moody brow and his arms folded, whilst Giulio Caraffa assisted his father to reach his saddle. Giulio lingered a pace behind, and then approaching the side of his mysterious conductor, whispered, "We shall meet again!"

"Ay," replied Vitale, "I doubt it not; you will come back to seek my life, in thankfulness for the service I am now rendering you. Come when you will the tribune will be in readiness."

With a look of ineffable scorn, of the deadliest hatred, Giulio turned away and joined his father. Although nature shed its summer smile over all things, the hearts of the fugitives were bowed down with grief.

To their surprise they found relays of horses waiting them along their road, and without further obstacle they reached the city of Benevento, which Marco Vitale had chosen for their temporary place of refuge.



## CHAPTER VIII.

MARCO VITALE had waited till the last sound of the retreating horses had died away, and then turned to re-enter the city. Threading his way swiftly through the many intricate streets which he had recently traversed, he directed his steps towards the water's edge. With the aspect of a city blazing each night with numberless torches and frequent conflagrations, he was already familiar, and he now appeared anxious to avoid the throngs which flocked usually about them, and the light which they cast over the ad-

jacent streets. His course was directed towards the Mole, the customary dwelling-place of the present rulers of the city.

The change which had come over all things within the city of Naples had not spared this celebrated spot. Utter abandonment and a dead silence had succeeded to its usually bustling and noisy scenes. It was the last spot in which men lay down to sleep, the first on which the toils of the day commenced. It was the great national theatre on which the tastes of that mercurial population displayed themselves, from year's end to year's end, with little intermission. It had its motley succession of preachers and buffoons, of traders and romancists, dividing its space amongst them, and infusing merriment into the most solemn, as into the most trifling relations of life.

But all this was now altered. The masts of empty vessels threw their long and mingling shadows across the causeway, but no step moved. Its excitable traffickers, its

merry groups, had found a more thrilling pastime elsewhere, and occupations more in character with the enthusiasm which agitated the whole city. But nature had not withdrawn her smiles from the path he was treading; the full radiance of the moon was upon the rippling waters, and upon the slight barks that rocked gently on their bosom.

Vitale cast his glance watchfully around, and perceived, at some distance before him, a figure upon whom the moonbeams fell brightly. He was standing upon the extreme edge of the Mole, gazing downward upon the waves, as they broke against the building at his feet. Vitale paused, and continued for some time to watch him. He perceived that he wore the rough coarse brown cloak of the fishermen of Naples, thrown loosely over his shoulders, and his arms were folded beneath it; the hood was drawn over his head, so completely disguising his features, that Vitale, after some hesitation, determined upon approaching

him. His step was unnoticed; he was at the stranger's side before his musing was disturbed, and he then perceived that his gaze was fixed upon a small boat which rose and fell slightly with the movement of the waters at his feet. He turned, and as the full light of the moon shone into his countenance, Vitale found to his astonishment that the person before him was Massaniello. With the changes which had recently flitted over that countenance few were more familiar than Vitale; for he had watched him keenly, and the signs which had escaped the observation of others, had already excited his alarm. Tears were upon his cheeks; his whole aspect was wan, melancholy, and haggard; and the peculiar vagueness of incipient madness wandered over his unsteady glance. At this moment, however, his intellect was lucid, and his heart bowed down with sorrow. He started not, nor did he utter any word of surprise.

when, in turning round, he perceived Vitale at his side.

“The people are wearying of us, Marco,” he said; “they have drained our intellects of their sanity, our limbs of their strength, our whole frames of their health and soundness, and now they would throw us by, like useless and foul rubbish. My heart has whispered to me to leap into that frail bark, and bear my body and its griefs out where the deep waters would give me rest. See how the waves lift it! it is uneasy, like a proud steed that awaits its rider. That little boat has borne me from my childhood on these waters. All the hours of happiness that have fallen to my lot have been spent within it. Summer and winter it has carried me blithely, and my sweet wife, gentle as the waves that now pillow it, was borne to my humble cottage on its frail planks. Never more will my foot rest upon it as lightly as it did of old! and if it bears

me hence again, it will be where my spirit will find rest. I have toiled for them ; I have given up food and rest, and the gentle converse of the only being who loves me, and they now look dark upon me when I leave them, and are silent when I come, as if an evil spirit crouched within my shadow ! You too, Vitale, are altered ; you look upon me not as of old ; your brow has the cloud of a murderer ; you gaze on me as did Perrone on the night that he fired his carabine at my bosom. Thus do all my old friends treat me !”

He passed his hands before his eyes, as if to shut out visions that were revolting, and sobbed violently. Vitale, though bent on schemes that left little sympathy for the weakness he witnessed, was touched by the sad secret laid before him.

“Massaniello,” he said ; “you revert to the scenes of your boyhood to little purpose. It is because men busied with the

stern realities of a life of hourly peril into which you have plunged them, see you suddenly pause, scared by the giddy height to which you have ascended, that they look upon you with a doubt. When blood flows they have small compassion for tears, and the fancies that produce them. It will be time enough when you go back, exalted and honoured, to Amalfi, to indulge in dreams of the sunny hours of childhood and courtship. But that time is not yet come. Leave the boat to dance in the moonlight, and turn again to the half-completed scenes where the red torch-light flashes upon the gory skulls of our tyrant nobles."

Massaniello raised upon the speaker a glance in which the chained demon was straining against his fetters, and shook himself as if struggling from an oppressive dream.

"They are punished, but they are not

yet humbled," he exclaimed; "they shall drink to the very dregs of the cup of bitterness they have mixed for our lips. Ha! Marco!" he continued, pointing to a blaze of light that rose above a distant part of the city,—“see you how the flames do their ministry cheerfully? Giulio Genuino has little scruple.”

The mention of that name recalled vividly to the mind of Vitale the scene of the earlier part of the evening, and he paused in the course they had begun towards the market-place.

“Massaniello,” he answered mournfully, “want of rest, and the excitement of the last few days, have overstrained the energies of a mind unused to such exertions; your impulses wake and slumber by fatal intervals; and though you have strewed the market-place with corpses, you have spared one enemy more terrible than Perone. Believe my words before they re-



ceive their accomplishment. Genuino will no more scruple to take your life, when he judges the hour ripe for his purposes, than he does to set fire to the houses of his enemies. I have long watched him, and I warn you that neither you nor I are a match for the cunning of that man."

"I saw him scarcely an hour since," replied Massaniello, calmly; "he came to warn me that Marco Vitale had the bloodthirstiness of Cain, the perfidy of Satan; he counselled me to be wise in time, and send your head to the tribune. Believe me, Marco," he added smilingly, yet not without sorrow in his tone, "Massaniello will defend his life as he values it; but the distrust of men who have sworn to be as brothers to each other, is as loathsome as the very treachery they denounce. But it is useless repining; when my hour comes, and men seek my life, they will find it. See Marco," he said, and he threw aside his

sailor's cloak. "It is not hidden behind much to protect it! this little image of our Lady of the Carmine made the shot of Perrone powerless, and will protect me till my task is completed: the blow that will slay me, will not come from the hand of any false friend; it will be, nay it already is, struck from within."

He sunk into silence, and no word further was spoken, until, winding their way from the narrow street which connects the Mole with the town, they emerged into the open square of the Carmine. The sight of that spot, the theatre of his power and his fame, instantly changed the mood of Massaniello; his step quickened, his eye sparkled, his head was carried more loftily, and he gazed with a look of pride into the countenance of each man that passed him. Most truly had his own words described the impression produced by his coming; the loud laugh died

upon the lip, the note of triumph was choked in the throats of all as they recognised him, men slunk away to give him passage, and the pathway to his tribune, towards which he directed his steps, was free from any footstep but his own.

He walked round the hideous trophies that decorated its sides as if in search for something.

“Tiberio Caraffa yet lives,” he muttered; “the stake that was sharpened for his head grows blunt with waiting. He must be found; I will myself seek him in the very chamber of the Viceroy.”

He then turned away, and sought the door of his own home, Vitale still following. They reached its threshold; he made a sign to Vitale to enter, and a scene strangely jarring with the nature of their late discourse met his view. The door was spread wide open, and a flood of light streamed from the chambers

of its ground-floor outwards, disclosing the countenances of as joyous a party as ever met to celebrate a festival of blood.

Round a table occupying nearly the entire chamber, were seated more than a score of revellers, whose costume contrasted strangely with the orgies they were celebrating. They were habited in the gloomy but fanciful masquerade of the Società della Morte, and were armed with a variety of weapons, many of which were stuck nakedly in their girdles, and stained, as were their dresses generally, with blood. The table was loaded with flasks of wine and good cheer; not a few of that brotherhood of assassins were already beyond the limits of consciousness and discretion; their riotous revelry made the walls of that crazy tenement tremble; and the chorus of their ribald songs passed forth, in repeated echoes, through the market-place. The sounds seemed instantly to waken to its wildest mood the spirit of

Massaniello, who bounded into the chamber, shouting forth a greeting that peeled distinctly above the clamour.

A sudden and startling silence greeted him in return; for men's intellects had grown keen in the perception of his moods. But though their hearts had at first quailed with misgiving, their shouts rose again more loudly than before in *vivas* to Massaniello, the Captain-General of the people. The brow of Vitale was troubled, and he watched with a jealous eye the demeanour of each individual of the joyous company. Their masks were in all instances thrown aside, and the first countenance upon which the glance of Massaniello rested was that of Giovanni Aniello, the captain of that black band. On one side of him was seated Micco Spadaro, a dark-browed and fearless follower of Salvator Rosa, who had earned his nickname from the readiness with which, like his master, he had thrown aside the im-

plements of a peaceful calling, for the sword, and for the ferocity with which he wielded it. Opposite to him, and on the right hand of the chief of this dark confraternity, sat Salvator himself, clad in armour, the same in which he has bequeathed one of his several portraits to posterity, thus perversely saving from oblivion a memorial of the scenes that shed little brightness on his fame. The wine-cup passed him often in its rapid circles, but his pale cheek showed that he drank not of its poison. He held in his hand a lute, with whose strings his fingers were busied, but the sounds were utterly drowned by the vociferations of his companions. Massaniello sprung to his side, and threw his arms about his neck.

"You are welcome!" exclaimed the musician; "the night has passed heavily without you, and our friends are growing weary of song and story."

"Have they not bread?" exclaimed Mas-

saniello suddenly, and with a change of manner which startled his hearers; "my people are becoming restless."

He bent over the table, raised one of the flasks to his lips, and after an ample draft threw it from him. The thread of his abrupt conception had already eluded him, and he gazed for some minutes as if in amazement at the scene before him. That momentary glimpse of an overwrought spirit had however spread alarm amongst the mirthful company; many rose, one after another, and stole away from the chamber; and the few that remained perceived the danger of any fresh excitement.

The hand of Massaniello was playing with the knife in his girdle, when, at a sign from Vitale, Salvator struck the strings of his lute, and every voice became instantly hushed. Massaniello folded his arms and stood opposite to him. After a moment's prelude the minstrel broke into the air of

one of his native boat-songs, and a smile came as instantly over the countenance of his youthful listener. As the enthusiasm of the musician kindled, he studied less the mood of Massaniello, and burst from the monotonous cadences of the boatmen of Naples, to the more stirring airs of the robbers of the Abruzzi. The eye of Massaniello sparkled, his cheek flushed, his bosom seemed to labour as if strong passions oppressed it. A second signal from Vitale warned the musician in time, and these fitful and exciting notes sunk into a plaintive and slow measure, on which the spirit of his listener subsided.

Salvator then threw down his instrument; a dead silence ensued; and men gazed into the working features of Massaniello, to mark the effect of this experiment. They saw the tears glistening on his cheek, and then, with an aspect beaming with gentle familiarity, Salvator craved of Massaniello



that he would allow his friends to sketch his portrait.\*

“ We would that our memory should go down to posterity with thine, dear Massaniello,” he said ; “ thy fame can never perish, and men will be grateful to us if we save thy features from forgetfulness. The poor artist would fain trace his cipher on some object that may float over the waves of time, and thus save his own name from perishing.”

For some moments Massaniello seemed scarcely to comprehend the meaning of this strangely-timed request. A smile at last showed that the novelty had interested him; but the peculiarity of his mind betrayed itself in the attitude, the occupation, and the costume which he selected. Throw-

\* The gallery of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, contained a portrait of Massaniello, a copy of which, admirably executed by her ladyship, may be seen in the collection of the dowager Countess of Charleville, in Cavendish-square.—Ed.

ing aside the rough cloak that he wore, he presented himself before them as he was accustomed to do daily on his tribune. / His shirt-sleeves were rolled up above his elbows; his chest and one shoulder were uncovered; and, perceiving in a corner of the chamber the plumed bonnet which he had worn on his visit to the Viceroy, he placed it on his head, and then with a countenance, into which the arch merriment of his boyhood had kindled for the last time, told them he was ready.

This singular portrait was not, however, commenced before a new humour came over him, and he desired Vitale to bring him his tobacco-box and a pipe. At this moment the door of the chamber opened, and the pallid and perishing form of his young wife appeared amongst them. She trained her limbs with difficulty to the side of her husband, and placed herself at his feet.

Seldom indeed has portrait been pro-

duced under circumstances so singular ! The amazing rapidity with which these gifted artists prosecuted their work has secured to posterity the picture of those bland and striking features ; for Massaniello, speedily wearied of the restraint of his position, and after a few restless attempts to lend himself to their wishes, assumed an aspect of so vague a character, that it defied all power of arresting resemblance. Salvator paused, patiently watching the return of the expression that had best pleased him, and intently studying meanwhile the minute traces of the passions that were at work within. More than once the eye of Massaniello had sunk abashed from that continued scrutiny. His countenance varied its tint each instant ; but when his observer perceived it suddenly flush, and as suddenly grow white as death, and marked a line of foam creaming his lip, he threw down his brush, and pushed the impracticable labour from him.

Massaniello had not at this moment lost, as he soon afterwards did, the entire control over the dark spirit that was crouching within his bosom; but the evidences of the struggle were apparent to all, for his limbs shook under him, as he rose and led his wife from the chamber. Silence followed his exit, and the glances of those who remained shot quick intelligence to each other, and finally rested upon Vitale. Salvatore bent to examine the canvass of his pupil Spadaro. It was, as it could not fail to be, an unfinished and hurried production; but such as it was then presented to him, the reader may still see it. Micco Spadaro, seizing the happiest expression which those features ever wore, has painted Massaniello as history has described him to us—younger in appearance than might be deemed natural to twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, with a calm smile, a soft brown tint, a cheek that will be best described by the

homely epithet of chubby, eyes of a soft bright hazel, rather long than round, a chest and shoulder full and heavy, the general expression mirthful and gentle.

Such was the portrait of the young fisherman of Amalfi, who has left us a name so little in accordance with his features. His natural gentleness had, by the strange power of his malady, been recalled for a single evening, and as suddenly vanished, seldom, if ever to return. Had the artist seen him but an hour later, he might have passed him as a stranger. Massaniello at parting had thrown out mysterious hints of another visit to the Viceroy, for the morrow, and his listeners were, of all men who took part in that revolt, those who most successfully contended against the cares and sorrows that cloud futurity.

## CHAPTER IX

It wanted but an hour to day-dawn when Marco Vitale, after watching the separation of that company, prepared to resume the pursuit from which the encounter with Massaniello had diverted him. He retraced his way to the Mole; selected, from the several boats that were lying masterless about, one of a construction best suited for lightness and speed; leaped into it, and pushed off from the shore. No sooner was he fairly out at sea than a figure, dressed in the garb of a common fisherman, sprung up from

behind a heap of old sea-wares which cumbered the Mole, and springing lightly into a boat, pushed out seaward in the same direction. The reader may have well conjectured that it was towards the cottage of Eleonora that one, at least, of these barks was propelled.

Great indeed was the change which the captivity of a few days had wrought in the fragile frame of that young maiden. It was not the solitude of her dwelling, nor the privation of that freedom for which all God's creatures pine, that blanched the cheek, made tremulous the limbs, and quenched the sparkle in the eye of Eleonora, which had been till now the very home of gladness. Familiar with the blue and silent waves that were spread out before her, she loved to contemplate them. The slight foam that crested their undulations, the dipping of the bird that floated above them, the occasional passage of some dimi-

nutive bark, divested them of monotony, whether they lay still and purple beneath the gentle stars, or glittered gloriously beneath the splendours of midday. But alas! the heart into which entered the perception of their beauties was darkened by sorrow; it was like a clouded mirror, deadening the brightness and the beauty of all objects it reflected.

It has been said that for several years past Eleonora had allowed herself to encourage a romantic dream of attachment to Vitale—that he had pleaded his suit with the energy of one who felt deeply, and that of her own free will his suit had been accepted. But it would require a more intimate knowledge of the construction of this delicate plant, to account for its almost instantaneous drooping. Reared in a jealous retirement, and accustomed from childhood to the love of the warm and loyal hearts that surrounded her, her disposition, natu-



rally gentle and dependant, had been rather weakened than fortified by such constant claims upon her gratitude. The affection of her cousin towards her resembled that of a brother, manifesting itself rather by its delicacy than its intenseness, and thus left a dangerous void in feelings whose growth was in its spring vigour.

Her cousin was habitually with her; she was accustomed to his love; and the lofty superiority of his intellect, combined with the occasional office of monitor which he assumed, had imparted some degree of diffidence to her intercourse. With Vitale she rarely came in contact, but she had allowed herself to dwell imprudently on the picture of a proud spirit fettered by circumstances, until she had inadvertently robbed the exalted character of her cousin of its nobleness, to endow with it the secret object of her romantic passion.

At the moment of her sudden meeting

with Vitale her feelings towards him were precisely those which, in actual life, are the fruitful source of unhappy marriages. Her illusion was of brief duration, for the solitude which immediately followed left her at the mercy of vain regrets. She found that remorse, like love, has its own peculiar colouring for all things—the one casting its golden tints over the object it possesses, and the other over that which it has lost. From the pale phantom of Vitale she turned to the lordly image of Giulio Caraffa, and she felt that she had slain his peace for ever. The withered crone who crawled about her, who had watched her keenly, and judged that the fitting moment was come to gratify the hate she had nurtured for thirty years against the Prince of Bisignano, now hastened to complete her misery. In the silent hours of darkness she approached her, and poured into ears that were chaste and holy as they had been in childhood, a dark

story of her father's crimes. The last sentence that concluded her revolting narrative shook the intellect of her listener so rudely, that it is questionable whether from that moment she retained any distinct perception of her situation.

“That son,” exclaimed the hag, “still lives; and though a stain is upon his birth, Marco Vitale is not the less your brother!”

Eleonora moved not when her voice ceased. Her heart seemed to have withered away with a sudden seizure, and every function of life appeared for a while suspended. From that hour she sat heedless of all things, unconscious of any change of light or darkness, or of the presence of the dark being who shared her solitude; paleness like that of a mortal malady had come over her cheek, and a vague and expressionless glance wandered in her eye. Thus had she remained for some hours, and thus Vitale found her. Eleonora had heard the

sound of his boat as it struck the rock, and each footfall as he ascended the stairs, but she made no move to meet him. He entered her chamber with a noiseless step, and addressed her in accents that were studiously gentle. All power of repelling him, all courage to shrink from him, seemed for some minutes dead within her frame. She had suffered her hand to be raised to his lips, she had listened to his impassioned language, yet remained mute and passive. Vitale was embarrassed by this incomprehensible coldness, and was about to seek from his aged relative some explanation of all this change, but one glance of her malignant countenance sufficed him.

Her hatred to the father of the maiden was well known to him, and he readily conjectured that she had used the evil influence which she so commonly acquired over those about her, to scare and torture the timid spirit of Eleonora. He lowered

his voice to a whisper, and prayed her to accompany him forth from the cottage. She made him no reply, but fixed her eyes upon the withered figure of the crone, who, with her chin resting upon her knees, her hands clasped and hanging over them, was busied watching her, while a triumphant intelligence shot up into her evil glance as she distinctly read the meaning of that appealing look. But Vitale was also a quick reader of the secrets that the countenance would disguise, and the reader has seen that he was not less prompt in acting upon his impressions. He let drop the cold hand of Eleonora, and beckoned his relative into the inner chamber, towards which she moved reluctantly, muttering as she went along.

Vitale deliberately closed the door after her, and for some minutes Eleonora heard the deep tones of his voice in hurried whispering; gradually it became louder and more rapid in its utterance; it ceased; she

caught a sound like the shuffling of steps upon the floor, followed by the trailing of something over them; and then there rose the feeble and shrill voice of the aged being piteously crying not for help, but for mercy.

“I nursed your childhood, Marco,” she exclaimed; “shed not my blood; it will bring a curse upon you, a curse that will cleave to you. Spare me! spare me! you have slept upon this bosom in your infancy; I watched you when all living creatures turned from you as a castaway; will you now shed my blood when I am old and helpless?”

The savage purpose of Vitale seemed to relent. He again spoke in whispers, and after a few seconds a dead silence followed. The door of the chamber opened, and he stood before Eleonora, with his features again composed to their usual bland expression. Not the scene which she had overheard, and which had been acted as in-

telligibly to her perception as if she had been present, could terrify that unfortunate girl more than the words of the narrative she had previously listened to. She shuddered when his hand touched her, but it was not for any interest in the fate of her aged companion, nor were her thoughts apparently occupied about her. The hand he had resumed, like the countenance into which his eyes gleamed, seemed scarcely animate. The answer that he at last received to a passionate appeal for one word, nay a single look of gentleness, even of recognition, was

“Spare him, spare him!”

The sounds passed over her lips so feebly that they were scarcely audible. This reference to her cousin roused instantly the demon of a dark suspicion within the bosom of Vitale, and his reply was one which was meant to search into her secret.

“He is free, maiden,” he said; “he and his father are both free. At the risk of

life, and fame. I have given them liberty, and he may now wed the Lady Victoria d' Arcos at his pleasure."

Eleonora raised her eyes to his countenance; the vagueness vanished from her glance; she smiled, but Vitale detected the insincerity of such seeming gladness, for her lip again quivered, and the tears broke over her cheek.

"God grant that he may do so!" she replied, "for she is beautiful and high-minded like himself. If my prayers may avail him, he will have them in the world to which I am hastening."

From that moment she seemed to have lost all consciousness of the presence of Vitale. He lingered by her through the remaining hours of darkness, but no effort could elicit from her any allusion to the cause of the change which had so suddenly affected her; and when the dim twilight warned him of the peril of his stay, he tore



himself away, still without any definite idea of her state of mind. Eleonora watched his departure with a secret joy; her cheek tinted and her eye brightened; and as she heard the sound of his oars on the waters she turned her eyes once more upon the calm sea.

As she gazed down into waves hurrying playfully to the shore, and again receding as playfully, the earliest sunbeams imperceptibly spread over them a joyous smile, like a palpable and glassy surface, and then there first darted through her mind the thought that beneath those waves there was still left her a place of refuge. Her imagination had no power of penetrating into its dark and cheerless bosom, into the caverns into which the reflux of those waters bears all things that sink beneath them. There was a novel and strange solace in the insane illusion which had sprung up within her, and her spirit yearned for the calm and the con-

cealment which death promised within that smiling home.

The muttered maledictions of Vitale, as he hurried from his cottage towards the tribune and its daily butchery, had fallen upon other ears besides those of Eleonora. The aged companion of her solitude rose up from the floor of the chamber on which she had crouched, when the dagger of her relative had been raised to murder her, and she too sought the open air. A change had come over the expression of her usually stern features, but it failed to attract the notice of her companion. There was a mixture of deep sorrow and of terror in the glance which she now raised to the face of Eleonora; her manner had become suddenly gentle and her voice subdued.

“ You must fly, child !” she exclaimed, “ for his reason is overthrown, and if you linger here he will slay you also.”

Eleonora turned upon her a look so vague that the speaker was startled.

“She too is terror-stricken,” she muttered. “How terrible must death be, when its shadow is so revolting!” She looked again into the features of Eleonora, and read as distinctly in the glance that met hers the thoughts that passed within her bosom as if they had been written upon her brow. From that moment she took her seat beside her, rose when she rose, followed her steps, watched her glance with unwearying vigilance, and whether for good or evil was true to the trust that had been placed in her.

There was yet darkness sufficient upon the waters to cover the flight of a boat that cut its way swiftly through them, when, from under the rocks at no great distance from the Presepio, the figure of a young fisherman pushed out his skiff towards Naples. He managed it with more dexterity

than force, and after some minutes, seeming to weary of the slight toil required to propel it, his oars trailed upon the waters, and he sat gazing fixedly upon the cottage of Eleonora. A light gleamed from one of its windows, and occasionally a form passed and repassed before it. Could the features of that solitary rover have been scrutinized, they would have been found agitated by deep yet contending feelings. The cheek had no tint in unison with his rude dress; it was white and feminine, tears rolled over it, and every now and then there came into the dark eye a flash of rage that made the flesh crimson.

He raised his hand to a burning brow, and shut out the vision that had thus troubled him. Presently the light in the cottage disappeared, he started, gazed intently through the dusk void before him, and then seizing his oars, the boat sped away like a winged arrow. He reached

the shore, and after carefully securing his bark, sprung away in the darkness. Not many minutes afterwards, a second boat—it was that of Vitale—cleft the waters in the same track, bounding over the very ripples that had been left by the one that preceded it. Vitale gazed suspiciously about him before he landed; no step trod the silent Mole, and he folded his cloak about him and prepared to seek his way within the city. He had traversed about half the length of the Mole, when a figure cloaked like himself sprung up from the ground, and intercepted his advance. Vitale's hand was upon his dagger, but the tones of the voice that addressed him startled him from its use; he instantly collected himself and exclaimed,

“ Well met, Livia! I was about to seek thee; but what means this disguise, or why abroad at this hour?”

The workings of that proud woman's

countenance no pen could describe. After a pause of some moments she burst into a low wild laugh, which ceased as abruptly as it had broken forth.

“Have you raised yourself above God’s vengeance?” she exclaimed fiercely. “Are the loveliest of his works made, think you, for so mean and foul a worm as you are to feast upon and soil?”

The cheek of Vitale became crimson; he needed no more of these wild interrogatories to convince him that his secret was discovered, and the haughtiness of his nature called up as fierce a spirit as the one he confronted.

“Move from my path, woman,” he replied; “you rave, and I am in no mood for long endurance. If you have played the spy upon my actions, you are yourself to blame if they have humbled you.”

He raised his hand to remove her from his path; at the same instant the gleam of a

weapon dazzled him. The arm that wielded it was not one to shrink timidly from its purpose, and Vitale knew it well. He staggered backward, and then the voice of the enraged woman again reached him.

“Other hands than mine, coward, shall do thine office. Go, for the tribune awaits its champion !”

She sprung away, and the low laugh of bitter derision floated behind her.

The determination of Livia was formed, and fearful as its consequences might be to herself, she hastened to effect it.

Morning had already dawned, and the pavements had given up their sleepers before she reached her abode. A dead silence reigned throughout it, as she stealthily entered her own apartments, where the first object that met her eye was the tall form of Tiberio Caraffa, spread out in a calm slumber. His features had relaxed in their ordinary sternness, and even Livia, as she

gazed upon him, was astonished to perceive how the fearless spirit of this extraordinary man could completely throw aside all memory of the intrigues and perils with which he was constantly surrounded. Still habited in his customary rude disguise, he had his knife in his girdle, and his hand lay loosely upon his pike. She contemplated him for some minutes, and then sought another chamber, to divest herself of her disguise. She was not long absent, and when she returned had arrayed herself as if for a conquest.

The Prince of Bisignano still slept, and she placed herself by his side. The day advanced, and the blazing beams of a July noon shone into his countenance before he woke. He sprung up refreshed, and his aspect, until the full glance of Livia attracted his notice, was calm and even cheerful. Accustomed, as he had become by a long familiarity with danger, to take quick



warning from the features of others, he readily perceived the agitation which she strove to dissemble.

The dark story of her shame, which that beautiful woman had to reveal, the reader already knows, and may be spared its recital. It was told with downcast eyes, a hesitating speech, and a cheek that was crimson whilst she spoke, ashen and corpse-like when her lips had ceased their narrative. Tiberio Caraffa listened to this humiliating confession till all was told, without either by gesture or exclamation interrupting its course. A dead pause followed it, and Livia folded her arms as if resigned to his vengeance. For one moment his features had become pale and rigid, his teeth were clenched, and his eyes fiery and prominent: but when the abashed woman at last ventured to raise her glance to his face, its expression was changed, and she was

surprised to perceive stealing over his features a look of deep pity.

“You have been injured child,” he said, “and you shall be avenged. If I led you into sin, I loved you dearly. Profligate and every way worthless as I have been, and am, I have been true to you.”

Livia had been subjected to the greatest trial that ever strikes at the heart of a proud woman, and the energies of her haughty spirit had borne her up against it. The few words uttered in kindness from a being so ungentle in his nature, had caused a sudden revulsion in her feelings ; the tears came to her cheek, and she would have thrown herself at his knees, but her force failed her, and she fell senseless and powerless. That stern man bent over her, raised her and placed her upon the couch, and as he contemplated her rare beauty, and called to mind many passages of their former inter-

course, the tears dropped from his cheek. With infinite gentleness, and a voice toned to sooth the bruised feelings of that unhappy woman, he won back her mind to consciousness.

“There is a dark void, Livia,” he said “between the hour of our first meeting and now ; we will find an atonement that shall crush the bitter memories that people it. Look up, dear one ! I will be true to thee till the end.”

“Leave me, in pity leave me for a while,” she replied—“there shall be no shrinking, no faltering. He shall die ! I spared him, that the common hangman might give him a fitter death.”

“Doubt it not, Livia,” replied the Prince, with a smile of calm derision. “I need little urging. Men shall hoot at his expiation, as they have applauded him until he thinks himself beyond reach of vengeance.”

Livia could have little doubt of the ac-

complishment of her sentence, her head sunk upon her bosom, and she remained silent. With the thought of his daughter's position, Tiberio Caraffa felt the whole fury of his nature rising within him, and he again rushed forth into the open air.

## CHAPTER X.

FROM the convivial company of the Società della Morte, Massaniello had gone to seek his chamber. His steps were tremulous, not less with excitement than weariness, and though he consented to throw himself upon his bed, sleep, if it visited him by brief snatches, came peopled with phantoms of such appalling aspect that it afforded him additional exhaustion rather than repose. More than once during that night he started from his uneasy slumbers, and rousing his

wife from the troubled sleep which exhaustion forced upon her, he exclaimed—

“Wake, wake, Ursula! Is not Naples ours? and do we lose our time in fruitless slumber?”

“Alas! beloved one,” replied the afflicted wife, “an hour’s rest is more to thee than the value of an empire!”

After much persuasion, and the tearful pleading of old affection, he would consent again to seek refuge in the unconnected visions of feverish sleep, from the hideous phantoms that haunted his waking hours. He had latterly acted upon such capricious impulses, making all things possible by the suddenness and severity of his punishments, that whatever fancy passed through his mind he found means to effect it. Whether the agents were his own immediate followers, the Cardinal of Naples, the courtiers of the Viceroy, or the Viceroy himself, all

men held themselves in instant readiness to obey his wishes. Most fortunate was it for the weaker party that he had of late wearied of the daily butcheries that defiled his tribune, and these sanguinary scenes had been replaced in his mind by a covetousness of honours and pomps, in strange and revolting contrast with the atrocities which were simultaneously perpetrated by his deputies.

The keen eye of the Duke d'Arcos watched the progressive symptoms of his malady, and he studied by all means in his power to give publicity to his follies by indulging them. One of the most recent fancies of Massaniello had been to claim personal homage from the various great dignitaries of the state, and he had querulously complained to the Duke d'Arcos that his Eminence the Cardinal Trivulzi had not yet visited him. A messenger was forthwith despatched to the Ecclesiastic, and without further loss of time the Cardinal set out, with

the utmost splendors of his rank and retinue, to tender this mark of his respect. Massaniello is reported to have been gifted above most men with great natural eloquence; he was when elated easily led from hilarity to buffoonery, and his gestures, although generally natural and suited to his discourse, were at times ridiculous and gross; but his enemies are the readiest to proclaim that both his language and his gesture could be dignified in his censure, and terrible in his threats. His reply to the studied speech of the Cardinal Trivulzi, when he came to pay his homage, has been handed down to posterity as illustrative of the lofty pretensions that had found their way into his disturbed intellect.

“La visita di vostra Eminenza, benchè tarda, mi è grata,” he replied, and he offered his hand to the lips of the ecclesiastic.

Matters between the people and the court were on a strange and perilous footing.



Their leader professed the utmost confidence in and respect for the Duke d'Arcos, and the Duke, whilst exercising all his ingenuity in humouring his caprices, felt much the sort of respect for his wishes that one might be supposed to entertain to the fancies of an unchained maniac. During his placid intervals, Massaniello had pages and nobles in constant passage backwards and forwards from the palace to his own dwelling, bearing interminable compliments and greeting. Thus whilst the Viceroy flattered the vanity of the people and of their chief, he was enabled to keep a constant spy upon his actions and intentions. Each day, nay each hour, had its novelty, and it required all the ingenuity of the Duke d'Arcos to time his compliances so as to maintain the little shred of popularity which Massaniello, after stripping him of all things, had thrown to him from his own superfluity.

The spirit of innovation shewed no symp-

toms of subsiding, and had it not been that the untiring operations of the block kept the minds of the populace in activity, they would have been as much embarrassed as the Viceroy to know their own wishes. The edicts of Massaniello, which still continued a source of public curiosity, had of late augmented their frequency, and in proportion as they exhausted their original topics, viz. the alleviation of public burthens, they encreased their denunciations against the nobles, and multiplied rewards for the apprehension of fugitives. The most extraordinary and least comprehensible of these communications which had been offered to the eyes of the multitude, was made under circumstances which would seem to trace its origin to some mighty change in the mind of Massaniello. At day-break there was found erected in the centre of the market-place of the Carmine a large block of stone,

on which was graven the following surprising notice.

“ Massaniello, Prefect and Captain-general of the people, wills, that from this time forward, his people shall no longer give obedience to him, but to the Viceroy, the Duke d’ Arcos.”

When the import of this edict became known amongst the populace, there were a few who muttered suspicions of his good faith to the cause entrusted to him; some considered it as his first open proclamation of insanity; the generality found in it matter of mirth, as they do in all things beyond the scope of their comprehension. By the side of this monument was placed a communication which excited far greater interest in the minds of its readers. Notice was given that on that day, towards noon, Massaniello and his wife would repair, in all the pomp of his silver suit, to the palace, to pay a visit of ceremony to the duchess.

Whatever deference might be in store for the sculptured edict, it soon became manifest that the latter order, though so absurd as to excite the ridicule of the very mob, was intended to be fulfilled to the letter. Accordingly, soon after sunrise the preparations for a procession, attended with all the splendour which so great an event merited, commenced. The streets were strewn with green leaves; rich draperies were hung out from every window; the bells of every church within the city gave out their loudest and quickest peals; Giulio Genuino was roused from his cellar, the venerable cardinal from his palace, and the hut of Massaniello was surrounded by equerries, pages, macebearers, and nobles from the palace.

That nothing might be omitted to gratify to its utmost the vanity of Massaniello, a little before the time fixed for the procession to get into movement, the populace was as-

tonished by the appearance of the state carriage of the Duchess d' Arcos, drawn by six horses, and taking its way to the hut of Massaniello, to convey poor Ursula to her sister queen. That the farce of this outrageous scene might be complete in all its parts, there were sent rich dresses and costly ornaments to adorn the person of the fisherman's wife; and, as a matter of course, hand-maidens to dress her, and ladies of high birth to follow in her train. The heart of poor Ursula was breaking quickly, and she was in no mood for all this mockery. She sat upon her humble bed, and with tears in her eyes, and her hands clasped, watched the excited countenance of her husband, whilst he dressed himself in his masquerade of blue and silver, shook the long white plumes of his hat before him, and threw over his neck the gorgeous chain which he had received from the hands of the Duke d' Arcos, when he declared him Duke of St. George.

When it was announced to her that a dress of suitable magnificence awaited her, and that she must prepare to receive the attendants who were come to assist at her attiring, she threw herself upon her knees at her husband's feet, and implored him to spare her that cruel mockery.

Massaniello started back, and his cheek became suddenly crimson. No further reproof was needed; his wife rose, placed her arms across her bosom, and stood mute before him. Even at that moment the gentleness of his original nature, the love which that poor creature never doubted—never had cause to doubt—mastered the evil spirit of his insanity; he threw his arms about her neck and whispered—

“Your husband wishes it, beloved! he has long wished it! Men insult Massaniello when they exalt him and leave thee in obscurity.”

Ursula felt that the choice of her first

love was better worth loving in his madness than other men in their wisdom; the smile came again like sunshine into her pale cheeks, and she declared her readiness and her joy to do his will. The damsels from the chambers of the duchess, who were deputed to dress the heroine of the day's comedy, entered her wretched room, and beheld a young girl whose beauty would not have ill-adorned the proud court for whose amusement she was destined. In the deep and calm sorrow that was upon her brow they found little to promote their merriment, and, let it be chronicled to their praise! they approached this afflicted victim with gentleness and respect.

Upon the gorgeous garments, of all striking colours, upon the glaring gems, and the infinite detail of costly ornaments with which they were provided, Ursula cast no glance of interest, none even of curiosity. She resigned herself to their pleasure, and her

toilette commenced. Her own scanty garments were thrown aside, and then was discovered the secret, which those damsels did not think necessary to keep, of the sad ravages which a few months of heart-breaking and hardship had produced upon a frame which nature had proportioned as perfectly as human form was ever fashioned.

Upon the process of that most remarkable attiring we will not permit our pen to dwell ; suffice it that in obedience to the impatience of Massaniello, as much dispatch was used as was consistent with a matter of so great moment. Ursula stood at last arrayed in the richest dress which the wardrobe of the Duchess d' Arcos could furnish forth, and Massaniello was introduced to behold the wonder, and lead her forth to his tribune to show her to his faithful people. Men were too wise to laugh, too disgusted to applaud ; and the poor creature was led down into the square, handed into the state.



coach that awaited her, and the signal was given to get the procession into movement.

Massaniello himself, mounted on one of the duke's horses, rode in attendance on his wife's carriage; his brother still ran by his side barefooted and ragged, and scarcely less bewildered than the more prominent actors in this strange scene. The arrival of Ursula in front of the palace was signalised by the firing of cannon, for Massaniello had learned and relished this tribute to power, and when the carriage stopped, the venerable Cardinal Filomarino stepped forward to assist her to descend. Pale as death, her limbs trembled violently, and she leaned heavily upon his arm; but the sight of his benevolent features for a moment reassured her, she raised her eyes pleadingly to him and whispered,

“Holy father, protect my husband, for his reason is infirm.”

“God will protect you both, my child,” replied the ecclesiastic, in a tone as low;

and he led her inward to the foot of the staircase, where she was met by her husband, the excitement under which he laboured being apparent to all—to none more painfully so than to poor Ursula. He bent down, and his floating plumes shaded her face, whilst he whispered—

“Have no fear, beloved one; my triumph would have been incomplete without this interview. They dare not by word or look despise thee.”

They were met at the head of the stairs by the same sumptuous display, the same courtly ceremony, as had signalled their previous visit. The Duke d'Arcos himself, coming forward to receive them, bent his stately form to bring his lips to the hand of Ursula, and then begged permission to conduct her to the apartments of his duchess, whilst he himself waited upon his friend and brother, the Captain-General of the people. Ursula was then separated from Massaniello,

and with much state led to the private chambers of the Duchess d' Arcos. Nothing had been neglected by this frivolous and stately lady, to dazzle the eyes of her humble visiter. The state assumed by her on this occasion could not have been exceeded, had she intended to give welcome to the purest blood of Spain.

The behaviour of Ursula through this bewildering ceremonial has been described as little better than that of an idiot, and its effect upon the courtly damsels who surrounded her, as furnishing endless remembrances for merriment. Speeches have been chronicled for her which we would fain consider as fables. It may certainly be doubted whether the Duchess d' Arcos would have acquitted herself with more address, on a visit of ceremony in the cellar of Massaniello, in the market-place of the Carmine. Ursula, when forced to reply to the courtly phrases of her entertainer, spoke

truths that were distasteful. One remark that she made in the simplicity of her heart, effectually startled, and for some moments silenced, the masked wit that was brought against her. To one, and it was the last of numberless interrogatories, she answered,

“My husband has so willed it!”

By the side of the duchess, during this interview, there stood one at least who witnessed the ceremony with interest, and felt compassion for the beautiful and sorrow-stricken being thus helpless in the hands of fortune. Ursula on entering had glanced round that assembly of richly dressed and supercilious dames, and read upon the brows of all, with one single exception, mockery and disgust. The exception to which we allude was a young person of about her own age, of a commanding stature, a dignified and authoritative presence; but even to the unpractised glance of Ur-

sula, there was visible, beneath a serene brow, a latent sorrow, which penetrated her very soul. This lady was the Princess Victoria d' Arcos. More than once, in the earlier part of that interview, she came to her assistance, and her dark eyes flashed with displeasure upon each in turn who endeavoured to gratify the silly pique of her mother, in persecuting her visiter. When Ursula had fought her own battle, and a momentary silence followed the intelligible hint we have recorded, Victoria looked around the circle, and saw how pale those few words had made the proudest cheek.

“Is it not wonderful, my mother?” she said, “to find so much loveliness and modesty amongst the poorest order of the people? She is agitated and exhausted by a scene so unusual to her: it would be well to offer her refreshment.”

“Surely, surely, Victoria,” replied the

Duchess, "whatever our house affords is at her service. Call for wine for the wife of Massaniello."

"A cup of water, Eccellenza," replied Ursula, "I will receive and be grateful for. But hark!" she exclaimed suddenly, and the very aspect of death flitted over her cheek. "That is the people's voice, and they call my husband. Believe me, lady, it was by no wish of mine that I came hither. But I implore you, for the sake of a poor broken hearted girl, attempt nothing against his life. Oh, try it not for your own sakes, for the sakes of those who love you; for the vengeance of the people is swift and terrible. You have not seen nor heard the sights and sounds that I see and hear, that would have long since have overthrown my reason, were it not for the duty that is yet in store for me! Lady," she added, turning to Victoria, "for pity's sake cause them to lead me hence to

my husband. You are young, and gentle, and you may one day know how affliction and love are mingled in the lot of the very happiest and youngest."

The sounds which had penetrated every chamber of the Viceregal palace, and excited the terrors of Ursula, were, as she said, the clamours of the people for their leader, and her ear, keener than those less interested, readily detected something unusual in the tones of those vociferations. This second visit of Massaniello to the Viceroy was not popular. The multitudes dated the change in his manner from his former interview, and when it was found that the portals of the palace had closed behind him, that no symptom of any stir betokened his return, their murmurs swelled into angry calls to him to come forth. Those sounds went unwelcomely to the soul of Massaniello, who started to his feet, and called aloud

"I come, my people, behold your Leader!" He then turned to the Viceroy, and with the assured calm which maniacs can at times so inimitably counterfeit, prepared to take his leave.

"We have come abroad so early, Eccellenza," he said, "to do you homage, and we would crave in return that you and your Duchess will accompany Ursula and myself to an excursion we would make upon the bay, and to the joyous bowers about the Capo di Grotta."

The Duke d'Arcos trembled, for he well knew the consequences of refusing; yet the indescribable ridicule of such a spectacle before the entire city was scarcely less terrible. He paused for a moment and then replied—

"Let it be to-morrow, dear Masaniello; to-morrow is the festa of our Lady of the Carmine, and we will then accompany you



with our Court, and such pomp as this city may command."

"Let it be to-morrow then, Eccellenza," replied Massaniello; "we will take order that our people be in readiness to escort us."

At this moment Ursula entered, pale and scared, attended by Victoria, who was endeavouring with all gentle persuasion to calm her.

"Let us go, Ursula, our people grow impatient," exclaimed Masaniello.

Ursula made no reply, but was led down with the same state with which she had arrived, and again entered the carriage of the duchess. The return of the procession was a prolonged festival. It took its course through the wider streets, that were capable of affording passage to the multitudes, and Massaniello's delight, in this parade of his sunset popularity, appeared unbounded. The equipage of the Cardinal Filomarino was not liberated from attendance until a

new caprice caused Massaniello to direct his horse's head homewards.

When the carriage had reached his hovel, and the doors were opened for Ursula to descend, it was found that she had fallen back against the cushions with her eyes closed, her face pale as death, and her limbs motionless : nature was fairly exhausted. Massaniello was for some moments called back from his delirium by this piteous spectacle. He took her in his arms, lifted her gently to her room, and shut himself up with her till she recovered her consciousness. The few hours that elapsed before sundown, were the very last that Massaniello could rescue from the gloom of his terrible malady.

## CHAPTER XI.

WHILST the whole city was busied with attendance upon the procession we have just described, there passed through one of the gates of the town, without attracting the attention of the diminished company that guarded it, a person in the garb of a young fisherman. Had he been watched narrowly, some hesitation in his step, some slight flurry upon his countenance, might perhaps have been detected. As he had descended from behind some half dozen clinging lazzaroni on the standing place of a curicolo, which had pulled up forty or fifty yards from the gate, it is probable

that the nature of the conveyance and of the company averted any glances of overmuch scrutiny from his features or his movements.

He had got fairly through the gate, and was preparing to hurry away into one of the darkest and crookedest streets that lie about the entries to the square of the Carmine, when a tall dark-featured man, habited in the same filthy livery that he himself wore, walked boldly up to him, and asked him through which gate he had entered. The youth was abashed, and hesitated in his reply. He gazed anxiously into the features of his interrogator, upon which the stains and dirt, though not unskilfully spread, wore the appearance of intentional disguise, and whilst hesitating for an answer, the stranger again spoke, and his question plainly showed that further attempt at concealment was useless.

“What news from Benevento?” he asked, and then added, “Giulio, you are no fit

instrument to work with the disguise you have assumed. We have been ill friends, and the fault has been mine ; but be your present pursuit what it may, you will be the better for wary counsel. I have much to say to you on many subjects, but the open streets are scarcely a fitting place for such grave colloquy between two lazzaroni. Meet me at dusk at the entry of the church of St. Agostino ; for to-morrow will be a busy day, and there are some things it may import you to know, for your own guidance, before sunrise."

Doubtful, even at this moment, how far it might be prudent to place trust in this assumed fellowship of his uncle, yet deeply touched by the unconquerable affection with which his father still regarded him, Giulio was not sorry to escape from further questioning, and to seek time for reflection.

He promised to meet him at the spot appointed, and they separated. Giulio had

one specific object in view, apparently only one in life; for his safety was certainly periled to attain it; and in the furtherance of this object he was persuaded that no living creature within that desolate city could so effectually aid him as Tiberio Caraffa. He was, moreover, not without hope that some natural feelings in his heart might yet have resisted the corruption of his evil passions.

After accompanying his father to Benevento, and accomplishing his engagement to Vitale, Giulio had returned to Naples, for the sole purpose of discovering something of the fate of his cousin. Many schemes had passed through his mind for this purpose. Convinced that the mysterious conduct of Vitale had some unintelligible connexion with her disappearance, and well knowing the power which that person had obtained over the mind of Massaniello, no better plan occurred to him

than to assume his present disguise, to watch his steps until he could meet him unattended, and then tear from him, even at the peril of his life, the secret of her hiding-place.

With this view Giulio determined to occupy himself, during the remaining hours of daylight, in endeavouring to discover Vitale's present haunt. He accordingly directed his steps at once towards the market-place, thinking to meet there the great body of the people. The streets had a singular aspect of abandonment, and it was evident that some spectacle of great public interest occupied the general mind. As he approached the square of the Carmine, some sounds of animation reached him ; but not such as to betoken the vast assembly he expected to find there. The first object that met his eye, as he approached the celebrated spot, was the bloody platform and its gory palisades, each stake surmounted with a human

skull. There was a crowd about it, consisting chiefly of young children, and the less active of the rabblement. The sanguinary ministry of the legal authorities to whom was intrusted the judgment of all accusations, was in active operation; and one of the first persons whom his glance singled out from a double row of judges, was the mysterious being of whom he came in search.

Marco Vitale, mounted on Massaniello's tribune, was busily haranguing an excited audience. His gestures were passionate, his features swollen, his eyes bloodshot, and his voice hoarse and dissonant from fatigue. At the foot of this tribune, and within the palisades, were two functionaries, naked to the waist, armed with large heavy cleavers, splashed with blood, and intent upon the scene that was acting above them. During the hour that Giulio lingered about that frightful judgment-seat he saw many heads



fall, and marked how the eyes of Vitale gloated over the victims that his sole word had slain. The return homeward of the procession of Massaniello, and the mad tumult of the thousands who attended it, turned his attention to new scenes, and his thoughts to the fittest mode of proceeding with one whose barbarity scarcely entitled him to the common mercies of humanity.

Wearied by the yells and throngs that met him at every step, he retired into one of the open sheds or booths frequented by the lowest orders of the mob, and determined to wait with what patience he might, till the sun should sink below the horizon. Never, until then, had he formed the slightest notion of the enthusiasm of the public feeling. The names of many nobles were mentioned, with terms of execration and obscenity too horrible to relate, but that of Tiberio Caraffa was the most frequent on the lips of all. Conscious that his agitation

might draw curiosity upon him, he leaned down his head upon his arms, and affected to sleep. The shed in which he had sought refuge continued long crowded with men who drank to excess, and drew knives in sudden quarrel. The conduct of Massaniello was canvassed openly, and as openly condemned. A few declared that he had sold the people for a dress of silver; the greater part that his intellect was utterly deranged; but the most absorbing topic was the projected excursion on the morrow by sea to the Capo di Grotta.

Giulio ventured at last to rouse himself from his pretended slumber, and quitted the spot to seek the church of St. Agostino. The evening watch-fires were lighting every where; every house had torches in the windows, and at the corners of all the streets were men whose business it was to supply fuel to the bonfires, which by public notice must blaze till day dawn. Any attempt at

concealment, whilst passing through streets thus illumined, and thronged with thousands of idlers, he speedily perceived would be futile, and he strolled with a studied leisure towards the spot pointed out by his uncle.

He had scarcely come within sight of the building, when some one, whose features he could not discern, pushed roughly against him, and whispered to him to follow ! He was speedily conducted from the more open streets, into ways so tortuous and narrow as to exclude the admission of the multitude, and which, as men now moved in masses, were utterly abandoned. His guide, whom he speedily recognized as Tiberio Caraffa, stopped at one of the meanest of those tenements, and throwing open the door, signed to him to enter first ; he did so, his uncle followed, closed and secured the door behind him, and then called loudly to the chambers above for lights. Lights were brought, and Giulio was shown into a small chamber

in which, to his surprise, there were already assembled three individuals, whose general appearance was anything but prepossessing.

One of them he had seen before, and the expression of his features was not such as to pass easily from the memory ; it was Giulio Genuino. In the countenances of his two associates there was nothing, except, perhaps, a greater ferocity and cunning, to distinguish them from the lowest of the rabble. Their dress was that most popular at the time, being the linen trousers, shirt, and coarse brown cloak of the frequenters of the Mole. They were armed with knives and halberds, of which both blade and handle were alike blood-stained, and their general aspect could leave little doubt as to the purpose of their meeting.

Could Giulio have supposed his uncle capable of any attempt against his life, he might at once have resigned all hope of quitting that room again. There had been

times when such a suspicion would have been ready enough to suggest itself; but the recollection of a kind look, one moment of tried loyalty, when a word would have delivered his father and himself into the hands of their enemies at the city-gate, dispelled all fears for his own person. The conspirators, or whatever they were, nodded with little ceremony to Giulio as he entered. Genuino, with the studied courtesy which no man could assume or lay aside more opportunely, rose, drew a seat near to the table at which he was seated, and made place by his own side for him.

A moment's reflection sufficed to convince Giulio that his uncle was deeply engaged, and anxious to involve him, in some one of the discreditable and perilous intrigues on which, through life, the whole of his ingenuity and great talents had been wasted. But as he was endowed with his full share of the determination and obstinacy of his

race, he waved aside the politeness of Genuino, and turned to inquire the meaning of the unexpected scene into which he was entrapped.

“Be seated, Giulio,” replied the Prince of Bisignano, “and you shall hear. These my good friends are met to elect a new leader. Is it not thus that we may style our purpose, reverend sir?” he said sneeringly to Genuino—“a new leader in place of the present one, who has taken leave of his intellects. And these three influential gentlemen, Giulio, are candidates for the post about to be resigned. Whether it be confided to one, as it now is, or divided amongst them, as it was before Massaniello learned to play the magnifico, will be matter for after consideration.”

“Not for this only,” exclaimed one of the ruffians, “was it that I came here! Massaniello has shed my brother’s blood, and I will have his. He might have tyrannised

over nobles, and played the magnifico himself, till his skull split open with raving madness, before I would have lifted my hand against him ! but blood demands blood, and I say let Massaniello die !”

“ He has shed the blood of his oldest and best friends,” exclaimed Genuino ; “ no man’s life is safe from his insanity. He is surrounded by beings as bloody and as insane as himself. If he has the fury, Marco Vitale his secretary has the cunning, of a maniac. I say let both die !”

The opinion of the third of these secret murderers was delivered with an oath ; it was like the others, a vote for death ! and it comprised names which had never before reached the ear of Giulio, probably not of his companions, and posterity remains in contented ignorance of their fate.

“ Little more remains to be talked about or planned,” exclaimed Caraffa, “ except for your own sakes, to see that the deed be done

quickly. The fool goes to-morrow, pleasuring, to Posilippo. Let the people have their holiday, and deal with those you have named on their return. I have need of a few words with this youth, and with your good leave will absent myself for an hour. There is wine my friends, and such cheer as may entertain you till I come back."

Giulio had witnessed the whole scene with disgust, and the conduct of his uncle had much startled him; but his schemes and his motives were alike void of all interest for him. They quitted the house, and he breathed more freely when he found himself again traversing the open streets. The Prince of Bisignano led him towards the sea-side. Neither spoke until they had extricated themselves from the more populous parts of the city, had passed the Viceroy's gardens, and stood upon the sands where the fishing-boats were usually secured.

"One learns to tread the streets of this



accursed city, Giulio," said his uncle, "with more confidence than prudence. The ruffians we have met to-night know, each of them, that there is a prize of immense amount for my capture, sound in limb as I stood before them; and no small reward for him who shall deliver my head, that it may be added to the trophies which so tastefully adorn their tribune. The very sight of these bloody pikes has given me an unpleasant irritation about my neck. But all this little concerns you, Giulio. I will not do your generous nature the injustice to affect ignorance of the motive which has induced you to risk safety and life in venturing back to Naples. You came to see if you could save your cousin: have I guessed rightly?"

He pronounced the words slowly and with a deep emphasis, and added, "He who has thus outraged the honour of our house, who has urged his suit upon an unprotected girl, shall pay his reckoning before another sun

rises. I have counted his hours, his very minutes, and whatever may betide, Marco Vitale dies! To your care, to my brother's love, I must look for the charity of again receiving and tending my poor child beneath your roof; take her with all speed from Naples, and the remaining hours of my life, if it be spared, shall show, better than empty professions, how much I will do to repair the past. Now listen well, Giulio! there is a small cottage, about two miles further up, and nearly at the extreme curve of the bay, which stands entirely alone, and has a terrace rising sharply from the waves. There you will find Eleonora—in what state of health or mind, God, who has been her sole protector, knows! Speak to her with what mercy you can of her father, and may God help you."

Giulio grasped the hand of the speaker, and sprung into one of the boats that were before him. Tiberio Caraffa stood upon the

sands and watched till the boat became a dim speck in the distant haze. He then himself stepped into one of the barks, of which there were several lashed to fastenings in the wall of the Viceroy's gardens, and spread himself down within it, as if with a view of awaiting his nephew's return.

## CHAPTER XII.

A PREY to forebodings of the most appalling character, Giulio urged his boat swiftly through the waters. A feeling of vague terror crept over his heart which defied every effort of his reason to contend with. He knew that there was no atrocity at which Vitale would scruple, and it was an unsatisfactory hope to trust to, that the fear of consequences might withhold him from offering insult to a maiden of high and powerful alliance. Although he was alone on the waters, a thousand phantoms ap-

peared to accompany and to pursue him; but as he strained every nerve, he sent the boat through the waves with a velocity which to his disturbed imagination seemed at times to outspeed the fiends that followed him.

The numberless lights which blazed in every street of the city were fading each moment into indistinctness, the hum of the multitudes reached him less and less audibly, and at last the solitary cottage to which his course was directed became visible: a feeble gleam issued from its casements, the boat touched its walls, and he sprung up the narrow stairs that led to its terrace.

His senses were in a whirl, and the dead stillness of the place came over him like an atmosphere of death. The lower chambers of the cottage were abandoned, and he ascended the stair that led upwards. No voice, no step met him; he threw open a door, the first that offered, and beheld the

sad reality which his forebodings had shadowed out.

Upon a wretched bed, motionless and corpse-like, and colourless as the very sheet that was placed over her, lay the form of his cousin Eleonora. Her eyes were closed, her long hair lay confusedly about her neck, and the ordinary movement occasioned by the breath of life was imperceptible. The aged relative of Vitale had been seated by her side. As the door opened she rose and bent over her countenance, to see whether the noise of a step by her side had caused any alteration in her aspect; and then raised her finger to her lip for silence. Giulio paused to gaze on that pallid image, as if spell-bound; he needed no word of explanation, nor, had such been offered, would it at that moment have been intelligible. After a while he approached the bed, and laid his hand upon her heart; its beating was irregular and feeble, but yet sufficiently dis-

tinged. The tears burst from his eyes, he bent down his head upon the same pillow, and wept like an infant. The aged female watched him, but made no attempt to disturb his grief. Her own frame appeared as rigid as that of the pale being by whom she sat.

Hours passed away, the darkness faded, the first beams of morning came feebly into the chamber, and Giulio then beckoned to the sharer of his vigil to remove the melancholy light that was flickering to its extinction, and to quit the chamber. As morning advanced, and the joyous light of a summer dawn filled the chamber with brightness, Giulio bent down and whispered her name. The sound, feeble as it was, seemed not without effect. Her frame appeared to struggle with the torpor that enchained it but the strength that remained to her was unequal to the contest; she became again still and the very slight tint that had for

an instant flitted over her cheek, as suddenly died away.

Deeply impressed with a sense of the dangerous crisis with which he was interfering, Giulio, though his heart bounded at that momentary promise of returning consciousness, and sunk down in despair as it fled, precipitated not his ministry. Warding the glare of the sunbeams from her eyelids, he again seated himself by her side, and tremblingly ventured to take her hand into his. It seemed that his very touch conveyed to her some intelligence of who it was that had at last come to his own place, and had begun his watch of love. She became restless, she moved over till her cold cheek was laid upon his hand, and he then again ventured to speak to her.

“Look up, Eleonora,” he said, “you will surely know me!”

The strife, the dark and fearful conflict of



life and death was for a while decided by those few gentle words. The blood rushed to her cheeks, and the warmth of a newly-kindled flame ran throughout her system. When her eyes did at last open, they met the gaze that was looking intently for the promised dawn of intellect. A few moments of confusion, of doubt followed, and then the tears stole silently down her cheeks, and her lips moved.

In gentle tones, but in glowing and most eloquent language, did Giulio continue to pour out the full tide of the love he had so long concealed, of the love that was to perform the impossible task of obliterating all memory of the sufferings she had endured. Whatever might be its future power, its present effect was potent in the recall of memory. Once only had her mind recurred to the last few days, and every particle of colour fled from her cheek as that dark remembrance threw its shadow over her.

Giulio raised his finger to his lips, and he then saw that the power which a single look had possessed over her in other days was not lost even now. A series of trying events had laid bare to him the secret of his own heart, which he had long struggled to veil from himself; they had shown him how rich a treasure he had been toying with, and how nearly, through his own infirmity of purpose, he had lost it.

In the long vigil which now began, the outer world and its turmoil were forgotten; the possession of all he coveted in this life made his spirit contented and calm. The illusion under which he laboured, though destined to be of brief duration, was shared to a certain degree, by the still bewildered intellect of Eleonora. He pictured to himself the calm heroism with which the gentle and fragile creature before him had renounced all hope of life for his sake; he felt that a bountiful nature had enriched

him with her favours beyond other men ; that life had no further office for him but to be grateful and happy.

The still partially slumbering intellect of Eleonora had lost the memory of the fatal interchange of vows with Vitale, and it seemed to her that she had wakened from a revolting dream, and suddenly recovered the simplicity of her childhood. To have closed her eyes in despair, to have turned her back upon life with disgust, to have mournfully sought death as her only refuge, and when her spirit was already fluttering on the confines of eternity, to hear a voice like the flurried tones of one arriving in breathless speed at the last moment to arrest her flight, to call her back to the sunny regions of this world, to the groves and balmy walks of her youth, to realms where love breathes its roseate and golden colouring over every spot of the glowing heavens, and the verdant earth ; —this was indeed a change which, from its

excess and its suddenness, might have endangered the sanity of any intellect ! From this peril she appeared to have been rescued, and as she held within her grasp the hand that had saved her, her cheek rested upon it, her tears flowed over it, and whilst the delusion lasted she was happy!

Let us not coldly say, in our sententious murmurings, that happiness is not for the pilgrims of this world—that satiety and affliction share our lot between them! Happiness may be found on this earth, for it abounds every where, and it follows oftenest in the train of sorrow ; it inhabits the same spots that affliction has dwelt in ; it has a balm for the heart that has been most bruised—a magic which can breathe beauty over all things. Eleonora and her cousin now found it, in as cruel a delusion as ever trifled with human hope.

Though scarcely a pleasing transition, the pen must resume its duty, and turning from

the attractive theme of love, and its proverbially troubled current, must go back to the author of all the misery which Giulio Caraffa had contemplated. At the commencement, and through the early scenes, of this revolution, Marco Vitale had possessed an unrivalled influence over the mind of Massaniello, and as long as that leader retained any clear notion of his own position, or indeed of any thing, this influence remained unabated.

The naturally-penetrating judgment of Massaniello soon enabled him to comprehend the characters of his fellow-labourers in the revolt, and the different personal views and feelings by which each was actuated. He watched the jealousy which sprung up amongst them towards each other, but his easy goodnature, up to the time of Perrone's attempt against his life, repelled the suspicion which might naturally occur to him, of any evil consequences resulting

to himself from these conflicting interests. After that event he had become prompt in the spilling of blood, and busied in a thousand investigations to trace the implication in that attempt to the nobles and their dependants. Thus the necessity of devolving many important matters on others, had turned his mind from any very keen scrutiny into the interests and passions of his immediate agents.

Warnings of further attempts against his life began to pour in upon him mysteriously from all quarters, and he found that the readiest weapon his confederates employed against each other was a whispered accusation of treachery. Giulio Genuino had tried it against Vitale, and within the same hour a similar charge had been made by Vitale against Genuino. A thousand causes had tended to bring accesses of bloodthirstiness and profound melancholy over the mind of Massaniello, during which he became by turns an

object of terror and of commiseration to all who beheld him. Then followed the various other capricious moods of his disease, and his associates perceived that the effective power of the government which they had established might be scrambled for amongst themselves, whilst the burden of responsibility dwelt with him.

To none was this more obvious than to Vitale his secretary, and to Genuino his elected adviser. Between these two men, therefore, began the contest for authority, and they pursued it in two opposite ways;—Genuino in patient counsel with all classes, in a persevering search after popularity, and at the same time by secret intrigues with the Viceroy and the nobles; Vitale in a savage working out of the views of Massaniello, in glutting the appetite for blood and vengeance which his own private disappointments had created. Vitale's usual place was on the public tribune. When Massa-

niello was there in person he slew by the whisper and the pen; when there alone he brandished the sword of his chief with a fearful ferocity. Yet was the heart of this wretched man not wholly corrupted; he remained faithful in his friendship, faithful in his enmity. He watched over the life of Massaniello when others turned against him; he spurned with contempt and menaces the frequent attempts of the Viceroy to seduce him; and he persecuted, with unmitigated hate, the whole body of the nobility.

With the treachery of Genuino he was perfectly acquainted, and there was perhaps no life within the city which he more coveted; but the blind mercy of Massaniello shielded it. He had pleaded, urged, menaced, in his eagerness to obtain his condemnation, and by importunity had at last so far worked on the mind of Massaniello as to cause him one day, in face of the assembled multitude, to strike him. To use the



emphatic words of the historian, "Lieve il danno, grave l'offesa." No sooner was the deed done than repentance followed it. Massaniello threw himself on his neck, as his custom was when much moved, and Genuino, with bland and eloquent assurances, convinced him that he was honoured, that the very blow was pleasing to him. Massaniello was journeying on quickly to his ruin; and in the pitiable state of his mind death offered him a pleasing refuge. Vitale, however, relented nothing in his fierce defiance of men and fate.

At the close of a busy and bloody day Vitale retired from the tribune, and sought his mean abode. On his path thither he had met Genuino and two other men, in moody conference. Had any particle of the superstition of Perrone, about the evil influence of that old man's glance, survived in his mind, he might have interpreted that strange conjunction as fraught with danger

to himself. He returned, with a glare of his customary defiance, the glance of his associate in power as he passed him, and went on his way to his home. That home no living creature now shared with him; it was foul and dark; it had been invaded once, and he now entered it more warily—his coming would scarcely have disturbed a mouse from its pilfered meal. He listened intently before he closed the door behind him, and then moved up its staircase and through its chambers as unhesitatingly as if day light shone into them. Whatever was his purpose in retiring there, he achieved it in the darkness. After a dead silence of about an hour, his step again sounded upon the stairs, the door of that lonely abode was opened, and again closed behind him, and he passed outward.

## CHAPTER XIII.

VITALE trod his way under the cannon of the Castel Nuovo, by the open space called the Largo di Castello, traversed the square of the palace of the Viceroy, and followed the sea-coast till he had passed the Viceroy's gardens. The lights that blazed hitherto along the path he had taken, ceased, and he quickened his steps towards the boats that were secured at this point. In one of these boats he perceived a fisherman's cloak; this trifling circumstance directed his choice, yet that choice was to cost a life! He

stepped on to its bench, loosened the cord that held it, and pushed off from the shore; the boat flew over the calm waters, and every object was speedily lost sight of. His brain was busied with many thoughts, the oar slumbered in his hand, and the boat was suffered to glide languidly on its course until the impulse that had propelled it had spent itself, and the light vessel paused motionless on the wave.

“She shall submit, or die!” he murmured. “I will bear her mute corpse out into these dark waters—she is as beautiful as I last left her. She shall die, I can love that form though lifeless, that cheek though without its tint, that bosom though the heart within is at rest; she shall die!”

He had muttered his thoughts audibly, and the sound of his own voice roused him. The fisherman’s cloak, upon which his gaze had been fixed abstractedly during his appalling dream, moved, was thrown aside,

and the avenger of his intended crime sprung up before him! The boat reeled beneath the spring with which a tall powerful man leaped up from his hiding-place. There was not light enough to enable Vitale to distinguish his assailant, but the loud mocking laugh of defiance which burst upon his senses sufficiently proclaimed the presence of Tiberio Caraffa, and gave him notice of the fate that awaited him.

Vitale had been too long familiar with danger to lose his presence of mind; though the apparition startled him, he quickly comprehended his danger, and prepared to encounter it. The struggle that ensued between these two men when no eye witnessed it, where the silent waves were around them, and the gentle starlight shone above them, was fearful and prolonged. Both were armed, but it was with weapons little suited to a guarded defence. The knife of Vitale clashed against the blade of his enemy, and

they instantly closed, body to body, to decide by the strength or address of limb the strife that must end in death to one of them. As so frequently happens, the weaker frame was the more agile, and Vitale was enabled to withstand the far greater force of his powerful opponent. Although the boat rocked from side to side beneath their feet, each moment threatening to precipitate both into the water, their fierce struggle continued,—Caraffa, with the instinct of all savage animals, striving to grasp his enemy's throat, and Vitale writhing from his clutch, and struggling for an opportunity to spring into the water. Their slight coverings were rent to shreds; they breathed heavily, but no syllable was exchanged between them, until exhaustion at last terminated the contest.

In an unguarded moment the powerful hand of Caraffa was upon the throat of his victim, and then his loud laugh rung out his

death signal; the face of Vitale blackened, his limbs dropped, his voice gurgled harshly for a few seconds, and he fell heavily against the breast of his enemy. But not till all motion had abandoned his limbs did Caraffa relax his grasp, and then, plunging his hand into the masses of his tangled hair, he dragged his neck down to the side of the boat, and severed his head from his body. The trunk he deliberately heaved into the water, the gory head he tossed from him into the bottom of the boat, and then seizing the oars, the bark swung round, and in a few minutes was bounding over the waters towards the Mole.

What mad spirit urged him, with the evidences of his crime thus openly exposed, to return to one of the most public spots of Naples, it would seem difficult to conjecture. As he approached the shore he met several boats putting outwards into the bay, crowded with fishermen, bent on the more peaceful

pursuits of their craft, to which scanty markets had at last compelled them to recur. The torchlight threw its dusky glare over their groups, making the occupants of each vessel for the moment almost as distinct as if it were daylight. They hailed with their customary greeting the smaller bark and its single rower as they shot by him, and he returned their salute as loudly and more joyously.

Without pausing in his course he continued his fleet away towards the Mole. It was not, as he had perhaps expected, entirely deserted, and he perceived loitering about the landing-place a figure habited like himself, and not many paces distant a second figure studiously disguised. The first of these watchers had evidently no thought of concealment, and most probably belonged to one of the fishing-boats that lay, with some preparations for an excursion, immediately below him. He paused in his lounging watch



when the boat of Caraffa came in sight, and awaited his landing; it struck against the Mole, and his attention was then attracted to the severed skull that lay at the feet of the rower.

“ Whose head have you there friend ?” he asked carelessly; and Caraffa answered with as much unconcern.

“ A traitor’s !”

The second individual had also paused, and after listening intently to this question and reply, darted away into the darkness. Tiberio Caraffa coolly secured his boat, picked up his hideous trophy, and enveloping it in his cloak, sprung on shore, and directed his course straight towards the market-place. That spot was still partially peopled with groups of idlers, and a blaze of light made every object distinct as in daylight. He carried his burden straight up to the palisades of the tribune. A hundred other such gory objects were before him, but he

passed them by, and paused before the placard that offered such a high reward for the head of the Prince of Bisignano.

This notice was attached to a spear stuck with its shaft into the ground, and its point upwards. Caraffa shook out his burden from the folds of his cloak, picked it up, and then placed it firmly on this conspicuous point. This feat he had performed openly in the presence of many, heedless of the curiosity which so unusual a proceeding had occasioned. No sooner was it accomplished than he thought of providing for his retreat. He had at first been cheered by the rabblement who watched him, and the brutal jests that succeeded its completion went pleasingly to his heart ; but when the features of that severed head were recognised, and he turned to retreat, there arose a cry of

“ Treachery! seize—slay him! he has murdered Massaniello’s secretary !”

Caraffa now sprung away through the crowds, dashing from his path those who ventured to oppose him, and attempted to gain the entry to one of the narrow streets leading into the less frequented and darker parts of this city. The populace speedily gathered to the alarm-cry, and swelled into thousands around him. Caraffa fled with the speed of one pursued by death, and after traversing numberless streets, came in sight of the convent of St. Maria della Nuovo. The crowd had not lost sight of him, they saw him admitted within its sanctuary, and the doors closed against them. They had of late become familiar with speedy means for removing such obstacles, and there arose instantly the cry to fire the building. The mere threat sufficed to open its portals; the convent was filled, and then began a fierce search for the fugitive. They ransacked with eagerness, yet not without cunning, but their

victim was nowhere to be found. With admirable speed and audacity, Tiberio Carraffa had again plunged into the open streets, and profiting by the delay of the populace at the monastery, had effectually disappeared, without leaving any trace of his retreat.

The house in which the Prince of Bisignano had ultimately taken refuge, was, as the reader may have conjectured, that of Madonna Livia. Somewhat to his surprise he found her absent. Long after he was safely lodged within its walls, he heard the entire city ringing with the shouts and execrations of the enraged and disappointed populace; but being perfectly convinced of the secure nature of his asylum, he dismissed from his mind all apprehension for himself, and all recollection of the deed which he had just perpetrated. It may be mentioned as a trait illustrative of the character of this proud man, that it was at this mo-

ment, when his hands were still reeking with the blood of his enemy, that he began calmly to reason upon the amendment of his future life. The cravings of his ambition, and the accommodating suggestions of his conscience, still went, as they had ever done, in harmony, and the amount of his projected reformation consisted in plans for drawing nearer the ties between himself, his daughter, and his brother.

In the mean time the uproar in the city raged at its highest. A hue-and-cry for his head resounded every where; many of his old resorts were searched, and more than once he heard the trampling of the various detachments of the multitude as they rushed beneath his windows.

As morning broke, the tidings of so startling a novelty as the murder of the bosom-friend of Massaniello by the most hated of the entire generation of the nobles, were borne every where, and at last penetrated even the

solitary cottage on the sea-side where Giulio Caraffa continued his vigil of affection.

From the moment that the broken exclamations of Eleonora had enabled her aged companion to form an accurate conjecture as to the person who had so suddenly invaded her retreat, it became evident, even to her blunted faculties, that some extraordinary change must have taken place in Naples, to account for the audacity of the young noble in thus forcing himself into the very den of his worst enemy. Giulio thought and cared little for her absence or her presence, and the day was far advanced before he perceived that she had abandoned the cottage.

The proceedings of this aged female have from that moment attracted the notice of history, though her name has escaped all search for its recovery.

Towards evening she found her way into the market-place of the Carmine. She was

jostled and jeered at by the mob, and more than once narrowly escaped being trampled to death, by the sudden rushing of multitudes whose impulses carried them forwards and backwards in a stream which there was no averting and no arresting. In spite of all obstacles, this infirm and aged creature had contrived to crawl up to the palisades of Massaniello's tribune ; — her glance ranged exultingly over the many rows of heads which decorated that fanciful structure, and she was about to pursue her own business, which appeared to be with one of the officials who occupied a seat on the lower steps of that throne of judgment, when her notice was attracted to the spear which held aloft the severed skull of Vitale.

Notwithstanding the popular rage to avenge his death, he had ever been more feared than liked ; he had no single friend to perform the common charity of removing for decent sepulture that revolting object ; there it had remained, and though the fea-

tures had been bruised, and the hair torn away in bunches during the last struggle, the wretched woman who had nursed him in his infancy, and watched him from youth to manhood, instantly recognised him. No exclamation escaped her; for some moments motion and breathing seemed alike suspended; and presently she was surrounded by a fierce crowd whose suspicions her conduct had excited.

The deafening clamour that assailed her, and the rude handling to which she was subjected, completed the confusion of her intellect. From her exclamations it was speedily perceived that she had some acquaintance, however remotely connected, with the murdered victim, and as the incoherence of her answers was construed into a reluctance to reveal any thing which might tend to the discovery of the flight of the Prince of Bisignano, she was dragged before the tribunal, and led within its bloody pre-



cincts. Questioned by one of the fierce functionaries who presided there, she replied with such scraps of information as she had collected from the conversation of Giulio and his cousin, and as had not been wholly shaken, by the violence of the mob, from her memory. Her story, however, remained so broken and so incoherent as to be utterly unintelligible, and when she asserted that the family of the Caraffas had secured their retreat to Benevento, the fury of the mob exceeded all bounds, and they called out with one voice for her head.

The uproar had roused Genuino from his lair, and he stepped forth upon the tribune at the very moment that the fate of this wretched being hung upon the lips of his deputy. In imitation of the mute imperiousness of Massaniello, he raised his hand for silence; but his vanity was taught a lesson, for the roaring of the furious animals in the arena about him swelled into redoubled

clamour. As had been done before by one whose judgment was as creditable and merciful as his own, he ordered this victim of popular hate to be bound to the palisades, stripped, and scourged. The agonies of the sufferer allayed the thirst of the rabble for her life; but even this gratification was soon denied them, for she fell senseless against the cords, and was borne out of the reach of the mob. Little further care was bestowed upon her, and there she might have perished, had it not been that towards dusk the carts came to bear away the bodies that had furnished the day's spectacle, when she was dragged out and thrown aside in the square.

When her intellect had partially returned she found bending over her a disguised figure, of whose features she had no remembrance, but who appeared to have gained some knowledge of her misery, and was endeavouring, though with gentler tones and

a milder manner, to elicit information similar to that which the mob had so vainly attempted to obtain.

“If you be a Christian,” replied the wretched woman, “take me hence where these savages may no longer madden me, give me a drop of cold water to my parched lips, and I will answer you.”

The stranger assisted her to rise, and after some hesitation led her away.

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was the sixteenth day of July, the festival of our Lady of the Carmine, the day that had been originally intended for the outbreak of the revolution. Massaniello's impatience had anticipated the period, and when the day dawned that was to have witnessed its beginning, he claimed his triumph for its completion. The nature of this triumph, for it was to be a water *fête*, was such as one cradled upon the waves might be supposed to choose, and such as a people of fishermen would the most delight to celebrate.

The dawn broke in its summer splendour over Naples and its glorious bay ; thousands of barks of all sizes, tricked out with such shreds of finery as the fancy of their owners had induced them to select from the general wreck of all property in the city, were already abroad upon the waters : the entire population was in a state of wild excitement ; for this recognised and public triumph of their bloody conflict came home feelingly to the hearts of all men. The only spot within the city which appeared to have no share in the general enthusiasm, was the sombre residence of the Viceroy, whose cannon bristled from their embrasures, but whose dark throats were mute. Its neighbourhood was abandoned, for the great body of the populace thronged the marketplace, and its mighty overflowings poured in vast tides downwards towards the sea, spreading along the coast line from the Carmine to Posilippo.

Massaniello's excitement amounted to phrensy. He burst into repeated exclamations of childish joy, and carried his preparations into endless minutiae. Every business of life was suspended; the very axe was laid aside at intervals during this exultant holiday. But at the very moment that his spirits were at their fullest flow, a cloud of evil omen darkened his heart, for tidings of the extraordinary death of Vitale reached him in the midst of his preparations. He burst into an access of the wildest passion when he heard it; but this presently subsided, and he sunk into a mood of profound melancholy, muttering, after a silence of some minutes, and evidently unconscious how many ears caught his foreboding,

"It will be my turn next, for this ungrateful people wearies of me."

He then gazed vaguely about him, until various objects that strewn his room re-

called his attention to the business of the day, when he roused himself, and resumed the occupations from which that ominous occurrence had disturbed him.

Massaniello was determined that the excursion should be attended with all the pomp which his unbounded power placed at his command; and though his manifold extravagances had left few men in doubt of the partial overthrow of his reason, the festivity was in its nature so popular, that the entire mass of his followers rallied round him as zealously, to give effect to this freak of his insanity, as they had done when he first raised his cry of abolition of the taxes; all seemed determined, come what might with the morrow, to spend that day at least in joviality.

Great indeed was the change that had come over the home of Massaniello during the preparations for this festival! Petitions and reports, and their solemn presenters, were

alike chased from its walls ; the exterior of the hovel was thronged with official personages, who went and came with speed and importance ; but within was the greatest and the saddest contrast. A host of artists, each bearing some foppery for the occasion, filled its lower floor, and blocked up its narrow stairs. Within the single room which contained his bed, and formed his council-chamber, were tailors and jewellers, embroiderers and feather-merchants ; the tables were piled with clothes of silver of all colours, silks and velvets of various fashions, plumed hats, lace, swords, and every description of finery. Attendants from the palace, young nobles critical in matters of such moment, were busy in examining, comparing, and selecting from these trappings, whilst Massaniello occupied himself in listening to their decisions, and trying the effect of the most approved braveries upon his person.



In a further corner of the chamber, upon the wretched bed, pale, haggard, and motionless as death, sat the afflicted Ursula,—her hands clasped, her eyes mournfully watching the pitiable scene that was acting about her. All care of life and its mummeries was dead within her. Her husband had selected from the costly stuffs presented to him a mantle of velvet and ermine, and spread it around her shrinking form. Her limbs trembled as it touched her, but she made no resistance to his wish, and uttered no murmur, although the ill-suppressed mirth of the young courtiers did not escape her notice.

A sudden swell of voices in the square below his windows caused Massaniello to rush forth into his tribune, when Ursula closed her eyes, and her lips quivered for an instant. No one then present noticed her; she had lived but for one being in this world, and she had at least the comfort of

knowing that as long as his reason remained he had loved her fervently and beyond all things. The door of the chamber again opened, and Massaniello returned. His brow was now exalted, all traces of melancholy had passed away, and his cheek was radiant with exultation : the business of his toilet was resumed, and he soon stood arrayed in all the magnificence which human ingenuity could heap upon a single being.

When this matter was completed, and all things were in readiness for his setting forth, a communication was made to him from the palace, purporting that the Duke d'Arcos was too much indisposed to venture at present from his home, and craving that his Excellency would excuse his forming part of the day's procession. At the same time he was informed that the viceregal barges should be got in readiness, to convey him and his suite whithersoever it might be his plea-

sure to proceed. Massaniello replied with a courtesy not unbecoming the splendid exterior he had assumed, and from that moment the Duke d'Arcos passed from his mind, and was forgotten.

The clamour in the square below, the beating of drums and the sound of music, gave notice that his escort was getting into readiness. He went again out upon the tribune, and for some minutes harangued the multitudes, in language flowery, figurative, and unintelligible; he hinted to them that he had a plan, scarcely yet matured in his mind, for making a seaport of the ground on which they were standing, and another for constructing a bridge that might unite Naples to Spain; but that both schemes would yet require deep consideration, and he would postpone them till his return from the Pic di Grotta. A loud shout of merriment drowned his further utterance; and delighted

with these seeming plaudits of an obsequious multitude, he bowed again and again to his people, and re-entered his chamber."

All things were now ready for his departure, and he looked about the room as if in search of something.

"Where is my gentle Ursula?" he inquired—"is she ready? for our people waits."

The words reached the ears of his wife, and she made an effort to rise, but her limbs had lost their power; she raised her head, and at that moment the crowd of his attendants opened on each side of her, and her drooping form was before him. As he met her glance, saw the tears filling her eyes, and gazed upon her white cheek, a quick shudder passed over his limbs; but then, catching a glimpse of the gaudy mantle that was spread about her, the thread of his recollection escaped him, his mood changed, he exalted his figure, and moved towards her

with the air of an emperor. Ursula spread out her arms to receive him, but Massaniello paused, made her a profound reverence, and turned to quit the chamber. The unhappy woman uttered no murmur, but when she found herself alone, closed her eyes, and resumed her patient vigil for the coming of death.

The first care of Massaniello was to go in his newly-adopted state to hear mass, and perform his devotions in the temple of the Carmine, and offer to the Madonna, who had witnessed his past dangers, the homage of his present triumph. The venerable cardinal Filomarino officiated, and before the service ended, Massaniello approached the steps of the altar, and on his knees craved a public blessing. It was remarked that the countenance of the ecclesiastic was pale, and that tears stole silently down his cheek as he bestowed it. He blessed him, and then pressed him to his bosom. The multitudes

quitted the church, and with renewed *vivas*, and the clamour of all instruments, escorted Massaniello to the steps of St. Lucia, where he had declared his intention of entering his barge. The sun ascending rapidly towards midheaven, sent down its blazes like the arrows of Apollo, amidst the half-naked multitudes, and upon the brain of Massaniello, which needed no additional ardours. The viceregal barge was adorned with every description of gorgeous trapping, a band of music awaited his arrival, and a loud burst of triumphant acclamation welcomed him as he stepped within the vessel.

Massaniello was excited to so great an excess, that he threw his arms above his head, shouted loudly to the numberless boats that thronged about him, and was with difficulty prevented from taking part in the management of his own barge. No sooner had he pushed off from the shore, than thousands of boats crowded with people, darken-

ed the waves around him, while a multitude that defied all numbering, rushed away along the shore, to the point towards which the flotilla was directed.

As soon as this gay and noisy fleet had stood well out to sea, Massaniello was seized with the most extravagant spirits. He stood looking down into the water, clapping his hands, and screaming with delight, as hundreds of naked children emulously performed their gambols before him; now disappearing below the waves, then climbing up the sides of his barge, again plunging beneath the water, or joining in mimic battle.

“A few grains, noble Massaniello, for the love of our Lady of the Carmine!” exclaimed a voice, and Massaniello had, perhaps, at no period of his fortunes experienced the sweets of power so vividly as at that moment. He called out to his attendants, not for grains but for gold; and began to shower down ducats by handfuls into the waves.

Every boat was now abandoned, and a scene that baffles all description ensued.

At one moment hundreds of dripping heads were crowding above the water, bellowing with more fury than ever did the herd of Proteus; the gold splashed amongst them, and every head instantly vanished. Massaniello's shouts had the effect of a battle-cry, for there quickly followed loud maledictions from disappointed plungers, conflicts below the waves and above them. The barge continued its stately course, heedless of the multitudes it ploughed over:—a few boats followed it, but the greater number were abandoned, and left utterly masterless, for all men rushed to the golden scramble. The brawny frames of fishermen of all ages were mixed with the swarms of agile children who dived after the liberality of Massaniello, and all struggled to be nearest to the hand that dispensed it.

This scene continued till the viceregal



barge had gained the shore of Posilippo, where Massaniello landed; but to the surprise of his attendants a sudden and incomprehensible change came over him the very moment that his foot touched the land; he became gloomy and irritable, striking those who thronged his path, and threatening with the axe those who yet clamoured for his gratuity.

The Viceroy had not overlooked the preparations necessary for the entertainment of the multitudes who attended this extraordinary procession; tents were erected on the sands, wine and food were wastefully strewed every where, bands of music were ready to receive the champion of the people when he landed, and attendants from the palace pressed forward to invite him to a repast.

A deep melancholy had again settled upon the brow of Massaniello; he received the attentions of all men haughtily, and then called for refreshment. Wine was offered

him, and he swallowed draft after draft till his passions became utterly ungovernable. He then ordered all men to proceed to the church of the Pic di Grotta. On his arrival there he found the doors closed, and was met by a deputation of trembling friars, who implored him to spare the sacred temple the profanation of so riotous an invasion. The fact was, that the church, the vaults below it, and the monastery attached to it, were piled with valuables, sent thither as to a place of security, by the more opulent of the Neapolitan nobles. In no mood to endure contradiction, Massaniello instantly commanded that the doors should be battered down; a very few minutes sufficed to sack the church, and to bring upon his head the execrations of the terrified ecclesiastics, who beheld not merely the wealth intrusted to their keeping, but the property of the sacred building itself, thus sacrilegiously plundered.

Excitement had tried the exhausted frame of Massaniello to its utmost; the wine that he had drunk was scorching him inwardly; he was seized with an ungovernable thirst; he called for water, and declared that he had drunk poison. Water was given to him, but his lips were covered with foam, his eyes glittered with an insane and fearful wildness, he swore that fire consumed his entrails, that his heart and brain were burning. Men shrunk away from him, for his person was still held sacred, and in his ravings he ordered those immediately about him to be bound for the block on his return to Naples; and no sooner did he find himself disengaged from the throng than he rushed into the sea, and it was with difficulty that he was rescued from drowning.

There were still some men about him capable of reflecting upon the consequences of his death at such a moment. They hurried him into his barge, and gave orders

for an immediate return to the city. The far greater portion of the multitudes were already busied with the provision that had been spread out for their entertainment; the wine had done its office; a scene of riotous jollity had commenced, and the vice-regal barge was allowed to return unattended. Massaniello threw himself down upon its deck and noticed no one. It was yet but an hour or two past noon when he landed at the spot from which he had departed, and was borne in the arms of his attendants to his own home.

News of the result of this festival was borne to the Cardinal Filomarino and to the Viceroy, and the natural conclusion of both was that the career of Massaniello approached its close. The former placed attendants of his own about the house, to prevent the unfortunate man from committing any frantic excess. The latter now set about his own plans with boldness and de-

Far different was the scene acting within the walls of the Castel Nuovo, where all was activity and preparation for the grand struggle for mastery. The Duke d'Arcos is reproached with indecision at this most critical moment ; he was closeted with assassins when the spirit of the nobles was roused, and the troops were arming for the conflict. The single name of Massaniello had broken down the energies of the nobles, and when tidings came that that terrible name was no longer formidable, they were seized with a sudden eagerness to burst upon the leaderless mob and take their vengeance. The Viceroy permitted their preparations, but kept the drawbridge raised, and the cannon pointed towards its approaches within. As the day advanced, rumours reached them of the return of straggling parties of thousands and tens of thousands into Naples, and the hearts of the court party began again to despond. Not so the Duke d'Arcos ; his

plans were laid, and for their completion he welcomed the approaching darkness, although Naples would be again peopled with its returning multitudes.

The Cardinal Filomarino, cognizant to a limited degree of the intentions of the Viceroy, kept fearful watch within the church of the Carmine. His emissaries were not less busy than those of the duke, and he trembled when he listened to the accounts that from time to time were brought to him, of the return of the rabble, intoxicated and maddened with the intense heat and exertions of the day, and clamouring for fresh butchery, and fresh conflagrations. At that moment he thought that half Naples would cheaply have bought back the life of Marco Vitale!

No one within the city, not even excepting the Duke d' Arcos, watched with more intense interest the crisis that had come to pass, than did Giulio Genuino. As soon

Her own cheek had suffered no recent change; it was, as it had been for many days past, pale and transparent, with a single bright spot glowing in its centre. All hope was dead within her heart, but never had despair assumed a more touching aspect: there was a smile upon her lips which told, as intelligibly as words could have done, that she rejoiced, for the next change would be merciful to both. Once, when the sufferer was foiled in his search for his rude brass image, his lips moved; she bent down her head to listen, and caught the feeble sounds of his voice as he whispered,

“Where is Ursula?”

Though the few syllables called a tear to her cheek, the exultation of a love so faithful to the end, so triumphant over the very life of intellect, made her heart as happy, her aspect as radiant, as it had been when with tones scarcely more audible he had whis-

pered his first tale of love in the vineyards of La Cava. It was upon this scene that the fiendlike glance of Genuino intruded. His entry was unheeded, he approached and stood over the form of Massaniello, he watched his features intently for some minutes and then turned to Ursula.

“Speak to him,” he said, “he will know your voice; he is wearied, but so young a frame will surely rally.”

The sound of his voice brought a momentary shade over the features of Massaniello, but Ursula made him no reply. He was about to lift up the emaciated hand of the unfortunate youth, when she suddenly started, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and pointed sternly towards the door. Genuino paused, but whether he was touched by the solemn dignity of her countenance, or awed by an expression nearly akin to the mad mood of her husband, which flashed at that moment into her large dark eyes,



he obeyed her motion, turned, and left the chamber. Shortly after this the eyes of Massaniello closed, and he fell into a calm slumber.

Many events were hurrying simultaneously to their conclusion, and we must recall the notice of the reader to the fortunes of Tiberio Caraffa. This noble had already forgotten the danger from which he had escaped so narrowly, and with the reckless daring of his nature had more than once ventured forth from his hiding-place. Acquainted with all that passed within the city, he had again plunged into intrigues for obtaining ascendancy in the coming changes. He had more than once had interviews with Genuino and the Viceroy, and he might, had he so chosen it, have put his life effectually out of peril, by fixing his abode in the Castel Nuovo; but after a brief interview with Victoria d' Arcos, after leaving such tidings of his brother's

and his nephew's safety as would have secured him a friend all powerful with the Viceroy, he again resumed his foul disguise, and again returned to his old haunts.

There was a weak spot in his iron heart, and the little that was not utterly depraved in his nature had taken refuge there. That single weakness was his love for Livia; and so made up was his proud spirit of contrarities, that the confession of her shame, which would have made other men despise her, gave to his love for her a gentler and more exalted character. He watched the struggles of her haughty spirit, he strove to sooth, nay, to raise her in her own esteem, and he partially succeeded. No syllable had been uttered between them of the death of Vitale, and it was only from an occasional shudder which passed over her frame that he could conclude that it was known to her. There were times when her agitation mastered all power of control, and

she would rush from his presence and not return to him for hours. Tiberio Caraffa was accustomed to these absences, and no word of complaint escaped his lips when she again joined him.

It was verging towards evening on the day of Massaniello's return from his excursion to Posilippo, when, in an access of grief, more violent than she had yet suffered, Livia rushed from her house. The multitudes had not yet returned, and the streets in the immediate neighbourhood of her dwelling were deserted. She wandered about for a considerable time, seemingly without any distinct design, and scarcely conscious whither her steps led her. She paused for some minutes near the church of St. Anne, for the spot was connected in her mind with some passage in her former life: the portals were opened, and she entered. The customary lamp hung before the altar, but the whole building was abandoned;

the shadows of evening were already peopling its pavement with the gigantic forms of the statues that decorated its various chapels, and her brain became disturbed by vague terrors.

She quickened her step to leave the church, but was arrested by the sound of whispering voices and heavy footsteps, when she sprung behind a column and stood breathlessly still. As those steps approached her, she perceived three men, one of whom was Giulio Genuino, the others were unknown to her; but the few words that reached her instantly calmed her agitation, and restored to her the customary fearlessness of her character. She waited till they left the church, and then sprung away with no undecided purpose. Traversing, with the fleetness of a shadow, the narrowest and the darkest lanes of that sinuous metropolis, she arrived in the square of the Carmine,

and rushed at once to the house of Massaniello.

The dead stillness of that habitation, and the ominous aspect of the guardians placed there by the cardinal, had prepared her in some degree for the spectacle that awaited her. Massaniello still slept; a dream, placid as the dreams of childhood, had called back some slight resemblance to the features of other days. She gazed on that lamentable picture for some seconds, then covered her face, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. Ursula turned her meek face to her, and whispered,

“Hush! hush! life is drawing to its close; his miseries are already ended; let us not, in pity, disturb his dream.”

“I am his sister,” replied Livia, “and you know not how merciful to him and me is this slumber, that shuts out my features from his vision. I must kiss his lips; they

never reproached me; they would plead for me even now."

She bent down over him, and there came a smile over the face of the sleeper.

"They will be too late," she muttered; "warning were now useless. It were better to leave him to pass hence thus calmly."

There arose at that moment the sounds of a contest in the square below the windows, and as she recognised one amongst the clamour of voices, a new terror assailed her, and she sprung away towards her home. Her forebodings were not without cause, but she arrived too late to avert their completion !

In an evil hour Livia had conducted to her home the aged being whom she had picked up, bruised and lacerated, from the market-place : for purposes of her own she had introduced her by stealth into her house, and when strength had returned to the aged frame of her guest, and she had told to its

close the sad story which was the price of her hospitality, Livia found sufficient reason to conceal from the Prince of Bisignano the circumstance of having conducted a stranger beneath his roof. She had not mentioned to her guest the dangerous secret of his hiding-place, but accident revealed it to her, and with all the bitterness of hate which values vengeance above life, she determined to reckon with him for the murder of Vitale

Wearied with constant watching, Tiberio Caraffa had sunk down upon a couch, soon after Livia had left him, and fell into a deep sleep. Creeping with a step as velvety as that of a cat, the aged being entered his chamber, and by degrees contrived to approach him. He breathed heavily and was restless, his long pike lay by his side, and his knife or dagger was brought round within instant reach of his hand. An expression that might have been a study to Satan, came up into her features as she

stood over him, and first removed the spear, and then imperceptibly conveyed her lean fingers to his side, and possessed herself of his only remaining weapon. She raised it as if about instantly to plunge it into his bosom, which was utterly unprotected; but her glance accompanied the movement of her arm, and as she remarked its palsied tremour, her purpose instantly changed, and she determined upon a surer plan. With a speed little to be expected from her age and infirmities, she quitted the room, taking with her his arms, and trusting to his evil fortune to find him still sleeping on her return.

Her steps were directed towards the square of the Carmine, and her intention was to have sought at once the hovel of Massaniello. Had she succeeded in doing so matters might have turned out differently, for Genuino was there at the time; but no sooner had she entered the market-place, than she was recognised by several who had



not long previously witnessed her scourging. She was surrounded, and threats and questions assailed her as they had done before; but this time her intellect was clear enough, and her passions readily interpreted the meaning of her assailants. Within a few minutes a wild and universal shout shook the buildings of the square to their foundations, and hundreds bounded away to seek their vengeance.

The trampling of multitudes, the din of a thousand voices, the thundering vociferations of his name, roused Tiberio Caraffa from his slumbers. He started up, and his hand instinctively grasped for his weapons. He found himself alone, his arms were gone, and the very roof above his head shook with the roar of the populace. Little time was left to resolve upon what line of conduct to pursue, for the trampling of feet already sounded in the corridor; a cracked and shrill voice directed the multitudes, and

he heard distinctly the door of his own chamber pointed out. The haughty spirit which a momentary suspicion of the fidelity of one dear to him had shaken, resumed its fearlessness. The door was dashed open, and the chamber instantly filled with forms and faces that were familiar to him, and whose present purpose admitted of no ambiguity.

The hour was now come that was to test the reality of those qualities which Tiberio Caraffa had affected through life. His career had been one of constant peril; he had audaciously descended from the security which high rank would have offered him, to herd with men who trafficked in blood, who esteemed their own lives, and the lives of their fellow-creatures, below the chance of a trifling booty. He had seen the men whom he had made his associates, that they might become his tools, cut off one after another, and his own turn was now come. A single

glance sufficed to convince him of the inutilty of attempting, unarmed as he was, to resist; and he stepped forward to meet his murderers, with the aspect of one who thought less of death than of the vile instruments that were to inflict it. His lip quivered with scorn, his eye flashed, and his towering form was elevated to the utmost in stern defiance.

The foremost crowds paused for an instant at beholding him thus helpless; it needed fresh outcries, and the additional excitement of insulting and provoking their victim, before they could execute the deed they had come to do. At that moment some confusion ensued in the outer ranks of the mob, a shriek wild and piercing rung up loudly above the tumult, but she who uttered it vainly endeavoured to force her way through the impenetrable mass. That wild and thrilling cry effected what her fragile limbs had before so vainly attempted;

the mass opened, and Livia was allowed to approach to within a few paces of the Prince of Bisignano. A smile broke over his proud features as he beheld her, but a hundred weapons gleamed about him ; the momentary surprise occasioned by the appearance of a woman at such a scene subsided, and many a rude grasp was upon her dress to drag her back.

The last scene of this extraordinary man's life is detailed circumstantially by the historians of the period. "In so imminent danger of his life," they observe, "by no means did Caraffa falsify his lofty and arrogant character. To those who came to despatch him he used great contumely.

"What would you do, Canaglia?" (these were his very words). "Do you know that I am Don Tiberio Caraffa? and would you take my life?"

"Of you, traitor, are we come in search,"

was the fierce reply. And all fell upon him, and wounded him.

“Ahi! execrable rabblement,” he replied, staggering backwards, when one man, a butcher, pushed his way up to the prince, and flourishing a prodigious knife, struck him in the neck, and thus extinguished at once his haughtiness and his life. His head was struck off, placed on a pike, and paraded through the city, the people crying before it, “Behold! this is the head of a traitor to his country.” It was at last carried beneath the windows of Massaniello, who was invited forth to add his mite of insult to that of others. The wretched hovel shook with their continued yelling, but its miserable inmate lay crushed in intellect and health upon his brick floor. Finding their leader deaf to their call, they proceeded to affix their trophy to the palisades of the tribune, and beneath it the following pla-

card: "This is the head of Tiberio Carraffa, a traitor to his country."

His body was trained for hours through the streets of the city, and left naked at last in the Ruga Catalana. When the people were satisfied with gazing on his head it was removed in an iron cage, and placed over the gate of San Gennaro, with the placard above it.

## CHAPTER XVI.

It has been mentioned that the Cardinal Filomarino had placed about the dwelling of Massaniello trusty guardians, with no further instructions than to prevent his attempting to quit the house. The tidings every now and then borne to him of the state of the unhappy youth, left in his mind little fear of any such attempt; and he busied himself in taking such measures as his influence with the populace left in his power, to prevent any sudden outburst of violence.

This venerable ecclesiastic was perhaps the only man in Naples who considered the excesses of the mob in their true light, as the natural consequence of past tyranny, and who foresaw clearly that when power returned to the hands from which it had been wrested, scenes of equal barbarity would ensue. This conviction determined him to stand aloof from both parties; although his duty to his sovereign rendered him, to a certain degree, submissive to the plan of conduct marked out for him by the Viceroy. His sympathies were rather with the cause of the people, who had been long and patient sufferers, and who, having once thrown off the authority of their rulers, could only hope for ultimate reconciliation by effectually humbling their tyrants, and teaching them a salutary lesson of the danger of their previous injustice. From the populace, even during their wildest moods, he had never experienced so much as a word or tone of



insult. They had more than once laid aside the axe, and extinguished the torch at his entreaty ; and Massaniello, even when his intellect wavered, had listened to his counsel as if a parent spoke to him. When the melancholy sequel of the day's festivity had been related to him, he was deeply moved, and after taking such precautions as the reader has heard to ensure the tranquillity of the city, he repaired to the chamber of Massaniello. Ursula recognised his step, and moved to meet him.

“ He sleeps, holy father,” she said ; “ give him your benediction, for he will pass hence without again opening his eyes to this wretched world.”

Tears came to the cheek of the ecclesiastic as he contemplated the perishing yet beautiful being who addressed him. Ursula shook her head as she noticed the affecting testimony of his compassion, and replied,

“ It is past ! I can no longer grieve !

Would you have me shed tears now that his miseries are all over? Can I mourn that such a scene as this is quickly closing? Oh! I have sorrowed, I have wept, when I saw his beauty perishing, his gentle spirit goaded by evil men to cruelty that was not his by nature. When I saw his noble heart breaking hourly, then I mourned; but now my fervent prayer is, that his release and mine may be speedy."

The Cardinal made no effort to disturb a mood of mind so merciful; he had no words of common solace to offer, and he turned with a heavy heart towards the church of the Carmine.

Had the spirit of the unfortunate Massaniello taken its flight as calmly as his wife had predicted, the narrative of a mean and cruel deed would have been spared to posterity, and the fame of the Duke d' Arcos might have found an apologist; but it was not so destined. About an hour after the

Cardinal had quitted his chamber, Massaniello became restless, a dark spirit tortured his intellect, and he imagined in his ravings that the fiery peak of Mount Soma had burst out suddenly into flames above his head, that clouds of fire, torrents of blazing lava overwhelmed him, while thunders shook the very earth beneath his feet. He groaned as if with insufferable agonies, he gnashed his teeth, and sprung up in furious madness; but Ursula stood unshrinkingly before him, and gradually the tones of her gentle voice calmed him. He appeared to control his ravings, as demoniacs are said to do in the presence of their exorcists; his eyes quailed beneath her glance, he bent down his head, and then suddenly sprung away, dashed past his keepers, and was lost in the crowd who were by this time thronging the square.

The bells of the Carmine were tolling loudly, the portals of the church were spread open, and the Cardinal was at the altar,

about to begin the evening service in honour of the Virgin, when, as a sudden shout arrested his attention, he turned and to his astonishment beheld, bounding up the church towards the altar, the person of the wretched maniac. Foam was upon his lip, but the expression of his features was rather of deep sorrow than of rage. A dead silence spread over the assembly, and Massaniello paused when he had approached the side of the Cardinal. The words that he then uttered have been delivered to posterity by several writers, and they vary not even in a syllable.

“Eminenza!” he exclaimed mournfully, “I see that it is all finished with me; this ungrateful people abandon me, and seek to give me into the hands of my enemies. They will weep when they have slain me, but they will no more find any Massaniello to do for them as I have done.”

The church was now filling, for it was rumoured that Massaniello was about to enact some fresh folly and his madness, not less than his heroism, had its charms. When he perceived his customary crowd about him he was seized by a sudden wish to address them; he sprung up into the pulpit, and pictured to them in colours so striking, in language so touching, all that he had done and undergone for them, that his rough audience was melted to tears.—

“I have driven slumber from my nights,” he said, “and I am become so lean and fleshless that if you were to see my body you would be moved to pity.”

And here, observes the historian, perceiving that the tears of that poor people flowed for him, the light of his intellect once more became clouded; and forgetful of the sacred building in which he stood, he began to strip away his clothes in order

that the truth of his words might be proved to them. The compassion of the multitude was instantly changed into mockery, and a scene little suitable to a Christian Temple ensued. At a signal from the Cardinal several of the monks tearing him by force from the pulpit, hurried him from the church, and conveyed him into the monastery. His condition was truly pitiable; his limbs trembled, he sobbed convulsively, a cold sweat streamed from every pore, and he staggered as he was led along towards a bed in one of the cells.

Throughout his brief career the monks had spoken of Massaniello as a champion of Heaven, and they did not now refuse to him the charities of their gentle ministry. They bathed his temples, changed his garments from head to foot, and when they found him somewhat more composed, commended him to God's mercy, and closing the door of his cell, left him to seek repose. For some

time he continued as they had placed him, for utter exhaustion denied him the power of raising himself from the bed. Gradually his reason in some slight degree returned to him, and he felt that his end was approaching quickly. The last beams of sunset penetrated the chamber, and anxious to look for a last time upon the world he was leaving, he contrived to trail his limbs to the small window that opened upon the sea, and then placing his elbow upon its stone ledge, leaned his head upon his hand, and cast his farewell look abroad upon the face of nature.

An universal calm dwelt upon that well-loved scenery; the sun had gone down beneath the waves, but its golden splendours still lingered about its recent pathway. The heavens were radiant with fanciful imagery, which harmonized with the tone of his intellect. The outlines of the mountain islands were traced sharply in deep blue against the

sky, but their slopes were still bathed in tints of the softest purple; the rippling waves which seemed to him as if all were returning from the westward, were crested with pale gold, and gleaming with the last rays of departing light. There were many sails yet upon the waters, for the galleys of Doria were at anchor in the bay, calmly sleeping upon the very spot which his own orders had appointed for them; there were also barks, scarcely perceptible from their distance and minuteness, which his glance loved better—humble fishing-boats bringing home their day's spoil, and his heart bounded as he beheld them.

After a while he turned his gaze to the eastward, and the undulating outline of Mount Soma rose before him, not as he had beheld it in his troubled dream, bursting in conflagration, its summit blazing, its bosom flooded with lakes of fiery lava, but calm as if its anger were quenched for ever, and re-



flecting the fading light that left it reluctantly. Beyond its vast barrier lay the regions for which his whole heart yearned at that moment. Amalfi and Atrani, and his humble cottage upon the slope that lay between them, came as vividly before him as if the intervening mountains had been suddenly levelled. Tears dimmed his eyes, and he turned away to look elsewhere.

A dim haze had begun to creep over the waters, the outlines of the islands were become indistinct, and the nearest objects to him were the Spanish galleys. His notice was attracted to them by some sudden stir within them, and an unusual signaling with the shore. Gradually he perceived sails hoisted, and with one accord their heads were turned towards the land. The minutes of Massaniello's life were numbered, but they speeded not sufficiently for the impatience of the Viceroy. His plans were matured, his emissaries were chosen, and

they hurried to complete their mission. The deed that was to be perpetrated was committed to four plebeians, whose names have been thereby rescued from oblivion for infamy. They had followed Massaniello into the church; they had witnessed his last display there; and when the populace turned in disgust from their idol, they ventured to accuse him of tyranny in his madness. A cry was soon raised of "Death to Massaniello! Peace to the suffering city!" All concealment of their purpose was now abandoned, and they exclaimed,

"Long live the King of Spain! let no one henceforth obey or name the name of Massaniello!"

This cry was also taken up, and the square of the Carmine rung with *vivas* for the Viceroy. The assassins then forced their way into the monastery; but they no sooner found themselves in the corridor leading to Massaniello's cell than they appear to have

been seized with something of the alarm which had previously saved his life from the aim of Perrone. Determining to proceed with some precaution to their purpose, they paused at the door of his cell, and called to him in tones of friendliness, and as if hurried,

“Signor Massaniello! Signor Massaniello!”

The unfortunate youth heard them; the tones of gentleness had become rare in his ear of late, and he replied,

“Do you come in search of me? I am here: what want has my people of my services?”

He threw open the door, and their carbines touched his very bosom. The cry that then rung above the report of their weapons was the same that he had uttered in the first similar attempt in the Carmine.

“Traditori ingrati!”

And he fell dead! He died, and left, says the historian, his name chronicled as a

warning and a terror to all tyrants. His head was cleft from his body, and one of his murderers, enveloping it beneath his dress, hurried into a coach kept ready for him, and bore it to the feet of the Duke d' Arcos. His body was thrown out to the wild beasts of the market-place, who, as their custom was, trained it through the mire of all the streets of the city, until, wearied with the pastime, they placed it on a pike in front of the grain stores.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE temper of the mob, and the cunning of the Duke d' Arcos, had hitherto enabled the party of the crown to retain their hold of a portion of the city, and to offer an asylum to such families of the nobles as had had the wisdom and the opportunity to make a timely retreat within the fortifications of the Castel Nuovo. The number of the nobles who were allowed to fix their temporary residence within the fortress was of course comparatively small; the remainder contrived to hide themselves in monas-

teries, or within the ruins of their own homes, and thought themselves fortunate that life and the hope of better times were left to them. No one knew better than the Viceroy the real weakness of his party, and his daily wonder was at the folly of the mob in not seriously seeking his utter ruin, as very trifling exertions would have sufficed to starve his only retreat into surrender.

But Massaniello, as long as his intellect lasted him, had directed all his energies to the enforcing of some sort of order amongst the people, and in the success which attended these efforts may be found proof of the intimate knowledge he possessed of the character of his fellow-citizens, and of the firmness and decision of his own. Too much occupied in controlling his friends, and punishing such of his enemies as fell within his power, he had appeared to have wholly forgotten the existence of the Duke d' Arcos. His sanity was already beginning

to waver when that noble commenced overtures for amity, and formally confirmed the authority he had assumed. The slight intercourse between these two arbiters of the fortunes of the city was conducted with a simple and frank sincerity on the part of Massaniello, with fraud and falsehood on that of the Viceroy; and the consequence was, that the few hours which nature might have spared to the existence of Massaniello were snatched from him by assassins, and the name of the Duke d' Arcos has been, from that day to this, a sound of infamy.

The tidings of the scene recorded in the last chapter were borne breathlessly to the archiepiscopal palace, and the Cardinal, though his heart revolted at the office, set out to offer his congratulations to the Viceroy, and to endeavour to temper the counsels which in the first moments of their triumph the craven nobles might urge upon him. He found the populace in a new

access of delirium. The city resounded with shouts of "Death to Massaniello," and *vivas* to the Duke d' Arcos; multitudes of boys from the very dregs of the rabble were firing off guns, from the mere love of the uproar they occasioned; the bells were again at work; and the mob, as usual, were rushing hither and thither without any definite purpose.

With great difficulty a pathway was made through the throngs for the Cardinal and his suite, and he was arriving in front of the viceregal palace, when there rushed past him a densely packed multitude, which no earthly power could have penetrated or arrested. The appalling nature of their outcries in some degree prepared him for the spectacle that presently broke upon him. It was the body of Massaniello, stripped naked, and whirling along the street. This brutal rabblement was preceded and followed by hundreds of the secondary classes of the



nobility, who were mounted on horseback, and had turned out of their path to accompany, for a few paces, this grim procession. A cloud of courtiers blocked the square, the portals, the courts, and the anterooms of the palace; the sun shone brightly again upon that gorgeous residence, and these sleek-skinned insects were once more abroad, bold and ravenous as ever.

From the aspect of the mob, and the countenances of these men, Ascanio Filomarino drew an evil omen for the chance of peace within the city. He passed within the cabinet of the Duke d' Arcos, where a grave assembly was already awaiting his coming. But we have had enough of the solemn conclaves of these mighty sages; it is to an apartment within the same palace, but appropriated to far other usage, that we would now conduct the reader. Heedless in what way the world went without, there were there two persons who have

engrossed many of the preceding pages. One was stretched upon a couch, with a face as pale as if death had already assumed its empire over it; the long lashes screened the eyes which were cast down, less apparently in sorrow than in shame. It was Eleonora Caraffa, and by her side, vigilantly ministering to her slightest wish, stood the Princess Victoria d' Arcos. This high-spirited, yet gentle maiden, though her own heart was desolate as the heart of woman can be, was striving to raise up the spirit of her companion, and was not to be repulsed although a dead cold silence followed her attempts.

Utterly misjudging the cause of the despondency so vividly pictured on the beautiful features before her, her words dropped like sparks of fire upon the heart of her listener, for she mingled with her tale of hope, intelligible hints of the prize that was in store for her, the rich treasure of love

that was to compensate for all past trials. She was speaking when the door of the chamber opened gently, and Giulio Caraffa entered: the cheek of Victoria became slightly tinted, that of his cousin agitated as if with terror. He approached and bent over her, but she closed her eyes, and her limbs trembled as his words reached her.

Victoria had drawn back a few steps, and would have retired, but that Eleonora suddenly cast upon her a look so imploring that Giulio rose and quitted her side. The features of this youth were marked with deep suffering, although his unbending spirit now, as it had ever done, triumphed over all the trials that had fallen to his lot. What he expected from others he exacted sternly from himself. His heart would have broken, but it could never have betrayed him to an exhibition of his weakness. Whether at this moment he was mistaking obstinacy for

strength of mind, as is too often done, his future happiness was to decide. When he quitted the side of his cousin he approached Victoria, led her into the recess of a window which looked out upon the calm waves of the bay, took her hand, and after holding it for some seconds before he had words to address her, he raised it to his lips. Victoria trembled, for she interpreted this act of deep emotion to be but the forerunner of a farewell, the sentence for which she had been long striving to prepare herself.

“Victoria,” he said, “every word you uttered during our last most trying meeting dwells in my memory as vividly as if you had but this moment spoken them. If I thought you would willingly retract them, they should be so blotted out from my memory that you might meet me through life without a blush.”

He paused, and the hand he still held wa-

vered, for her frame trembled to its extremities. She made him no reply.

“My heart is very desolate,” he continued, “for the star that lighted it is quenched. Your words, since you will not recall them, have given me a right which I will use frankly. For all I owe you, God is my witness how deeply I feel grateful ! but add to it, I implore you, the charity of still watching over Eleonora gently and as a sister. I am about to leave her ; I shall see her no more in this world ; it is the greatest kindness in my power now to offer her. When health and strength return, as I trust they will do, there are retreats open to her, where peace may yet await her. She is widowed in hope and heart, and the calm of a convent will be her best solace. I shall join my father for a while, for the rabblement are said to meditate a wild excursion to Benevento. We shall

meet again, and till then I commit her to your care."

The tears stole down the cheeks of Victoria, but she made him no reply. Giulio then bent again over the couch of his cousin. The tone of his voice was subdued and altered; he kissed her pale brow, and uttered but the one word "farewell!" A solemn stillness followed it, and he quitted the chamber. Firm to his purpose, from that moment Giulio and his cousin met no more in this world! Eleonora waited not for the return of health to carry into effect the sentence of her cousin; but supported to the altar, she bowed her head, that her long tresses might be shorn away; she took the veil and the vows, reading aloud the funeral office for the living, and retired amongst the sisters of an order not inaptly styled the "Vivi-Sepolti." From that hour her name was never more mentioned amongst the living.

And now that Massaniello was murdered, what did the resources of the Duke d' Arcos and his fellow-statesmen offer to the people? He bought from the assassins the bloody head that had plotted the mighty revolt, judging, not without reason, that it might be a welcome offering to King Philip and his courtiers; but after the first brief pause of astonishment, the mob again roared about the city, the axe did its work as heretofore, and the Duke d' Arcos remained shut up in his fortress.

With the sequel of this famous revolt, the writer of these passages in the life of Massaniello has no further business; there remains to him but to add another page touching the few characters who may have excited some interest in the reader's mind. The power of the Viceroy seemed for a moment to have resumed its sway in Naples; and the sole use he had the time to make of it was to summon to his presence the widow

and the few relatives of Massaniello. They were hooted through the streets by the rabblement. Poor Ursula was mercifully spared any additional suffering from this cruelty: the world to her was darkened; the sun that had shed so joyous a light over the dawn of her love and her early marriage had been sinking for some time; it went down in the stormy glories of a blood-red brightness, and left intellect and spirit in night that could know no future dawn.

She too was dragged through the streets of Naples, and forced into the presence of the Duchess d'Arcos, who insulted this poor widow with a taste and wit not very creditable either to her heart or head, addressing her with the titles of *Illustrissima*, *Viceregina*, and *Generalissima*. From this scene she was at last rescued by the Cardinal Filomarino, and she and all who bore the name, all who were allied in blood with Massaniello, amongst whom Livia was included,



were sent away to finish their days, few or many, in the Castle of Gaeta. History makes no further mention of them.

The remains of the Prince of Bisignano were taken down from the Porta S. Genaro, and received honourable interment.

Giulio Genuino did not pass without his reward. With his usual address he speedily proved that his services were indispensable. He was raised to a post of trust and consideration, but the rude promptitude of the mob cut short his fine-spun schemes, and he was compelled to throw himself at the feet of the Viceroy, to acknowledge his weakness and seek protection. The Viceroy and his friends held secret council whether his head should be struck off and his body tossed into the sea, or what to do with him ; when probably, much to his own surprise, he was sent away with letters of recommendation to the Duke di Montalio, governor of Sardinia. There he might

have ended his days in peace, but his troubled spirit, even at the advanced age of between eighty and ninety, pined away from inaction, and he craved permission to repair to the Court of Madrid. He reached Port Mahon, and there his busy pilgrimage finished. He died, says the chronicle, leaving behind him a name such as no good man will covet.

Salvator Rosa, with all his eccentricities, was not without so much of worldly wisdom as was requisite for a prudential consideration of the probable consequences of the share he had taken in the recent events, and when the howling rabblement pushed him aside to make way for the wretched corpse of Massaniello, which they were dragging through the streets, he retired to his humble lodging, packed up his worldly wealth, which might at the time have all been comprised within a space little burdensome to a traveller, and stole quietly away out of

the city. The next that was heard of him was from Rome, where his personification of Policinello directed men to his hiding-place. He escaped molestation, and would have done wisely to have remembered it when he railed in afterlife at the vices and follies of his fellow-creatures.

The same preference of intrigue to energy which had marked the conduct of the Viceroy throughout these troubles, clung to him to the last. Finding that he remained shut up in his palace, the people, constant to their audacious defiance of all consequences, sent forth unwelcome edicts respecting the price of provisions, through the medium of the Cardinal. The old spirit burst up suddenly from its slumbers, and the mob, now utterly leaderless, plunged anew into its former excesses. The name of Massaniello was heard again; some declared that he was still living; others, particularly the elderly females of the people, asseverated that he was a saint in heaven,

and they were seen begging charity for the souls in purgatory, through the merits of the Beato Massaniello.

The Viceroy, with that amiable courtesy which the populace knew so little how to appreciate, immediately turned round to bow to the memory of the illustrious dead. He gave orders that his body should be disinterred. After remaining at the mercy of the rabblement, it had been gibbeted, and then quietly buried. It was now again produced, and the most costly preparations made for a second sepulture, with honours little less than kingly.

Massaniello was not without his funeral oration, though the individual who pronounced it was then, and has ever since remained, unknown. It was a masterpiece of exciting and touching eloquence. It was precisely such as Marco Vitale, had he been living, might have spoken; and were it lawful to hazard a guess amongst the names

known to history, it would most readily be attributed to Giulio Genuino. It was pronounced in the market-place of the Carmine, and the effect produced by it on the minds of the people has been strikingly described to us.

“The people,” says the historian, “ashamed of their ingratitude, were excited even to tears; they accompanied sorrowfully the steps of the orator, and went in search of the remains of their benefactor and friend. They washed the body in the waters of his native Sebeto, they took down the head from the spot where his enemies had placed it in derision, united it to the trunk, and it was then enveloped in a sheet of white silk. Happy did he esteem himself who could touch his hand or foot. The women wept and were clamorous in their grief. They strewed handfuls of flowers over him, and already considered him as a saint and a martyr, touching his eyes and forehead with their

rosaries, and then pressing them to their lips. The blind beggars (a race as clamorous in their mendicancy in our own days as they were two centuries back), blocked up the porticoes of the churches, calling out, "For whom shall we say the prayer of the Blessed Massaniello?" and few there were who denied them their obolo. To such excess was this delusion carried that Monsignor Tamburelli, the inquisitor, was about zealously to occupy himself in investigating the matter; but having taken counsel with others wiser in their generation, he was persuaded to think better of it. These excessive demonstrations of love, show how slight a breath serves to turn the populace, and how insane he must be who places any dependance on their stability.

Many great artists painted Massaniello's portrait upon canvass; there were others who modelled his effigy in wax. For these effigies any money was offered, for they were

coveted by all men. The rumour that he had come to life again had its origin from some one of the bystanders, who caught a momentary glimpse of the body as it was placed erect to facilitate the operations of the artists. The corpse having been thus exposed for an entire day in the church of the Carmine, the obsequies were completed with all possible solemnity.

They carried him upon a bier covered with the richest velvet, with the baton of general in his hand, the sword by his side and spurs on his heels. The clergy of the city, the chapter of canons, and an infinite number of ecclesiastics, with lighted torches, preceded him, chanting psalms. Eight banners were placed about the bier. Various companies of the militia of the city, amounting to five thousand armed men, under thirty banners, followed in rank, with drums craped and muffled, their pikes trailing on the ground, and their muskets re-

versed. The windows along their path were lighted with torches, the bells tolled mournfully and slowly, and the entire path along which the corpse was to pass was lined on each side with armed men. The route taken by this immense procession was by the Strada di Lavinora, in front of the Vicaria, by the Seggio Capuano, past the Cathedral, from the Seggio di Montagna to that of Nido, by that of Strada di Gesu, to the Toledo, in front of the Viceregal Palace, to the Seggio di Porto, thence to the Portanova, and finally to the Carmine.

The Spanish troops, when the body reached the palace, reversed their arms, thus doing honour, as to a general, to the defunct leader of the Neapolitan people. The Viceroy, with the hope of conciliating the populace, placed lights in every window of his palace, and sent eight pages bearing burning torches in their hands to meet the body. Towards morning, Massaniello was entombed in



the church of the Carmine, a temple which, from being the sepulchre of Conradino, decapitated three hundred and seventy-nine years previously in the market-place, was hallowed by imperishable recollections of Neapolitan history.

It has been said of this poor fisherman that he was honoured like a king, killed like a criminal, buried like a conqueror, and revered after his death like a saint.

The news of the death of Tiberio Caraffa had deeply affected the already shattered nerves of the Duke di Maddaloni, and for months he required the presence of his son about him. During this time other government than that of the Duke d' Arcos had conducted matters to a pacification in Naples, and tidings reached Giulio Caraffa, at the castle of the Capo d' Orso, whither he had retired with his father, that the Lady Victoria d' Arcos was about to be united in marriage to a prince of the reigning house of

Medici. Giulio was seated in his father's study at the time he held in his hand the letter which conveyed the intelligence, but he had not read it to its close when the door opened, and Victoria herself stood before him. She was the bearer of a few lines from his cousin, which she had promised to deliver with her own hands. They had been penned during the last minutes that preceded her taking the vows. He read it and then handed it to his father.

The duke bowed his head and was long silent.

"It is God's will," he exclaimed at length, "and but for you, Giulio, my heart would long since have been utterly broken. The rule of our house was placed in feeble hands, and a retreat like that of poor Eleonora would well suit me."

Winter passed away, and the Princess d' Arcos remained a visiter at the Capo d' Orso, where her gentle ministry helped

to restore the spirit of the Duke di Maddaloni. Spring was gliding imperceptibly into summer, when Don John of Austria, then Viceroy of Naples, and the Cardinal Filomarino, were announced as visitors to the castle. The blushing cheek of Victoria betrayed her knowledge of the purpose of their coming. The day following she stood before the altar, and pledged her faith as the bride of Giulio Caraffa.

THE END.









